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THE HUSBAND-HUNTER;

OR,

"DAS SCHIKSAL."

BY

DENIS IGNATIUS MORIARTY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE WIFE-HUNTER."

"Tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, the smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!"
COWLEY.

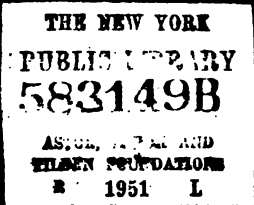
IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE HUSBAND-HUNTER;

OR,

"DAS SCHIKSAL."

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Well, brother Hilary, how goes the case?
SCHOOL FOR LAWYERS.

MUCH interest was excited by the very peculiar circumstances under which Miss Kavanagh's name was to come before the public. Jonathan Lucas's action against her, came on at an early period of the term. The lawyers derived infinite amusement from poor Isabella's predicament; some, who affected to give credence to Lucas's statements, declared that it was a just retribution, that a girl who was capable of jilting the amiable Jonathan, should be jilted in turn by Mordaunt. Others boldly affirmed that the reason of Mordaunt's desertion, was, his having unexpectedly discovered her previous engagements with Jonathan. That prudent personage, meanwhile, was silent with regard to the various opinions; he reserved the whole force of his artillery for the day of battle.

It arrived. The court was crowded at an early hour, and the case was opened by a youthful pleader, on whose brow appeared no symptoms of the diffidence which is *sometimes* incident to youth and inexperience.

"My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury," said Counsellor Merrypenny, "I rise under feelings of such a very painful nature, that nothing short of the most overwhelming sense of duty, could have possibly induced me to embark in such a case as the present. My Lords, I am

a young man, and an unpracticed advocate ; and I feel that I have peculiar claims on the indulgence of the Court and Jury, when it is recollected that in embracing that side of this important cause, which I believe, from a close and impartial investigation into facts, to be the just one,—I,—a young, unmarried barrister, with my fortune still to make, with all my domestic comforts unprovided for,—must almost unavoidably create for myself inimitable enemies of the whole of the fairer portion of the community. Many of them arrogant, as we are all aware, a right to tyrannize over our affections and feelings ; conscious that whatever capricious domination they may exercise, their charms, their blandishments will allure their victims to a speedy reconciliation. They know that,

‘ Though to their lot, ten thousand errors fall,
—Look in their faces;—you ’ll forget them all !’

In short, they know their almost boundless power ; and I deeply regret that they sometimes calculate accordingly. It will be, my Lords, my painful task upon the present occasion, to exhibit to your view the wrongs sustained by my client, Mr. Jonathan Lucas ; the cruel wounds inflicted on his heart ; the capricious encouragement afforded to his fondest hopes, and the sudden, cruel, cold destruction of the fairy edifice of bliss which Miss Isabella Kavanagh, the defendant in this cause, had encouraged him to build.

“ To establish these serious allegations, my Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury, I am in possession of a voluminous body of the most convincing proofs ;—proofs, I am instructed to say, that would force conviction on the most reluctant breast. I shall trace the first footsteps of a passion which my client *once*, alas ! believed was mutual ; I shall trace it from the hours of childhood through successive years, until the period, when, fatally for my client’s peace, it pleased the defendant to give him that delicious, that seductive promise, which lured him on to hopes of felicity which are now unfortunately blighted ; that promise, for the breach of which, she now stands arraigned before the tribunal of your Lordships’ court.

"My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury, the residences of the Lucas and Kavanagh families were contiguous to each other; their domains almost adjoined; and their local propinquity, together with the numerous social and estimable qualities of their inhabitants, produced a considerable degree of intimacy; which ripened, in the instances of my client and Miss Kavanagh, into a warmer sentiment than simple friendship. That my client should admire Miss Kavanagh is not astonishing; it would indeed be surprising, had he remained insensible to the merits of a lady, whose charms are acknowledged, by all who have the honor of knowing her, to exceed the share which usually falls to the lot of even the most favored of her sex. He made, upon repeated occasions, the offer of his hand; which offer was received with that enchanting maiden coyness that so richly enhances the boon that it postpones; but is just as intelligible to the clear discernment of a lover, as the plainest, and most unequivocal avowal of mutual passion.

"Miss Kavanagh, my Lords, continued upon terms of the same familiar intimacy with my client; she received his visits with undiminished courtesy; he was still her occasional partner in the dance,—her companion in the promenade. I mention these things, as tending strongly, though collaterally, to confirm the fact which I wish to impress—namely, that Miss Kavanagh accepted the serious attentions of my client; for the usual conventional rules of society forbid the continuance of former intimacy between a lady, and the lover, whose addresses she has rejected."

Here Judge Crabstock interposed.

"I do not," said he, "wish unnecessarily to interrupt the speech of a young counsel; I would wish, however, that you would proceed to the proofs of Miss Kavanagh's acceptance of your client's offer of matrimony."

"My Lord, I was coming to that. I had nearly concluded the preliminary observations which I was desirous to address to your Lordships and the jury; and was just about to call the first witness, a lady of unimpeachable respectability. Make way here for Mrs. Curwen."

Isabella and her mother occupied a place in one of the galleries. What Mrs. Curwen had to allege, in Mr. Jonathan Lucas's behalf, they could not conceive; their attention was on the utmost stretch to hear every word of her evidence. After she was sworn,—

"You are acquainted," said Mr. Merrypenny, "with both the plaintiff and defendant in the present action?"

"I am."

"You have often seen them in each other's company?"

"Repeatedly."

"How, permit me to ask you, was Mr. Jonathan Lucas received on such occasions by the defendant?"

"Much as he was by most other young ladies; that is, with marked courtesy and attention, for Mr. Lucas is a general favorite."

"Your client, it seems, is a dangerous fellow to let loose among the fair sex," said one of the counsel on the opposite side.

Mr. Merrypenny waved his hand to enforce silence, and proceeded to examine his witness.

"Did you ever, Mrs. Curwen, observe any deviation on Miss Kavanagh's part, from this ordinary courtesy, into a more marked and unequivocal evidence of her intentions?"

"I did. I heard Mr. Jonathan Lucas propose marriage to her, and I heard Miss Kavanagh accept the proposal."

Isabella and her mother started. "The wretched woman has perjured herself!" exclaimed the former, in an under tone, "and for no conceivable reason."

"Where," pursued counsel, "did this circumstance occur?"

"At Knockanea, Lord Ballyvallon's residence, at a ball which was given by his Lordship, and at which Mr. Lucas and Miss Kavanagh danced together."

"State the circumstances, if you please."

"Mr. Lucas told Miss Kavanagh that he could make love, or propose marriage, in a syllogism; or something to that effect, and he asked Miss Kavanagh if he had her permission to do so."

"What was her answer?"

“ ‘*Certainly,*’ said she. I am positive I heard her say ‘*Certainly.*’ ”

“ Did you hear her add any thing else ? ”

“ She whispered something immediately afterwards, but I did not hear what it was. ”

“ Now, my Lords and Gentlemen,” said Merrypenny, “ there’s direct evidence for you, of the most unimpeachable nature. I have now to produce *written*, in addition to this unquestionable *oral* testimony, which, I humbly submit, will remove all doubt upon the merits of this question from the most incredulous. Is there any person here—I believe there are many of Miss Kavanagh’s acquaintances in court—is there any one among them that would have the goodness to say whether this is her handwriting ? ”

And, saying this, Mr. Merrypenny produced a letter, which he read for the edification of his auditory, premising that it was addressed by Miss Kavanagh to Mr. Jonathan Lucas, and that its contents were so very explicit as to supersede the necessity of any comment.

“ Thus, my Lords, does Miss Kavanagh address my client :—

“ ‘ MY DEAR JONATHAN,

“ ‘ Many thanks for your’s, which came while I was absent from home, yesterday. I was much pleased with what you said about the books.’ ”

“ (This allusion to *the books*,” interposed Mr. Merrypenny, “ referred to a sketch of a literary mode of occupying time, which my client had drawn, in the letter to which *this* was Miss Kavanagh’s answer). ”

“ ‘ As to the other affair,’ ” continued counsel, resuming his perusal of Miss Kavanagh’s letter—“ ‘ why are you so cruelly pressing ? You know you are possessed of my heart, although, perhaps, I ought not to confess it ; but as I am anxious that Miss Wharton may be my bridesmaid, I am compelled to defer our marriage until her arrival. ”

“ ‘ Ever your affectionate

“ ‘ ISABELLA KAVANAGH.

“ ‘ To Jonathan Lucas, Esq.’ ”

The unlucky Isabella at once perceived that this letter, which she perfectly remembered having written to Mordaunt, had got into the possession of Jonathan; whose additions to the document,—namely, the introductory phrase, “My dear Jonathan,”—and the address at the end, “To Jonathan Lucas, Esq.,” had been made with such inimitable skill, that even our heroine herself would never have known that they were not her writing, from any difference that could have been shown between the forged words and the rest of the letter. She now remembered, too, that Mordaunt had complained of never receiving this letter; and she much regretted that she did not take the little ragged messenger to task, who, as our readers remember, had been appointed the Pacolet on that occasion; and whose awkwardness or negligence had unfortunately proved the means of furnishing Jonathan with such a formidable weapon against our poor heroine. While one of her counsel left the court at her request, to consult with her on this subject, Mr. Daly, another of her bar, commenced a cross-examination of Mrs. Curwen.

“And so, Ma’am, you have sworn that you consider Miss Kavanagh’s having permitted Mr. Lucas to give her a specimen of love in a syllabub——”

“A syllogism, Sir,” said Mrs. Curwen, correcting the querist.

“Well, in a syllogism, or some such conundrum;—you have sworn, Madam, that you consider Miss Kavanagh’s permission to the plaintiff to exhibit his rebus, or riddle, as tantamount to accepting an offer of his hand?”

“O, my Lords,” said Merrypenny, “there’s an infinitude of ways in which *consent* may be expressed. It was ruled by Judge Fogram, in the very remarkable case of Skylark *versus* Splinker (see Foggerhead’s Reports, vol. xvii., folio 9877), that a *wink*, in a given case, might be fairly and lawfully interpreted to signify consent.”

“Pooh!” said Daly, “there was no winking in the present case.”

“But it shows,” retorted Merrypenny, “that the expression of consent is not limited to any particular form.”

consent," repeated Daly; "consent to what? I hat the language ascribed to Mr. Jonathan Lucas witness, was tantamount to an offer of marriage. ers to teach a young lady how love may be made gical form. Now, by virtue of your oath, Mrs. n—if I, Patricius Daly, offer to show *you*, in open how love may be made by Act of Parliament, and accept of my offer to exhibit such a mystery—you ever imagine that I wanted to make you an marriage, or would any one else be so mad as to e that you thereby engaged yourself to give me and?"

," interposed Merrypenny, "the modes of proposal multifarious as the language of consent. The ex- n of the tender feelings of the human breast can be tied down by any uniform rule——"

. Merrypenny," interrupted Daly, "I object to rse—I don't want to hear you lecture on the vari- moods and tenses of the amorous passion; I want n answer to my question from the witness. I ask rs. Curwen, whether, if I now offer to show you, ems the plaintiff offered to indoctrinate Miss Ka- , how an amorous proposal may be shaped into a m—would I thereby render myself liable to the ion of presuming to offer you my hand? On th, now?"

my oath, Mr. Daly, you've so little the look of a g man, that I don't think you would. In truth, difficulty upon *your* part, in offering your hand ady, would be to persuade her that you were in ."

produced a loud laugh at Daly's expense. s just as Mrs. Curwen has said," observed Merry- "in fact, the interpretation of such an offer must altogether on circumstances.

ciously," rejoined Daly; "and I contend that Miss gh's interpretation of Mr. Lucas's offer to teach her gistic mode of making love, did not involve the t the exhibition of his ingenuity necessarily includ- posal. Miss Kavanagh, it appears, was much at-

tracted, at the period in question, by a certain Mr. Mordaunt, of whom we may, probably, hear more anon; and she therefore may have gladly availed herself of any new lights that the genius of Jonathan Lucas could throw on the amorous science, in order to bring them into play in the Mordaunt affair. I protest I never heard such a forcible, wilful misconstruction of language, as the pertinacious effort to uphold that Mr. Lucas's offer to show how love and logic might amalgamate—an offer, be it well observed, that a father, a brother, or a sister might make—was necessarily understood by Miss Kavanagh to be an offer of marriage.”

The other counsel now returned with an affidavit, sworn by Miss Kavanagh, stating that the letter produced by the plaintiff as having been written to himself, had been written by her, *not* to *him*, but to Mr. Mordaunt; that the words, “My dear Jonathan,” were an artful, and well-executed forgery; that so were the words of the address at the foot of the letter; that the envelop enclosing it was directed, doubtless, in Miss Kavanagh's hand-writing; but that that envelope, when sent to Mr. Lucas, had contained an unequivocal rejection of his offer, a copy of which Miss Kavanagh was prepared to produce, and for the production of the original she had served notice on the plaintiff: that Miss Kavanagh could also produce Mr. Mordaunt's letter, to which the letter of her's, paraded by the plaintiff, was the answer, in order that the Court might see how accurately the subjects in both letters tallied, thus proving their real connection with each other. She then went on to state her belief as to the means whereby her epistle to Mordaunt had fallen into Jonathan's possession; and prayed the Court to stay judgment until she could procure the evidence of the boy, to whose care it had been committed; which she trusted, under heaven, would place in its true light the nature of the base conspiracy against her.

Against the motion for postponement, the counsel for Jonathan argued with all the chicanery they could press into their service, but in vain. It was granted; and when the nature of the whole transaction became gener-

ully known, and a verdict in our heroine's favor was pronounced, amidst the loudest acclamations of a crowded court, the gentle plaintiff deemed it prudent to withdraw from the popular indignation, by a rapid flight to the Isle of Man.

Flushed with the brilliant success that crowned *one* arduous contest, our heroine prepared with redoubled energy for the other struggle that awaited her. The trial of the cause of "*Kavanagh versus Mordaunt*," excited, if possible, still greater public interest than that of "*Lucas versus Kavanagh*," had done. It is needless to weary the reader with forensic details. It is sufficient to say, that of damages which were laid at £.6000 Miss Kavanagh recovered £.3000; and afforded a salutary lesson to all the "gay marauders" on the sacred territory of a woman's heart, who lead their unsuspecting victims to believe in promises that some selfish consideration may turn them aside from fulfilling.



CHAPTER II.

She is a most variable and changeful nymph, capricious as the air, and more giddy.

BEN JOHNSON.

COLONEL NUGENT and Lucinda soon visited Dublin, and took up their abode at the Colonel's house in Merri-on-street. Lucinda had permitted Fitzroy to correspond with her, and he availed himself of her permission at the rate of some two or three letters each week. These epistles contained scraps of impassioned poetry thrown off by Fitzroy in his happiest moods of inspiration; or, peradventure, they lamented, in pathetic tone, the duplex injury sustained by his heart and his "*Sketches of Irish Society*," from his tedious separation from Lucinda. The young lady's replies were voluminous and regular; until an event occurred one day that produced

some change in her opinion regarding the prudence or policy of continuing the correspondence.

It chanced, that, visiting in Stephen's Green one morning, she met Lord Ardracchan, who called every day at Mrs. Kavanagh's. The all accommodating Mrs. Delacour happened to be there, and communicated to Lucinda his lordship's presumed intentions of resuming the matrimonial yoke, with such emphatic eloquence, that her penchant for Fitzroy began rapidly to fade before the prospect of a coronet. His lordship had his otaphone, heard rather better than usual, and was remarkably agreeable; beat time to Miss Kavanagh's old music, and told anecdotes of Mara, and Storace, and Sestini.

Lucinda at once perceived his exclusive passion for old music, and when Isabella rose from the pianoforte, she took her friend's place at the instrument, and played with exquisite taste many airs from "Artaxerxes," "La buona Figliuola," and other ancient operas. The Marquess was enraptured; he gazed through his glass at Lucinda, and persuaded himself that he beheld a being of celestial loveliness; expressed his hope of meeting her again, and his anxious desire to know Colonel Nugent. In short, all formalities were quickly dismissed, and Lord Ardracchan became as constant and assiduous a visitor in Merriion-street as he had previously been at Stephen's Green.

Lucinda still continued to correspond with Fitzroy; but her style was more platonic; she talked more about literature and romance, and begged he might erase from his work "that foolish panegyric on herself."

Lord Ardracchan, conscious, perhaps, that he had little time to spare, soon overleapt the usual tedium of preliminaries, and offered his hand to Lucinda.

Her wildest ambition was now gratified. She could scarcely put faith in the reality of her good fortune. She had not *committed* herself to Fitzroy, in any mode of which he could take legal advantage; and, as to any other consideration, she was quite indifferent. A marchioness! The offer of a coronet made, ere she yet had passed a month in what is called "the world!" it was

the height of earthly happiness ! enrapturing ! intoxicating ! all but incredible.

She lost no time in informing the Marquess that she fully responded to his sentiments, and was happy to accept the hand with which he honored her.

But poor Lord Ardracchan had unfortunately forgotten his otaphone on this occasion ; and remembering his awkward misapprehension of Isabella Kavanagh's answer to a similar proposition, he feared lest he might now fall into some mystification with Lucinda. Instead, therefore, of pouring forth his rapturous thanks, he bent forward his head in his customary attitude, and looking imploringly at Lucinda, said,

"I beg pardon, Miss Nugent—*I don't perfectly hear.*"

"Plague take the old deaf wretch !" exclaimed Lucinda, half vexed, half diverted ; and she wrote her acceptance of his matrimonial offers on a card, which she handed to him.

His Lordship took the card with great courtesy ; passed it twice or thrice before his eyes, shook his head, and said,

"I beg pardon, Miss Nugent—*I don't perfectly see.*"

"Plague take the old blind wretch !" exclaimed Lucinda ; "if he has lost the faculties of hearing and sight, presume at least he cannot say '*I don't perfectly feel*;' so we'll try what the medium of the touch can produce." And she caught both his hands in her's, and her gentle pressure of his fingers unequivocally told ten thousand volumes of consent.

"Thank you ! thank you ! thank you ! dear Lavinia !" cried the Marquess.

"Lucinda,—Lucinda," vociferated Miss Nugent, correcting him.

"Lucinda ? aye, Lucinda," repeated the Marquess, catching at the half-heard sounds ; "thanks, dearest girl, innumerable. For the present I must run away, to speak to my lawyer about marriage settlements—necessary things, Lucinda—hey, love ?"

The Marquess hobbled away, apparently delighted ; and in the evening a superb *trousseau* of jewels arrived, as a gift from his lordship to his bride. When we say that the *trousseau* was superb, we do not by any means intend to imply that the articles of bijouterie were numerous, but merely that the few (for they *were* few) of which it consisted, displayed exquisite taste, and were beautifully set. Lord Ardracchan was poor for a Marquess, and could not afford a more extensive selection. —But Lucinda was delighted ; she ran to her boudoir, and decked herself in all the “brilliant gauds ;” she longed to exhibit her paraphernalia to some one ; to some person who might envy her ; but she shrank from the idea of showing her finery to Isabella Kavanagh. The character of Isabella was well understood by Lucinda ; and she shrewdly surmised that the dazzling acquisition which, in other minds, might possibly arouse the envious feeling she desired, would, when connected with all its accompanying circumstances, excite in Isabella’s bosom sentiments of commiseration, not wholly unmingled with contempt.

Lucinda had promised to pass a few days with some friends who resided about eight miles from town ; their carriage arrived to whirl her away, just as she had arranged with the Marquess, through the double medium of his attorney and his otaphone, that the following Saturday was to witness the solemnity of their nuptials. Colonel Nugent was far from approving of Lucinda’s acceptance of the Marquess ; however, for the sake of appearances, he was present at all these arrangements, and took an ostensible part in them. He happened, at this critical juncture, to leave town for the seat of a friend in the King’s County, with whom he had promised to attend a steeple chase, on which heavy bets depended, and of which he had been chosen one of the umpires ; he left his address with Lord Ardracchan’s law agent.

Lucinda passed the intervening time in receiving the congratulations of her acquaintance, and in practising the marchioness as well as she could. She received an

epistle from Fitzroy, containing stanzas on the summer-house at Martagon, to be inserted in his "Irish Sketches;" she revised the poetry according to his wish, and wrote him a voluminous letter, in which she did not say a single word of her approaching marriage.

"Poor Fitzroy," she soliloquized, "the intelligence will burst upon him like a thunderclap! the effect upon his mind will be stunning; I dare not picture to myself the agony the news will inflict. Poor fellow—I trust in Heaven he may not shoot himself, nor drown himself, nor poison himself, nor any thing of that kind; it would be inconceivably distressing. But he will not—he is too intellectual. He will seek the true balm of consolation, in the prosecution of his literary projects; and he will efface from his pages the name of the unhappy Lucinda! Alas! unhappy she may truly deem herself, since Fate has successively entangled her affections in the toils, and rudely constrained her to a destiny, far different from that which simple, unsophisticated happiness would have pointed out! Yet, poor, poor Fitzroy! my heart bleeds for thee—and—must I confess it? for Henry O'Sullivan also. Unhappy Lucinda! what cruel fortune is it that compels thee thus to wreck thine own felicity as well as theirs?"

This soliloquy occupied her thoughts as she tried on a magnificent tiara, before her mirror, and placed the gorgeous ornament in half a dozen different positions, in order to ascertain in which it best became her. At length, being quite unable to arrive at a satisfactory decision without the aid of some judicious adviser, she summoned one of her young friends to her boudoir, and their joint deliberations continued until it was time to dress for dinner.

The day at length arrived on which Lucinda was to become Lady Ardracchan; and at a very early hour she arose, like Kitty of Coleraine, from her pillow, "all blushing;" and having eaten a hasty breakfast, got into the carriage with her bridesmaid, and drove into Dublin, where Colonel Nugent was to meet her at St. George's Church; the sacred edifice in which it had

been arranged that the ceremony of her marriage should take place.

Her brother was in the church before she reached it. He greeted her affectionately, and expressed his hope that her approaching nuptials might add to her happiness.

"Have you been long in town?" she asked.

"No—only arrived this very instant in St. Leger's carriage—traveled all night, in fact, in order that I might not be late—the steeple chase only came off yesterday—it was neck-and-neck for a mile to the winning post between Montague's brown filly and Sir Charles's Radagunda—I think Radagunda won by half a nose—it is the hardest thing in the world to satisfy Montague that he was beaten; he says there was no advantage upon either side, and claims half the plate. I don't at all know how it may end; but in the meantime what can keep Lord Ardbracon? it is not, *entre nous*, quite the thing that the bride should anticipate the bridegroom on such an occasion; however the poor Marquess so old, that we must make allowances."

The Colonel smiled as he spoke, and Lucinda shook her head reproachfully. They waited a quarter of an hour, sitting by a fire that some one had charitably lighted in the vestry room, and Nugent began to exhibit tokens of impatience. Lucinda, in order to quiet him by giving him a subject on which he could speak with some interest, began to catechise him on the merits of his friend St. Leger's kennels.

"Glorious! on my honor, glorious. It is really worth any person's while to travel a hundred miles in order to look at the harriers. The dogs are genuine descendants of the old Arundel breed—their ancestors hunted at Wardover Castle in the reign of King William the Third; and the breed, I need scarcely say, has been improving every generation since. And the fox-hound kennel is as superb as any thing of the kind I ever saw. Eighty couple of first rate dogs, and oh! such covers as there are at Ballyskellig hill! I never saw anything like it since I saw Melton Mowbray. Lucin-

da, when this Ardraccan transaction is over, you must really come to St. Leger's for a week, my dear girl—the whole family will be charmed to have you; and you yourself, my own dear sister, have enough of your brother's tastes, I know, to be charmed with the dogs. The Ballyskellig hounds are deservedly famed, you know, all over the kingdom,—and the horses—will you come, Lucinda?"

"Most certainly, if Ardraccan allows me."

"Pooh! Ardraccan will allow you to do any thing you please. I shall send Mahony to Martagon for Brown Tom and Seraskier; I may possibly sell Brown Tom to advantage there, if he shows them two or three days' successful *action*. I think he's decidedly a horse to make an impression; take him altogether, he's a very flashy figure, although possibly a *leetle* too long in the gamorells."

"Fitzroy Mordaunt said his figure was perfect," observed Lucinda.

"Fitzroy Mordaunt!" echoed Nugent, "what does that fellow know about horse-flesh? though indeed in this case he wasn't far astray."

"He ought to know something of the matter," said Lucinda, "being in the hussars."

"Yes—just as a carpenter ought to know something of music, because he makes a fiddle-case. Why, my dear, Fitzroy is hardly able to sit his horse when he gets on his back. He seems to me to know in general so very, very little of horse-flesh, that I should not very much marvel if I heard that he mistook a donkey for a racer. Mrs. Mersey appreciates him with tolerable accuracy; she says he's only fit to thrum on a guitar, and sketch tulips and cowslips in an album."

"Mrs. Mersey's judgment," said Lucinda, somewhat piqued, "is on this, as on many other occasions, more severe than just."

"What, sister Lucy, are *you* disposed to break a lance for Fitz.? In that case, the fellow may well be reconciled to be assailed by Mrs. Mersey, since her sar-

casms arouse in his behalf such a very charming champion."

Lucinda acknowledged her brother's compliment with a smile; and began to feel surprised in her turn at the protracted absence of the bridegroom. "It is really strange," said Colonel Nugent; "but the morning looked chill and unpromising." And he rose from his seat, internally debating what course it was proper to pursue in the circumstances. Lord Ardracchan was now a full hour *behind time*, as the mailcoachmen say, and still there was not the slightest appearance of his approach. Colonel Nugent could no longer restrain his impatient curiosity, and he was just on the point of driving off to Stephen's Green to ascertain the cause of the delay, when a carriage suddenly drove up to the church door and stopped; a gentleman got out—it was not Lord Ardracchan; it was a tall, corpulent, coarse-featured pompous looking man, dressed in black, and with crape round his hat. He walked slowly up the aisle of the church, and encountering Nugent, begged to know his name.

"Colonel Nugent."

"Sir," said the man in black, slowly and solemnly, and pronouncing each syllable with equal weight of emphasis, "I am very sorry," and the solemn man in black looked steadily at Nugent, and paused.

"Sir," said Nugent, after a silence of some moments, "I regret your sorrows; may I ask whether I am in any manner concerned in them?"

"Sir," said the solemn man, waving his hand, "have patience, and you shall hear. Last night, at twelve o'clock, I was suddenly summoned to attend my Lord Ardracchan, who was stated by the messenger to be dangerously ill. I repaired forthwith to his lordship's residence in Stephen's Green —"

"To cut all this short, Sir," said Colonel Nugent, "is his lordship dead or alive?"

"Sir, permit me, after my own fashion, to detail the result. I ascended to the noble patient's dormitory, to

which, even had I not been piloted by his Lordship's valet, I could have easily discovered the way, guided by the melancholy sound of the catarrhal explosions that incessantly issued from his lordship's larynx."

"Poor man!" cried Colonel Nugent, with genuine military impatience breaking off from this circumstantial personage, "if he is really so ill, I shall instantly go and see him." And Nugent was speedily making for the vestry-room door.

"Stop, Sir! stop!" exclaimed the solemn personage, seeing that he had not any chance of being permitted to indulge in a learned detail, "stop, Sir! he is dead."

"Confound you!" cried Nugent, turning short round on his informant, "why could you not tell me that at once?"

"Because, Sir, I opined that you might, not improbably, derive some interest from a special detail——"

"Derive the devil!" exclaimed the colonel hastily; and entering the vestry-room, he informed Lucinda that the poor old Marquess was no more; he had coughed himself out of the world the preceding night.

Lucinda was extremely provoked; she remembered that the Marquess had asked her to fix Friday for their nuptials, and she had fixed Saturday, because she did not think Madame Auguste, her milliner, would be able sooner to have some things ready which she wished to wear on the occasion. And for the sake of those worthless scraps of gauze and tinsel, she had actually lost a title! How ineffably provoking!

Lucinda was silent for a few minutes, pained beyond measure at her unexpected disappointment, and then a copious flood of tears relieved her. The tears were set down, of course, by the pitying spectators, to the wound inflicted on her faithful heart by the loss of the object of her love; and with all the befitting appliances of cambric handkerchiefs, eau-de-cologne, and sympathising friends, she got into her carriage, and was driven to her brother's house in Merrion Street.

The first distinct reflection that occurred to her, was, that since the poor Marquess was fated to make such

a sudden and unceremonious exit from this world, it was *some* consolation that he had sent her the *trousseau* of diamonds first. She started, however, as she recollected that they had been forwarded to Merrion Street *direct* from the jeweller's ; and a qualm came over her, lest his lordship had omitted to pay for them, in which case the jeweller's bill would not form an extremely agreeable study.

Her second subject of reflection, was, the gratifying fact, that hitherto, at least, Fitzroy Mordaunt knew nothing whatever of Lord Ardracchan's offers ; and she trusted that this blissful ignorance might continue until Fitzroy should renew his solicitation for her hand, to which she mentally vowed that she would not prove inexorable.

Colonel Nugent waited in the evening upon Mrs. Kavanagh, and beheld all the artificers of pantomimic sorrow fitting up Ardracchan House with the requisite trappings. The hatchment was emblazoned on the front ; the saloons were hung with black drapery, and the deceased's shrivelled relics lay "in state," surrounded with the costly accompaniments that designate patrician woe, and that form so humiliating a contrast with the poor, lifeless, withered frame, from which the everlasting spirit hath gone forth to meet its final judgment.

Isabella, whose heart was cast in a totally different mould from Miss Nugent's, felt deeply concerned at Lord Ardracchan's death. Incapable, as she ever had proved herself, of connecting him with any selfish or degrading plans of self-advancement, she now remembered him only as a courteous and obliging friend, for whose flattering notice of herself she felt grateful in the retrospect ; and on whom she had looked with interest as the lingering relic of another age ; an age of which her mother and uncle retained the recollection, and which they had frequently described in the vivid and affectionate language with which narrative senility invariably details the scenes of its youth.

Impressed with these high and solemn feelings, ou

heroine prevailed on her mother, unusual as such a proceeding might be, to accompany her to the room in which the body of the Marquess lay. They went at midnight,—a period, when they were only exposed to the notice of one or two domestics of his Lordship's, who still watched the remains, when the idle, indifferent, and inquisitive crowd had departed. They looked at the pale and stiffened face, on which, even in death, the same expression of courteous kindness lingered, that had marked it in life; the white hair was combed straight down on either side, and the hands were clasped upon the breast. The coronet lay upon a velvet cushion at the coffin's foot; armorial blazonry was proudly paraded at the head.

"Vain, vain symbols of earthly distinction!" thought our heroine. "What do they avail thee now? *now*, that thou hast appeared before that tremendous bar, from which the irrevocable fiat has gone forth?"

Tears fell from Isabella's eyes, as she mentally offered up an earnest prayer for the welfare of his soul.

"I believe, ladies," said the elder attendant, "that *you* care more for my Lord, than the hundreds that have been in here to-day, always excepting Colonel Nugent. The Colonel stood as good as an hour this evening looking over the coffin, and I saw his eyes wet when he went out."

"*You* regret his Lordship deeply, Martin?" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"I would be an ungrateful brute if I did not, Madam," replied the old man with emotion; "for fifty years I have been his servant, and a kinder, better master never lived—God rest his Lordship."

CHAPTER III.

For woman, Jack, is woman still,
She'll find a way to work her will.

REID'S SATIRES.

"How much do you suppose Fitzroy Mordaunt's fortune may be?" said Lucinda carelessly, one day, to Colonel Nugent.

"It was scarcely any thing, until his uncle's death."

"Oh, but *now*, I mean."

"Probably two thousand a year. Old Grimsby was certainly very rich, and he has left all the Welsh estate to Fitzroy—But Lucy, why do you ask?"

"Simply, because I take some interest, as I suppose every one does, in hearing the amount of the good or the evil that may befall my acquaintance."

"Have you any more *personal* reason for your present inquiry?" said Nugent, bending his eyes with keen earnestness upon his sister.

"What should lead you to suppose that I have?"

"Oh, Lucy, do not think I am so *very* unobservant—you cannot imagine that all the guitarings, and duettings, and sonnets, and literary intercourse at Martagon escaped me?"

Lucinda blushed deeply.

"Nay, it is not any blushing matter either," said her brother good naturedly—"the fact is, I did not *very* much care then, for I thought that those Mordaunts were highly principled and honorable men, although I always deemed Fitzroy a learned donkey. But now that Miss Kavanagh has made the elder Mordaunt's infamous conduct to herself a matter of public notoriety, I am of opinion that the less we have to say to the family the better. I had always looked on Mordaunt as rather the better of the two, and if *he* be the best——"

"But surely, brother," interposed Lucinda, "you would not condemn Fitzroy for his brother's misconduct? I am certain he censures it as strongly as you

or I could ! And then he is so amiable, too. You surely don't forget how he exposed himself to danger, and actually dislocated his arm, in assisting a poor old woman ?”

“ Why, as to that,” replied Nugent, “ he could give us what version he thought proper, of the history of his wounds and bruises—his account of the matter may possibly be somewhat apocryphal.”

“ What, brother—do you doubt his word ?”

“ In truth, Lucy, I confess that I have not any information on the subject that affords me grounds for denying his statement. Yet I never perceived such an ardent inclination on the part of our friend, to assist the poor, feeble, and helpless, as would render it probable that he should put himself to any great trouble about an old basket woman. In short, I neither believe nor disbelieve his story ; it may be true or false, for aught I know ; his assertion is quite insufficient to remove my doubts, at all events.”

“ Well, I place more confidence in Fitz. than *you* do,” was Lucinda's answer.

“ To be candid with you, Lucy, all this seems very strange. It is not a fortnight since you were ready to swear at the altar that you would ‘ love, honor, and obey’ poor old Lord Ardbraccan. Since his death you have not met this fascinating military hero ; so that your present warmth in his favor must be part of a pre-existing flame. Now, how could you reconcile your attachment to Fitzroy, with your readiness to enter into wedlock with the Marquess ? You compel me to ask you a plain question, and I now require a plain answer.”

Lucinda, thus taken to task, was seriously perplexed. She had trusted too much to her brother's exclusive attention to field-sports, and had fondly persuaded herself that much of her manœuvring had escaped his observation.

“ Brother,” she answered at length, “ you are cruel—very cruel. My conduct towards *you* has been marked with most scrupulous delicacy. I never have uttered, nor would I now utter, unless compelled by

your unfeeling bluntness, a single word that could lead you to discover the fact, that in doing gross violence to the warm prepossessions of my heart, I was actuated simply by a wish to form such a connexion as might aggrandise your house, and reflect distinction on yourself. Yes, Sir. For *your* sake alone would I ever have consented to unite myself to Lord Ardbrecan; and the grateful reward that I am tendered, is a coarse and violent assault upon those feelings of feminine delicacy, which our sex holds most sacred." And Lucinda put her handkerchief to her eyes, and began to sob convulsively.

Colonel Nugent was by no means a fool; but he was blinded by a partial and passionate attachment to his sister, and he was not a match for her in artifice; of which, indeed, there was not a shadow in the honest frankness of his character. He could not bear to see Lucinda weep; he cursed himself as an unfeeling wretch for having given her pain; and affectionately throwing his arms round her neck, he acknowledged his *fault*, and earnestly besought her to *forgive* her offending, but penitent brother. Lucinda, delighted at having thus adroitly put Nugent in the wrong, withdrew her handkerchief from her beautiful eyes, still moistened with tears, and cast on him a glance of incomparably blended magnanimity and forgiveness; such a glance as an insulted angel might bestow on a presumptuous mortal, who solicited pardon for having outraged the sacred dignity of the celestial personage.

A day or two afterwards, Fitzroy arrived, and repeated the offer of his hand. Lucinda consented to confer felicity upon her lover, provided Colonel Nugent's concurrence could be also obtained; and *he*, good, easy man! desirous above all things that his sister should be happy, offered no objection to the marriage; which accordingly was celebrated with considerable splendor and éclat.

The customary compliments were made the bride by all her acquaintance, except Isabella.

"The worst of this marriage is," observed Nugent,

"that it will create some coolness with the Kavanaghs, who are really worth all the rest of our acquaintance; especially the old fellow and Miss Kavanagh. But that shan't be, if I can help it. I must necessarily know Fitzroy for *your* sake, Lucy: but I vow I'll never allow his brother to enter my house, and I shall tell the Kavanaghs so. So if this arrangement will induce Isabella to come see us, I shall think we are very fortunate."

And Nugent left the room, in order to visit his friends in Stephen's Green.

"Come back for one instant, brother," said Mrs. Fitzroy Mordaunt; "I only wish to ask you," she added, looking archly, "if you have any idea of presenting me with a sister-in-law in the person of our dear Isabella? Nay, if you blush, I have done; do not scold me however for making you blush, for you know I owed you this revenge.—Go now—I have asked my question, and I don't wish to teaze you any longer."

Colonel Nugent departed, looking conscious enough: however he tried to turn off his embarrassment with a laugh.



CHAPTER IV.

Philaster, too, plays fast and loose,
He only wanted an excuse.

REID'S SATIRES.

"A WEARY world this!" exclaimed Father John O'Connor, throwing himself upon a chair with an appearance of fatigue, one evening late, when he had just returned from a station.

"Weary enough! weary enough, your reverence," echoed the parochial schoolmaster, who had seated himself on the opposite side of the fire-place; "and

how does your reverence think it will fare with the poor cratures of tinants?"

O'Connor shook his head. "Badly, I am afraid," he replied. "Notice to quit has been served on the Ballymackavawn boys, for all the leases of the plough-land expire in September next. I'm afraid there will be great clearing out on the estate. The drivers have gone round on all the Killaderry fellows too, and have threatened every mother's son of them all with ejectment, if the hanging gale is not paid up along with the current half year by Lady day."

"Weirastua! weirastua!" cried the schoolmaster, "and how will it fare with Jerry Howlaghan?"

"I have great fears for Jerry," answered the priest; "for he owes a whole twelvemonth's rent. He recently has laid out a good deal in improving the house and farm, under a sort of half-promise from the agent that the amount would be allowed him in the rent; and the agent recedes from his promise, as I understand, and says Jerry must pay every farthing of the rent, unless he can produce a *written promise*, (which we all know never had any existence). Ah, I warned Jerry against trusting Mr. Wrench or his promises; but he said he thought he might confide in him."

To the ears of an Englishman, there does not seem any thing unjust or tyrannical in the sound of "eviction for non-payment of rent;" and yet, in point of fact, few processes of oppression can well be conceived more truly tyrannical than this often is in Ireland. The reason is, that more is demanded for the ground in many cases, than the soil is able, with the farmer's utmost industry, to pay: so that, in all such instances, to eject a man because he does not pay the rack-rent, is to punish him for the non-performance of an impossibility. It may be asked, why does the tenant undertake to pay a higher rent than the land is actually worth? The answer is a simple one—Necessity compels him. In a country almost wholly destitute of manufactures, the population are necessarily thrown for their support upon the soil. There is no mode of raising a livelihood

unless it is worked out of the ground. This state of things inevitably creates a prodigious competition for land ; the natural consequence of which competition, is *to raise the rents* to a pitch quite exorbitant. Thus the landlords hold the existence of their tenants on their breath ; and thus it happens that when the depopulating system is resorted to by landlords, whether for political or other reasons, the instincts of nature irresistibly impel the houseless, the ejected, the destitute victims, to the commission of outrages, of which in a more favorable state of society they would be wholly incapable.

A landlord, it is argued, has a natural and legal right to expel from his grounds any tenant whose lease has expired, on the broad, undeniable principle that a man may do just as he likes with his own. But it should be recollected that the exercise of natural as well as legal rights, ought always to be modified by the requirements of society. A corn merchant, for example, in a time of scarcity, has undoubtedly a natural and legal right to say to the famishing applicants for food, "you shall not have my corn for your money—go elsewhere. The corn is mine, and I refuse to sell it—I *have a right to do just as I please with my own.*" That the heartless corn merchant, in the case supposed, would act in strict accordance with his natural and legal rights is unquestionably true : but how would his conduct appear, when tested by the dictates of humanity, of the social relations between man and his brother,—or when tested by the still more authoritative precepts of the Gospel ?

The advocates, therefore, of Irish depopulating landlords, would do extremely well to recollect, that to say that a man in any given case only exercises his legal and natural rights, may nevertheless be an exceedingly inadequate justification of his conduct. The reasonable social requirements of his fellow beings should also be weighed. Hundreds should not be consigned to destitution, to gratify the avaricious cravings, or to humor the political predilections of one.

Lord Ballyvallin's tenants had, almost without any exception, voted at the county election against the candidate for whom his lordship felt interested ; and he accordingly determined to visit with his vengeance all the serfs who had dared to commit the unpardonable crime of expressing a political conviction at variance with that of their landlord. To these fiery purposes of retribution his lordship was ardently stimulated by his agent, Mr. Wrench ; who on one or two occasions had tauntingly threatened our acquaintance, Jerry Howlaghan, with the punishment that awaited his political sins.

"Sure, Sir," said Jerry, throwing himself into his usual fearless attitude of free expostulation, "your honor does not tell me you're in earnest?"

"Not in earnest?" repeated the agent ; "faith I am, so ; as you, Jerry Howlaghan, will find to your cost if you don't make submission."

"Now that's what I call entirely too hard, your honor. I dig the lord's ground, I plough it, I sow it, I reap the corn, thrash the grain and bring it to the mill, all with the labor of my bones and the sweat of my brow—I fatten pigs, I raise praties—I'm up early and down late, watching fairs and markets in all weathers—I sometimes comes home, Heaven knows, down hearted enough when the prices are low or the demand slack, fagged and wearied, and frozen with the cold, mayhap, or wet to the shkin. Well, the money that I make, be it great, or be it small, is all paid to your honor for my lord ; and tight screwing and squeezing we often have to make it out, as no man knows better than your honor's honor. I freely give my lord the labor of my limbs and the sweat of my brow—because why ? because his lordship has a right to it ; because I promised him the rint, and because, plase God, I'll always pay what I promised him so far forth as God enables me. But I never promised him my vote. To be sure, he has every right in life to ax for it ; and I have also every right in life *not* to give it to him, if I don't plase. And I do *not* plase, Mr. Wrench, and what is more I'll never plase, unless his lordship should give his support to

some mumber that would be likely in my humble opinion to sarve Ireland. If his lordship took a candidate of *that* sort by the hand, why, 'pon my conscience I'd give him my vote against the priest himself, *but not otherwise*.—And now, Mr. Wrench, after working and slaving to make out the rint, pray what great things have I left for myself? I've got praties and milk, God be praised! and many, many farmers haven't got the milk: so I *ought* to be thankful, and I *am*. I have good corned beef too, to ate, at Christmas and Easter and Whitsuntide; for which I also heartily thank God and his lordship. I *have* those blessings, and the clothes I wear, and the clothes that Nancy wears, and the house that covers us.—Our clothes are no great things, to be sure; but better wouldn't suit the like of *huz*. I'm not complaining, mind. I only want to show your honor, that my lord gets at laste five sixths of the value of the land, if the praties, and the clothes, and the house be deducted; and *those*, you know, we couldn't live without. Now I think five-sixths of value may very well satisfy his honorable lordship, without axing for my vote, or punishing me for giving it to a mumber that he doesn't like. And what thinks yourself, Mr. Wrench?" pursued Jerry, a smile of humorous intelligence playing in his fine dark eye; "spake out now, plase your honor."

"I think you've a damned deal of impudence," answered the agent; "and I just held my tongue, and heard you out, to try the length to which your impudence would carry you. It would be fitter for the like of you to recollect that you owe a twelvemonth's rent, and to come and hand it to me, than to give me all that jaw."

"Mr. Wrench—Mr. Wrench—I wonder at you, Sir. Doesn't your honor recollect that you *promised* his lordship would make an allowance for all the improvements I made? Was there a hole or corner of the roof that could keep out the rain, and isn't it illigantly covered in now? Just look at the wall built round the haggard, and dashed all over with lime mortar, and a course of lime along the middle, and another course for

coping? Look at the new stable and stalls, and the new cow-house and the bails (only all the bails aren't quite completed yet). Look at the new gate and the fine pair of piers beyant the bohereen, and how was I to build all those things without the allowance that your honor promised me?"

"And don't you recollect," retorted Mr. Wrench, "that my promise was made on the condition that *you* would be a well-conducted and obedient tenant; and I don't think you'll call it good conduct or obedience to refuse to vote for Mr. Beresford, when his lordship and myself would almost put our eyes upon sticks to coax you."

Jerry was quite silent. He saw that Mr. Wrench was determined, upon any pretence, to carry out his purposes of vengeance, and that further expostulation would be utterly useless.

"So now you'll remember," continued the agent, "that if you don't pay up the full arrears before Lady-Day, and the gale then falling due within fifteen days after, you'll be served with a notice to quit—that's all. So don't pretend that I didn't give you warning."

And, thus saying, the agent departed, leaving Jerry, as the reader may easily imagine, in rather an unenviable state of mind. He felt his spirit broken and his arm unnerved for labor, as he gazed on his recent improvements, the pride of his heart and of Nancy's; the new cowhouse and stable, the new haggard wall, and all the other alterations. "And to think," exclaimed he, "that I should be doing all this for another! slaving, and laboring, drawing stones and mixing mortar, and all for Heaven knows who, and to have no benefit, at all at all, myself! Och, Nancy, Nancy isn't it a hard, hard case? isn't it, Nancy, jewel?"

Nancy turned a glance of affectionate sympathy upon her brother; such a look, as even under all his difficulties, might well compel him to lift up his heart to God in thankfulness, for bestowing on him such a sister.

It is in the hour of distress that the sweet and tender endearments of family love are most soothingly called

forth. Nancy had constantly worked for him, and urged him to moral amendment and habits of industry, and he loved her, certainly, as such a sister merited. But never had he felt such a warm glow of passionate attachment for her as he did at this moment of impending adversity, when her soft, dark eyes, smiled kindly and encouragingly on him; their affectionate gaze expressed, in a language more eloquent than words, "Go where you will—let what misfortunes happen you that may, dear Jerry, your own Nancy will go with you—she will ever be, as she has been in better times, your true and faithful sister."

He tenderly embraced her, saying, "Whatever it may please God to take from me, Nancy dear, so long as *you* are left me, I won't be entirely destitute."

"Maybe," said she, "if you were to go to my Lord, and state your case to himself, he might shew you more mercy than this rogue of an agent. To do his lordship justice, he is only half an absentee; and the half of his time that he spends at Knookanea, he gives a deal of charity to some of the ould followers that's past their labor; so you see there *is* a soft vein *somewhere* in his lordship. Now, if your honest downright talk don't hit that vein, why there's nothing in the world that can do it. I'd advise you to try, Jerry; there's no harm at any rate in trying; and good may come of it for aught we know."

"I'll take your advice, Nancy asthore; I never took it yet that I wasn't the better for it. And I haven't a doubt but it's Wrench, and them like him, that's spurring up my lord to this cruelty, in order to get his share of the glove-money from a new batch of tinants when *we* are turned out."

Jerry, accordingly, donned his Sunday suit, and turned his steps with all possible despatch towards Knookanea. On arriving at the house, he turned into the court, where one of the first persons whom he saw, was Prince Gruffenhausen, who had returned on the preceding day from Dublin, and was now inspecting some injury his *wrowtchsk* had sustained from the long and

very rapid journey. Albeit, our friend Jerry was not particularly superstitious, yet the sight of the Serene Fatalist smote his heart, as though it were of evil augury.

"The curse of the crows light down upon the hairy ould cock," thought he; "and sure it cannot be for any good luck that the cross-grained, cantankrous ould chap is the first that meets my eye-sight in his Lordship's premises." And Jerry was passing on to an opposite door, to make his inquiries of his friend the steward, respecting the practicability of obtaining an audience of "the Lord."

But as he passed the Fatalist, that serene personage angrily scowled at him, at the same time desiring Hoffmann Achloss, one of his German attendants, to detain him forcibly. The huge, impassable Bavarian, who knew no other law than the mandates of his Prince, immediately obeyed; and so suddenly, that Jerry's elbows were both pinioned from behind in Hoffman's iron grasp, before he had a moment to prepare for resistance.

"Hah, mein merry cock!" exclaimed Prince Gruffenhausen, "mein shicken of de game! You vould haf got dis usages long time ago, only dat you vanish like de puff of wind, and I did not nefer know where I could vind you. Ach! if I had you in mein country! Baf! you should know vat mighty glhime a wretched scoundrels of a peasant do commit, dat assault a noble Prince of de Serene House of Krunks Doukerstein. Hold him tight, mein honest Hoffman. Squeeze der scoundrels hard—like der Bleyzug*—Ach! Hoffman! pinch his elbows harder—harder! like der Schraubstock*—dat is it. Ach! mein ruffians! if I had you in mein fortress of Schloss Doukerstein,—mein wort, but you vould learn a lesson dat might gif you some improvements. Mein himmel! I vould put you in *die folter*†, where you vould be slash vid whibs, till de schellum flesh vould fly in flakes from your sgoundrel.

* Both these words signify a smith's vice.

† *Die folter*, the rack, the torture.

rgase. Squeeze him, Hoffmann Achloss—Ach ! but you do not gripe him hard enough. I haf to tell you, ein merry shicken, dat now dat I haf got you, I vil shwear der law against you. And den we shall see if punishments a schelm peasants do deserve for striking a prince of de empire. Pofe !”

All this while Jerry had been vigorously struggling to get free, but he had been seized at a disadvantage, and the strength of his Bavarian captor was prodigious. At last, however, he kicked Hoffman Achloss in the shin with the iron heel of his shoe, which made Hoffman roar with pain, and withdraw a hand from one of Jerry's elbows, to rub the injured part. Jerry availed himself of this diversion to break from the Bavarian, and darting past Gruffenhausen, who made an ineffectual attempt to seize him, he safely ensconced himself within the steward's door on the opposite side of the quadrangle. Hoffman pursued him, but ere he reached the door, Jerry slapped it in his face.

“What is all this ?” demanded Mrs. Mersey, who at this moment entered the court to give her opinion on the state of the Fatalist's vrowtchsk. His Highness replied to her inquiry by stating the offence, which he represented as a violent assault on his person, of which Jerry had been guilty on the day of the excursion to Glen Annis. Mrs. Mersey considered the story as related by the Prince, an extremely improbable one ; and summoning forth Jerry, whom she often had met on her solitary rambles, she requested to hear his version of the rencontre. He told his tale with the easy unembarrassed air of truth, interspersed with certain irrepressible out-breaks of humor when describing the impression the Fatalist's foreign appearance had made upon his mind when suddenly seen, for the first time, beneath the old castle ; and ended by very strongly deprecating the violent usage he had just received from Hoffman Achloss, “who caught me like a coward,” said he, “behind my back, though I hardly think he'd make a steady match of alpeens wid me.”

Mrs. Mersey, whom Jerry's very handsome, although

somewhat *farouche* exterior strongly interested in his favor; undertook to dissuade Prince Gruffenhausen from his purposes of seeking legal vengeance. She assured him that in the first place he would not act *en philosophe* by engaging in a lawsuit of any kind. Why should Jerry Howlaghan be punished for a sudden concussion which had clearly been preordained by all-controlling destiny? and why should his Highness, in direct contravention of his principles, hold Jerry accountable for a manifest decree of *Das Schicksal*? In the second place, his Highness was wholly unacquainted with the laws of this country, which unfortunately did not in every particular assimilate with the admirable code of Krunks-Doukerstein; and on this head, she begged to assure him, that if he brought his accusation before even the most partial magistrate, the result would at best be very doubtful; whereas if Jerry Howlaghan were tempted to retaliate, by arraigning Hoffman Achloss and his princely master, for the violent assault just committed on his person by the former, acting under orders of his Highness, there could not be a doubt but that exemplary punishment would be visited on the defendants. She was sorry her convictions compelled her to say it,—but she *did* feel convinced that it was not his Serene Highness's *Schicksal* to prosecute Jerry Howlaghan with the most distant prospect of success.

The Fatalist was influenced by Mrs. Mersey's judicious and well-timed interference, and uttering a sullen, discontented "Pofe!" he resumed his inspection of the vrowtchsk with the aid of the widow and Hoffman; and Jerry, blessing Mrs. Mersey, re-entered the house without further molestation. But here he was doomed to experience another disappointment. Lord Ballyvalin was confined to his bed with a violent fit of the gout; and was so irascibly sensitive on the subject of the recent election, that the very name of either of the candidates threw him into fits. An audience, under such circumstances, was totally out of the question; and Jerry returned to his home with a very heavy heart, uncertain how long fate might permit him to call it his

some. On his way, an acquaintance mentioned a report that an Orange *palatine* named Schofield, had received a promise of Jerry's farm from Wrench. This intelligence gave Jerry an object on which to concentrate his feelings of rage and desperation.

"Schofield ! och, I wouldn't doubt him. The dirty circumventing scoundrel. But so sure as I 'm a living man," muttered Howlaghan, with his teeth clenched and his eyes flashing rage, "and so sure as that ruffen plots wid Wrench to ruin me and Nancy, and break us out of house and home, and send us adrift upon the world, that *he* may sit down by the fire-side *I've* built, and enjoy the profits of *my* hard labor—so sure as Schofield plays me such a trick,—*so sure I'll make him feel it.*"

And the unfortunate young man flung himself down on the nearest chair, on entering his house, and folded his arms with a feeling of stupified despair. Nancy, who had heard his muttered threats, approached him, saying mildly,

"Do not threaten, Jerry dear. Trust in God. Did you not say this very morning, happen what misfortune to-night, you 'd never feel destitute entirely, so long as *I* was left you? Jerry ! my own Jerry—it goes to my heart to see you downcast this way,—and if the worst should happen us, and if we *are* turned out of the farm itself, sure haven't we the hands and the health and the strength that God gave us ; and can't we go, as thousands of the likes of us are going every day, to America ? and can't we live, and work, and earn riches too, in that free happy country ? But Jerry," she added in a low and shuddering whisper, "for the Lord Almighty's sake, don't threaten Schofield, even in your very thoughts. Oh, Jerry dear, I know the evil of your temper—I know the danger of your angry blood. For God's sake, keep it down,—keep the temptations of the devil far from you ; keep far away from BLOOD. Remember God's command ; and next to that, remember that you would not wish to make our ould father, nor your brothers, nor Kitty, nor your own loving Nancy,

the most unhappy creatures that ever troubled the face of the earth."

Jerry started up from an apparent state of stupor, spoke not a word, and as if he felt desirous to conquer by bodily labor some terrible internal emotion, took a spade, and continued to dig with violent exertion until night-fall. He then re-entered the house, swallowed in sullen silence the supper that Nancy had prepared for him, and abruptly quitting the table went to bed.

"Jerry," said his sister following him, "you did not say your prayers."

"Can't you lave me to my thoughts?" he answered roughly.

"No, dear," responded Nancy in a whisper, sinking down upon his pillow, "because I'm afraid they are bad thoughts. Oh, Jerry, is God to be forgotten by us? Let me see you rise, aghra, and say your prayers, before you go to sleep."

Jerry was for a moment silent, and then, apparently mollified by Nancy's appeal, he replied, "I'll rise and kneel, if you'll say out the prayers."

He accordingly rose, and speedily dressing himself, knelt, while his sister also knelt, and repeated in her native Irish the prayers she had learned to address to her Maker, with a fervid piety of utterance that melted Jerry's stubbornness; for when she had concluded, he answered "Amen," and sighed with a feeling of relief from half the load that weighed upon his heart.

"Kiss me, now, before you go to bed."

"Kiss you, my own dear sister? May God bless you, and give me the grace to be guided by you. I'm sure you're like a guardian angel to me, Nancy."

While such was the state of affairs in Jerry's home, the cottage of his father, old Murtough Howlaghan, who, as our readers may remember, occupied the sea-coast farm, was the scene of events, which, although intrinsically unimportant, we nevertheless think proper to detail, as furnishing a characteristic trait of Ireland. Old Murtough, never having been able distinctly to ascertain that he received any value from the Protestant

Rector of the parish, had refused him the wages called tithes; in consequence of which refusal the Rector had sued Murtough in the Court of Exchequer, and obtained a writ against his person.

The execution of this writ was a matter of considerable difficulty, for Murtough and his sons were very wary, and kept the house door constantly shut, from sunrise to sunset; while little boys were stationed all day on the neighboring ditches to give notice of any hostile approaches.

It chanced, then, on this memorable evening, that a little bacaugh, or lame beggar, known as Shaneen-na-t-lask, or Jacky Fish, the *Orange* cripple (for the badges of party are worn by mendicants), knocked after sundown at the door of Murtough Howlaghan, and solicited his supper and night's lodging.

"Thar asteach—thar asteach, agus failte; se sheis nackin tinna;—go de'n skeal nho aguth*?"—Such were the words of welcome addressed to Jacky Fish by the inmates, and accordingly he entered, saying, "Save all here," and took his seat by the chimney corner.

"Well, Shaneen-na-t-lask, what news have you brought us from the fair?"

"No great things, Mr. Howlaghan, in troth; only indeed that Shaucussheen the magistrate was swearing there would soon be an end to the world, because he saw the priest and the parson shaking hands."

"Ho! ho! ho! upon my honor (as the quality say), that was the comical shake hands indeed. Faith the parson shakes other things besides folks' *hands*—he shakes the money in our purses too—It's a folly to talk, Shaneen-na-t-lask, but your ministhers flog all the boys in the world for knowing how to make the coppers dance."

"Why now, Mr. Howlaghan," retorted the cripple, "I'm sure you can't deny but the priests are sometimes pretty reasonable hands at spinning up the coppers too. There's Father Darby Callaghan, sure—what is *he*?"

* Come in, come in, and welcome; sit down near the fire, what news have you got?

"He's a money-loving miser," answered Howlaghan, "and by the same token the parishioners nailed up his chapel door and hunted him out of the parish. They've got a very proper clergyman from the bishop now. But even if Callaghan *was* a griping screw, he was the people's priest; and you know there's all the differ in life between a man who charges too high for christening their children, and marrying their couples, and churching their women, and a man who knocks mountains of money from the cratures for doing nothing at all, good, bad, or indifferent."

"True, true, Mr. Howlaghan," said Shaneen-na-t-Iask; "but as far as the report goes, *you've* got no reason to complain—you've bothered the minister entirely, haven't you?"

"Not quite entirely; for you know I've to deal wid *two* ministers; and Mr. Hickson had the army out three or four times to thry what he could catch, and the last day they came, the king's troops seized on seven turkeys that Kitty forgot to put to hide in the house."

"Och," rejoined Shaneen-na-t-Iask, "if you lost no more than seven turkeys, you may fairly say you've bothered the minister. But that isn't what I mean—I mean that now the writ is out against your body, Mr. Howlaghan, at the suit of Parson Gregg, you've kept close house so tight and cute that he never yet was able to sarve it on you. You've bothered Mr. Gregg, at any rate."

"I hope so, I hope so," said Howlaghan, rubbing his hands over the gewsh fire, "but here's our supper, God be thanked for it; fall to work at the praties, Shaneen, *agus mille failthe*; and we'll try to forget ministers for a while, if we can."

And immediately the whole party set to work with keen appetites.

The hours advanced, the family retired to rest, and Shaneen-na-t-Iask was accommodated with a layer of straw in a corner.

Towards dawn, the wary old farmer heard a noise

that made him start up in his bed, exclaiming, "Paddy—Barney! did ye hear *that*, boys? Where's Shaneen-na-t-Iask?"

"It was only myself," replied Shaneen, "I was trying to coax this rogue of a game-cock not to be crowin', the noisy blackguard! and wakenin' up the house afore it's time."

"Never mind the cock, Shaneen—you make more noise yourself." And the farmer relapsed into repose. But ere many minutes had passed, his wakeful ears were again disturbed by a repetition of the sounds that had before aroused him. He stealthily rose, and creeping to the house-door, found the little Orange cripple undoing the bolt.

"Bad luck to you, you ill-conditioned little ruffen," he exclaimed, "go lie down upon your bed till it's time to go out. How do any of us know who may be watching outside to rush in? Why, you cross-grained, cross-boned little devil, it was only last week that six of parson Gregg's men were hiding in my pigstye before sunrise, on the watch to burst in at my door with the writ, as soon as any of the boys would open it. By the piper that played before Moses, I'll never give you bite nor sup, nor a sop of straw to lie on, for the longest day I have to live again, if you don't lie quiet there. But the likes of you are always unaisy, and longing for shifting and changing from one place to another—it's dangerous to let yez into a man's house."

Shaneen-na-t-Iask, thus admonished, returned to his lair, and lay tolerably quiet for a quarter of an hour. The household then began to stir. "Get up, boys and girls," said old Howlaghan, "it's time for yez—and let *Padhreen beg* pop his head out of the chimney afore the fire is lit, to see if any of the parson's men are on the watch outside. Will you wait for your breakfast, Shaneen-na-t-Iask? if you do, you're welcome to it, and if you don't, say so, and when Padhreen beg sees that the coast is clear, we can let you out and clap the door after you."

Padhreen beg now descended the chimney, to report

that he had seen the *hats* of six or seven men on the other side of the hedge, and he concluded that the heads of the wearers were plotting an incursion.

"Are there any of them near the door?" asked Howlaghan.

"No," replied the boy, "sorrow one."

"Will you wait for breakfast or go home, Mr. Fidget?" said Howlaghan.

"I'll go—I'll go, and the cripple's prayers and thanks to you for your goodness to me always, Mr. Howlaghan; I'll get my breakfast from ould Mrs. Delaney, to-day; so my blessing wid this house and all that's in it, and good luck and good morning to yez all."

The state of the premises in front was again reconnoitred by Padhreen beg; and as he reported that the men without still occupied their former position, the door was for an instant opened, the *bacaugh* dismissed, and immediately all was fastened up again.

"Keep your eye on Shaneen-na-t-Iask, Padhreen," said Barney, "and watch where he goes."

"Sure you wouldn't misdoubt that crature?" said old Howlaghan.

"Faix, I don't know," answered Barney; "it's hard to trust them little Oranges; he's soft and slippery enough when he has anything to get."

"Poor little dhunnas," said old Howlaghan, "I think he's an honest little crature—I don't misdoubt him, any how, I know."

Meanwhile Padhreen beg, with his head concealed in a large broken chimney-pot, surveyed from the top of the chimney the motions of the cripple, who moved, with the aid of his crutch, at a very expeditious rate along the bohereen, or lane, that led from the farmer's house to the coast-road. He did not seem to hold any communication, by either word or sign, with the emissaries of the Rev. Mr. Gregg, who lurked without; indeed it is probable they did not see his exit from Howlaghan's house, as he instantly proceeded in an oppo-

site direction from the side of the premises where they were stationed. But when another half hour had passed, and when some of them moved round to see what chance of surprising the garrison existed, they at once perceived that the case was, for *that* day, hopeless; as Paddy and Barney were quietly digging in the bawn, and the door of the house was *closely shut*.

The rector's troops accordingly decamped, *taking the direction the cripple had taken before them*; and Padhreen beg, who still kept watch at the chimney-top, saw that Shaneen-na-t-Iask was sitting on a stone at the end of the bohureen. He rose when the rector's party reached him, and limped along in their company. A brother of Padhreen's, who was out cutting furze to feed the horses, overheard from the ditch-side the following dialogue.

"And is it there I see you, Jacky?" quoth one of the party to the cripple; "we've been watching these two hours to see if you'd open the door, and we walked three times round the house, as if we were treading upon eggs. Corney Egan knew the dogs and kept 'em quiet. Why, upon airth, Shaneen-na-t-Iask, didn't you up and let us in?"

"Why, how the devil could I?" returned the cripple, "and ould Howlaghan as wary and as cute as if he was all over ears? Twice I thried to open the door, but I might as well offer to take the house upon my back. If I stirred, the ould joker was wide awake in a jiffey, crying, 'Who's making that noise there?' Once I smoothed him up that it was coaxing the gamecock to be quiet, that I was; and another time, when I thought I had him snoring, and my fingers on the boults of the door—my dear life! his two hands was griping my shoulders, and he made me lie down again. Catch *that* fellow napping, if you can! Faix, you'll be cute if you do. I did my best, any way; so his raverence can't fault *me* that you didn't speed better."

The fact was, that the little "Orange" mendicant had been specially employed, by either the parson or his proctor, to work upon Howlaghan's charity for

admission to his house, of which he was to take advantage in the mode pointed out, by letting in the rector's men to seize the farmer.

When Padhreen's brother reported to Howlaghan the colloquy that he had overheard,—“God be praised,” exclaimed the old man, “that I didn't know all that when I had my hands on Shaneen's neck, this blessed morning. By this and by that, I'd have murdered him, surely! I'd have throttled the treacherous, deceiving little reprobate, and tumbled him into the sea wid a stone round his neck. Thank God, I'm saved from *that* sin, any how*!”

* The ruse attempted to be played through the mendicant's agency, is sketched from an actual fact.



CHAPTER V.

What has relieved thy bosom's stormy flow?

— 'Tis when thou 'st wept.

FITZ-GERALD.

THE day after Nancy had used her earnest efforts to dissuade her brother from all thoughts of violence, he rose at an early hour, for rest had fled from his weary pillow. He proceeded to a field adjoining his house, where, acting under the same feelings that had similarly influenced him on the preceding evening, he seized a spade, and worked for several minutes with a desperate energy. But the turmoil of his mind was too great to be calmed or controlled by bodily exertion. He speedily flung aside the spade, exclaiming,—

“Why should *I* work here any more? why should *I* dig another sod here? It isn't for myself—it's all for some new-comer now, that will have and enjoy too much of the labor of my hands without *this* ;” and with these words he turned from the field, and sullenly saun-

tered down the bohereen, or lane, that led to the high road.

It was rather from a sort of instinct, that led him to dream against hope and experience, of the bare possibility of interesting Lord Ballyvallon's family in his behalf, than from any settled purpose of making the attempt, that poor Jerry took his sorrowful and driftless way along the road that led towards Knockanea. At an angle in the road he paused, and leaned on a fragment of rock; and his eye unconsciously turned towards his snug, neat, farmsteading, on the hill above. Nancy appeared at the door with a pail in her hand, which she carried to the neighboring spring for water. Her step was a very little slower, and less elastic than usual; and instead of carolling her accustomed rustic ditty, her sweet voice was mute, and her eyes were bent upon the ground.

"*She* feels it all!" thought Jerry, as he gazed upon her, "and it cuts her to the heart, though she tries to keep her spirits up before me. May God's best blessing light upon my angel sister, and relieve her poor heart, these cruel times!"

And the poor fellow's eyes filled up with tears, and he turned away his face from the direction of the cottage. "Nancy is an angel!" thought her brother; "if her very worst enemy injured her to the utmost of his power, she never would wish to revenge it; she would pray to God to bless him, and to make him better for the future. Oh, but I wish I was like her! But *that* can never be—my heart's too wicked to become like her's."

And with this mental tribute of brotherly affection to his sister's worth, he resumed his cheerless way, with a sad and heavy heart. He had not proceeded a mile, when two red-coated, leather-breeched, top-booted horsemen, trotted briskly from another road, emerging on the road to Knockanea, in the same direction Jerry was pursuing. They slackened their speed as they approached him.

"Devilish far it is to ride to cover, Mulligan," said the elder Nimrod, who was no other than our excellent friend Madden.

"Yes," responded Mulligan, superciliously, "it's devilish far, no doubt, for them that doesn't keep a hack to carry them to cover. Ha, ha, ha! Excuse me, Mr. Madden, I beseech you, but upon my soul I can't help laughing—the idea is so devilish good! Oh, gemini, how they'd stare at Melton Mowbray! ha! ha! ha! upon my soul I *must* laugh, or I'd burst! By gemini, I would! How the nobs there, my crony Waterford, and a score of rattling tip-top fellows that I'm hand and glove with, would split their shirts with laughter at the sight of a fellow hunting with the baste he rode ten miles to cover! Oh, blood! Ha, ha, ha! It's devilish good, though, Madden, a'n't it? By Jove, I'll keep that for Albanley!"

"I don't see where's the harum of it, when your horse is strong enough," answered Madden, doggedly, for he did not precisely relish the wit of Mr. Mulligan.

"Hawm? oh, not the laste in life, of coorse," said Mulligan, checking his laughter, as if with an effort. "Hawm? oh, no hawm at all, my good Sir; only such a thing is never done at Melton Mowbray, and seldom anywhere at all, except by snobs, you understand."

"Snobs? and who's snobs? Faith, Mr. Mulligan, I do *not* understand."

"Oh, Sir, *snobs* is the term by which fashionable leedies and gentlemen designates every one that's not tip-top—that doesn't climb the high ropes—that's not quite up to snuff, you know. It's a fashionable phreese among exclusive circles," added Mr. Mulligan, with an air of perfect information.

"Umph," said Madden, "it's all botheration, I think. But who's that cut-gutter of a fellow that's trudging on before us?"

It was just at this point of the conversation that the worthies overtook Howlaghan.

"By dad, I know that chap of old," said Madden, "and a worse affected, blacker-hearted pup of the devil, there isn't in the province of Munster. I wish you heard Wrench describe the impudence the rascal gave him, the day he went to ask him for his vote. I went

to canvass him too, but, dear heart! I might as well have whistled Patrick's Day to your grandmother's tombstone."

"We'll smoke him," said the humorous Mr. Mulligan, who was anxious to seize every opportunity of displaying his wit.

"Halloo, Howlaghan," said Madden, "you're early on the road—where are you bound for?"

"Not far," said Jerry, drily.

"*Does your mother know you're out?*" inquired Mr. Mulligan.

Jerry, who was ignorant that the query was a bit of low London slang, which Mulligan had picked up at second or third hand, literally answered,—

"My mother's dead, Sir."

"Devilish good, upon my soul!" exclaimed the wit, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter; "what an ass the fellow is!" Jerry, who could not conceive what provocative to laughter existed in his mother's death, looked up at the querist with no very amiable expression of countenance; when Mulligan, resuming his slang catchism, asked,—

"*Did you sell your mother's mangle yet?*"

"The man's a common fool," thought Jerry, walking on without answering the wit.

"Damned insolent fellow he certainly is," observed Mulligan to Madden; "you see how doggedly he tramps on, with his hat on one side of his head."

"Ogh—never fear but Wrench will physic him yet, to some purpose," whispered Madden; "it is rascals like him that one should make a particular example of. It's necessary to preserve the quiet and pace of the country, Mulligan, as my own experience as a magistrate enables me to know to my cost."

"Are you going to the hunt, my man?" asked Mulligan.

"No," replied Jerry. Mulligan rejoined with some incomparably stupid jest about the hounds drawing Jerry, he was such a fox, instead of reynard.

"Come along, and never mind him," said Madden

putting his horse to a trot ; and adding, in a lower tone, "it's bounds of another sort we'll get to hunt *that* fellow ; he may find his earth stopped before long."

"God help me," thought Jerry, when his tormentors were gone, "my heart was too much down to let me answer them the way their impudence deserved. And may be it is better that I didn't. And that born fool, with his grin, and his long greasy curls—that uncommon ommadhawn—laughing when I told him my mother was dead, and axing if I sold her mangle ! Why the booby hasn't got as much brains as would feed a droleen* !"

Thus soliloquizing, Jerry contemptuously dismissed Mr. Mulligan from his mind, and reverted—alas ! it required no effort !—to his own misfortunes. He continued, with but little variation, to reiterate the question, "Shall I, or shall I not, make one more attempt to move the Ballyvallin people ?"

For another hour he continued to saunter slowly on, in perfect indecision as to how he should act. "If I got Mrs. Mersey to speak to his lordship," thought Jerry ; "she's a civil-spoken lady, and has often stopped to chat with me, as free and friendly as if I was her equal. But, no !" he suddenly exclaimed—"there's no use in trying—I'm a ruined man—I'll try no more, so I won't !"

And as he came to this final resolution, he quitted the Knockanea road, and diverged into a glen that rose high and steep on either side of a rapid, brawling brook, that debouched about a quarter of a mile further on, into the river Ilan, well known to southern trout and salmon fishers.

At the spot where the glen opened on the river's bank, Jerry's attention was caught by the sound of a voice, not altogether strange to his ear, chaunting out a matin hymn. He had recently met the singer on three or four occasions, at Father John O'Connor's. "'Tis ould Terence O'Leary," said he ; "how early he is out."

* A Wren.

Unwilling to interrupt Terence, Jerry gazed and listened without coming farther forward, until the hymn should have been concluded. And a holy and beautiful sight it was, to behold the venerable old man, kneeling at the side of a lonely hill, to sing his Maker's morning praises in the midst of scenes whose sublimity strongly bore the impress of that Maker's hand. The early sun shone on Terence's bare head, and the fresh breeze that rippled the river played through his long grey locks; his clear blue eyes were lifted up to heaven, as he sang the ancient morning canticle, commencing thus :—

“ Deo jubente, jam redit
Aurora lucis nuntia ;
Mentesque nostras admonet,
Ut pareant ipsæ Deo.”

Terence sang the several stanzas of the hymn unconscious of the presence of his auditor ; and Jerry, who was far from being insensible to impressions of devotion, felt strongly moved at the air of genuine, unaffected piety, that marked the kneeling suppliant ; the heartfelt joy with which he seemed to commune with his Maker.

“ Oh !” thought he, “ how happy Terence is ! And why mayn't I be happy in like manner too, if I only keep away from all bad thoughts and passions ?”

As he pondered, the old man concluded his hymn, and making the sign of the cross, arose from his knees. In another instant he confronted Jerry.

“ Why, you look as if you had been watching me,” said he, smiling ; “ what brought you here ?”

“ I *was* watching you, too,” replied Jerry, “ and wishing I could find as much pleasure in my prayers.”

“ Try—try—God will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax—he ever is ready to help those that set to work to serve Him in singleness of heart.”

“ Are you going to the priest's ?” demanded Jerry.

“ Yes—will you come too ?”

“ I intended, this morning, to make another trial of what I could do to soften the Ballyvallin folk,” said Jer-

ry; "and just before I turned down the glen I had made up my mind not to try."

"Have you tried already?"

"Yes, but I couldn't see my lord; he had a fit of the gout, and I came back without my errand. What would you advise me to do, Mr. O'Leary?"

"It is hard to advise a man in *your* case, Jerry; but from all I've heard Father John, and everybody say, there is *nothing* will coax Wrench to let you keep the farm; and only *one* thing will Lord Ballyvallon listen to. I heard this from Dempsey, who went last week to Knockanea to try and keep his own. He saw my lord, and only one condition would his lordship listen to."

"And *that*?" inquired Jerry, anxiously.

"To promise solemnly and faithfully to support my lord's candidates at every future election. Those were his terms with Dempsey."

"I'd starve first!" exclaimed Howlaghan, indignantly. "Vote for a man that would screw down the tithes on Ireland! vote for a man that would support the Union, by which Ireland was swindled, sould, disgraced, and beggared! vote for a man that——But it's no matter. I'd starve first. If that's his only terms there's no room for bargaining."

And Jerry formed the resolve which tens of thousands of his poor fellow-countrymen have formed—that resolve which so prominently marks the Irish peasant's character—to stand by the rights and independence of his native country, and defy all consequences.



CHAPTER VI.

La vie d'une femme est toujours un roman.

BOILEAU.

WHEN Mrs. Mersey had succeeded in dissuading Prince Gruffenhausen from lodging informations against

Jerry, she condoled with his Serene Highness on the injury his vrowtchsk had sustained ; and then sauntered on to a summer-house that occupied a warm nook beneath a hill, and which, from its southern aspect, enjoyed every gleam of sunshine the advancing spring afforded. Here she took her seat ; and here she had not long remained when his Highness and Baron Leschen followed ; and not perceiving that the sprightly widow occupied the interior of the building, they seated themselves upon a bench beneath the porch.

They conversed in German ; but the proficiency which Mrs. Mersey had acquired in that language, under the tuition of the Baron, enabled her to understand their conversation ; which, for the benefit of such of our readers as have not the good fortune to be skilled in that euphonious dialect, we translate into English.

"Pofe ! pofe ! pofe !" puffed the Fatalist, with an air more contemptuously cynical, if possible, than usual.

"Something disturbs you," said the Baron, with infinite sympathy.

"Pofe ! pofe ! pofe !" puffed his hairiness, shaking his head.

"I would willingly console your Highness, were it in my power," said the compassionate Baron.

"Mein excellent Baron, I do not entertain the smallest doubts of your friendly sympathy ; but there are diseases that baffle the physician's art ; there are tricks that transcend the *hexenmeister's** skill ; there are clouds of darkness, gloom, and mist, that overshadow the human soul at certain seasons, and bid defiance to the reasonings, the expostulations of philosophy. Will *you* be the Zauberer, and charm these clouds away ? Pofe ! you cannot !"

"Undoubtedly, I cannot even try," replied the Baron, "unless you tell me the nature of these sable overshadowing clouds."

"Baron Leschen," said the Prince, very gravely, "last night I had a dark dream."

"A dark dream ? Of what nature, pray ?"

* A conjurer.

"O, of portentous mystery ! Are you a good interpreter of dreams ?"

"Tolerably good," responded Leschen.

"I," resumed his Highness, "have been reading my **TRAUM BÜCHER**, and yet I do not find a satisfactory solution. I should be glad, mein friend, to hear your opinion."

"My opinion you shall have, when I hear your Highness's portentous dream."

"Then hearken, O ! Leschen, to the vision of mystery, and use your best judgment to decypher it. Methought I was mercilessly squeezed in a rusty old chain, that some woman had wound round my body and limbs. This merciless woman pulled the chain till it squeezed me like a smith's vice. Mein heiligkeit ! the torture was intolerable ! I could not have endured it much longer, when the rusty old chain suddenly broke, and the woman vanished. Ach ! how I danced with delight at my freedom ! Yet the mark of the chain still disfigured my limbs. Now listen to me well, mein worthy friend.

"I saw a woman of a tall and graceful figure. She approached me with accents of sympathy, but I did not see her face. *That* was concealed beneath a long black veil, that encircled her head and descended to her waist. The sight of her made me uneasy—almost fearful—I knew not why—but she soon gave me cause for uneasiness—for, O ! mein most excellent friend ! she glided up quite close to me, fell upon her knees at my feet, and before I could recover from my surprise—mein word ! *she had fastened another chain upon my legs*, in the very place that was galled, and raw, and sore, from the pressure of the first. Now, no doctrine is more sure, among the marvellous and mighty mysteries of *die vorher bestimmung**, than that dreams shadow dimly forth the mystic decrees of Das Schicksal."

"Undoubtedly," said Leschen, "and I think your Highness has received a warning."

"A warning ? O, my dear, good, Leschen, speak !"

* Predestination.

"May I speak out plainly to your Highness?" asked Leschen.

"Pofe! yes—yes. Only tell me what you think my *Schiksal* is."

"Then, since your Highness permits the unreserved expression of my thoughts, I must say that I interpret the rusty old chains in the former portion of your dream, to mean her Serene Highness, Princess Gruffenhausen, your most High and Mighty Wife. Then I think that the breaking of these chains implies that your Serene Wife will die."

"Oh, Leschen, you do not really think so? pofe!"

"But I really do think so, I assure your Highness. Then you dreamt that another woman came?"

"Yes—dressed in a robe of dazzling white; and her face concealed in a long black veil. I think she had been keeping sentry on me, like a *baarenhauter**—and I scarcely had time to rejoice in the snapping of the rusty old chain, when—mein himmel! this she-sentinel had fettered up my limbs in a new one—tight! tight! ach! very tight!"

"Was its pressure as severe as that of the former chain?" asked Leschen.

"Pofe! no—nor half as severe."

"The meaning is," said Leschen, resuming his office of interpreter, "that this female *baarenhauter** will assuredly propose herself in marriage to your Highness, as soon as your present Serene Consort dies."

"Pofe! and must I marry the *baarenhauter*?" asked the poor prince.

"She fastened the chains on—did she not?" interrogated Leschen.

"She did—upon the sore place, where the other chains had galled," replied the prince, despondingly.

"Then you must marry her; that is undoubtedly your *Schiksal*."

"It is a mystic and marvellous *Schiksal*," soliloquized Prince Gruffenhausen, resting his hairy face upon his hand, "and whatever it decrees, whatever be the

* *Baarenhauter*—a Sentinel.

final issue,—~~we~~, poor, unsubstantial bubbles, tossed on the tops of the billows, must abide by it. Pofe! it is strange and dark—I should like to penetrate the veil of destiny—but we cannot—mein himmel! we cannot!”

“I am not so undoubting a believer in the *ponderous doctrine* as your Highness,” said the Baron, “but I explained your dream by the rules laid down by Diedrich Klingerstein.”

“Ah! *that* was the golden and erudite and palmary treatise. Klingerstein had a marvellous gift for expounding dark omens—yes, indeed!”

The Prince and Leschen soon afterwards rose, and walked away, without discovering that every word they had spoken had reached the attentive ears of Mrs. Mersey; who never failed to turn every incident, if possible, to her own advantage. She now resolved, should the opportunity offer itself, to avail herself of Gruffenhausen's deeply rooted superstition, and unlimited faith in the all-controlling dictates of *DAS SCHICKSAL*. “Should the ponderous prince become a widower,” thought she, “and should I be but able to persuade him that I am his *DESTINY*,—heigh! presto! the work is done, and I am metamorphosed from the agreeable and lively widow Mersey, into Her Serene Highness the Princess Amelia Eleonora Gruffenhausen, of the House of Krunks Doukerstein, and so forth. How my titles would adorn the newspapers! my very name would be worth an annuity to the penny-a-liners. How my sauciness would be applauded as wit! How my eccentricities would be seized upon by all aspiring misses, as models for character and manner! I will watch events, and if they favor me,—thy hairy physiognomy, Adolphus Gruffenhausen, shall be *mine*. *Au moins*, I shall watch events.”

Events seemed determined to assist the ambition of our widow. By a singular coincidence, the next post from Germany confirmed the prognostic that the Prince's rusty chains were broken; his Serene partner, who had long been unhealthy, had actually paid the debt of nature.

"Leschen! Leschen!" cried his Highness, "you are certainly ein Hexenmeister! do you remember fot you said about dat mystery dat vas shown me in mein dream? Ach! but you pierce de darkness of *die Zukunft*! you see through dat mysteries of chains——" (lowering his tone) "meine wife is dead—oh, yes indeed! she die at last in earnest—pofe! mein rusty chains are broke—ach! but I did not half belief you—pofe!"

"Your Highness surprise me! I do condole very hearty vid your Highness."

"Oh, as to all dat condoling business—pofe! I do tank you mein friend, for you mean it fery civil. I must haf mourning livery for Hoffman Achloss, and all dose oder scoundrel—Baf! we must do dese tings *comme il faut*—en prince, as the French say."

"Permit me, mein prince; you vill not be offend, nor affront, at fot I say; but I tink dat you should stay in your chamber for two or dree days, and make less dialogue vid beoples for a week dan fot you haf done; and put on show of being fery sorry for a while; for beoples exbects dese mark of mourning, wheder you do care von pinch of snuff or not. Your Highness is not offend."

"Pofe! you nefer could offend me, Leschen. I will take dat advice, alough it is all von great foolishness."



CHAPTER VII.

Sweet, innocent and unobtrusive one—who could have seen thy blushing cheek, and heard thy tongue falter out the tender story of thy love, without longing to clasp thee in his arms?

STEPHEN RACKET'S ADVENTURES.

IN pursuance of Leschen's advice to regard appearances, Prince Gruffenhausen secluded himself in his

chamber for two or three days. His apartment opened on a long and lofty gallery, hung with old portraits; the next doors in succession to that of his Highness, were Lady Jacintha's and Mrs. Mersey's.

Mrs. Mersey commenced her operations at once. Arranging her attire to resemble the dress of the "*baarenhauser womans*" in his Highness's dream, she assumed a flowing robe of snowy white, and shrouded her head in a long, thick, sweeping, sable veil. And, thus attired, she sallied forth from her apartment, confident that Gruffenhausen's locomotive impulses would speedily stimulate his Highness to promenade the gallery.

She scarcely had begun to pace its length, when Lady Jacintha appeared from her apartment. Astonished at the strange, and almost spectral vision which the widow's appearance presented, her ladyship had nearly screamed, when Mrs. Mersey raised her veil, and laughingly said, "Do not be alarmed—it is only a friend."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Lady Jacintha, "what does all this mean? where is Baron Leschen?"

"Ah, you most suspicious of suspicious beings!" cried the widow, "how soon your apprehensions are alarmed! But fear not," continued Mrs. Mersey, affectionately pressing her ladyship's hand, "my present manœuvres have not the most remote connexion with Leschen—I surrender him wholly, freely, unconditionally to you, now and for ever. And since we are no longer rivals, why may we not be faithful allies? Lady Jacintha, do we understand each other?"

"Perfectly, my dearest Amelia," answered her ladyship, returning the widow's friendly pressure,—"*perfectly*, so far as Leschen is concerned; but your dress is an inexplicable mystery—Do explain."

"No! no! no! away! away! I cannot at this moment explain any thing! For mercy's sake away! vanish! I hear his Highness clattering about in his jack boots—away! away! BE SILENT, and keep Leschen in the drawing-room."

Lady Jacintha vanished as the widow desired, in ut-

ter astonishment at her singular attire. She had scarcely disappeared, when Gruffenhausen opened the door of his apartment to saunter forth upon the gallery, and was suddenly confronted by the widow.

"Tousand deyils!" screamed the prince, sinking back upon a chair, "it is mine baarenhauert woman! O! Spirit of Diedrich Klingerstein! mein Schiksal vas foreshown to me in dat dream! Speak, dow Woman of Destiny! haf you gotten chains?"

"No," responded Mrs. Mersey, in a voice most musically soft and sweet, "not chains, but silken cords."

"Woman of Destiny," exclaimed his Highness, much perturbed, "who beest dow? Put away dat veil, and let me see your face."

"I cannot put aside my veil," replied Mrs. Mersey, whose voice the excessive agitation of the prince still prevented him from recognizing; "how could a gentle and retiring woman, consistently with the shrinking delicacy of her tender sex, declare *unveiled* that her heart has been won? and declare it, too, to the man by whom the conquest has been gained?"

"Oh mein heafens!" groaned the Prince, "dis is de *second* chains I dreamed of! De dark, gloomich hour, foreshadowed in mein Schiksal, has come."

"Do not call your Schiksal dark or gloomy," said the widow, in her softest, most assuasive accents; "I can read it too, and I here proclaim that it is bright and joyous.—Your page in the Book of Fate is henceforth studded with glowing gems of the rarest lustre; it is twined with roses of the softest fragrance. Shadows, no doubt, there are; but believe my skill in the mighty and portentous mystery, when I tell you that those shadows are merely the deeper recesses of felicity."

"Mein heiligkeit! but dis is most marvellous talk!"

"Yes, it is marvellous, no doubt," resumed the widow. "To us, poor, powerless automata, an insight into the mysterious future must always be marvellous. But to those who have made the Mighty Mystery their study, the veil that overshadows Destiny is but a veil of gossamer. It conceals enough to excite interest and

to rivet curiosity : it exhibits enough to remove perplexing doubt and terror."

"Mein himmel ! but you do understand de marvelous dogtrine !"

"I have had my warnings," continued Mrs. Mersey, "in the shadowy visions of sleep ; the unearthly hand that spreads before our slumbering eyes the dim and shifting, yet prophetic scenes, from which we may collect our future lot, has copiously unrolled before me his phantasmagoria. I started, I shuddered, on beholding it ; I dreaded lest its flattering import might prove delusive ; I studied the incomparable treatise of Diedrich Klingerstein, and applied his rules in a hundred varied ways to my nocturnal visions. Oh ! Prince Gruffenhause ! the result was invariably the same—my heart trembled, my bosom throbbed, as I found the conviction irresistibly forced upon my mind, from repeated experiments, that my SCHIKSAL was inextricably interwoven with that of your Highness."

"Ach ! mine friend ! but I tink I know you now," said the Prince, whose agitation had so much subsided that at length he recognized her accents. "Mein himmel ! I tink you are Mrs. Mersey—pofe !"

The widow was silent.

"I tink you may take off dat veil," he continued, removing from her head the sweeping folds of sable drapery. She modestly sank down upon her knees, crossed her hands upon her breast, and hung down her classic head, and bent her eyes upon the floor with a captivating air of timidity.

"And so *you* are de baarenhauter womans of mein dream ?" exclaimed the Prince in a moralizing tone ; "Mighty queer decrees of Destiny—baf ! we are all like de little feather on de wind ! we are blown, blown away, where ever de storm fwistle us. Mein wort ! but you do understand de dogtrine fery well, mine Woman of Destiny !"

"I could not escape the thorough knowledge of it," answered the widow, still upon her knees, and not dar-

ing to raise her eyes to the hairy face of the August Man; "I could not escape the thorough knowledge of it, with such an instructor as your Highness. And the doctrine itself is a most fascinating one, and seizes with resistless force upon the intellect and the affections. How could I—unguarded, inexperienced being as I was!—how could I hear its canons explained, its mysteries unfolded, its wild bewildering labyrinths familiarized, in your Highness's serenely condescending accents, without feeling—Heavens! what was I going to say? At all events, it is certain that my present condition affords an overwhelming proof of the truth of the mighty and ponderous doctrine. For,—what power in the universe, save that of all-controlling irresistible Schiksal, could force an humble, unobtrusive, shrinking, and retiring woman, in defiance of the dictates of her native delicacy, to declare to your Highness that her heart, her wounded heart, is YOUR'S?"

And the widow, overcome by the wound that fate inflicted on her modesty, burst into tears.

"Pofe! I don't like crying womens," said the Prince. (Mrs. Mersey's tears instantaneously ceased.) "Get up out of dat. Baf! if any body saw you kneeling just inside my door, dey would tink you were fery queer, and dat I vas fery queer too. Mein honest wort, it is all a marvelous queer business, efery bit of it. Oh! de dark, and huge, and black, and mighty volumes of Das Schiksal! if we could read de tousand pages of our hidden Fate—(Pofe! I wish you would go away, mine Woman of Destiny!) if our Schiksal has decreed dat we are to be married—(oh! mein heafens! fot a Schiksal!) I suppose we will, wheder you stay dere or not." (The widow vanished.) "Pofe! she is gone. Poor womans—she is not to blame—she cannot help dese tings no more dan I. And yet she is a bedder Destiny dan mein cousin Prince Rupert of Saxe-Blunderstein got. Mein wort! he married de tochter of a tinker, and she had no teeth, and only dree vingers on her left hand. But, ach! she had de gelt; her fader plundered Badajoz after dat siege, and robbed four great, rich Jews. Mein him-

mel! de tinker's tochter had a million golden——(I would like to see Leschen.) Mrs. Mersey haf not got de gelt, but O! I like her bedder dan de tinker's tochter."

Leschen came when summoned by the Prince. On entering his Highness's apartment, the Baron at once perceived that the serenity of his Serene Friend was much disturbed; his eyes rolled wildly; he had dashed aside his hair, and left his rugged brow exposed, and his whole exterior was that of a man in a state of great mental excitement.

"Mein vriend," said he "I haf seen de Woman of mein dream."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Baron.

"Tousand deyvils!" cried the Prince, provoked at Leschen's incredulity, "but I tell you dat I *did*."

"Well," demanded Leschen, "and who is dis marvelous frauënzimmer?"

"It is Misdress Mersey."

"Misdress Mersey?"

"Yes, I do tell you, Leschen. Dat funny, sprightlich widow, is de woman of mein destiny. Mein wort! but I started when I opened mein door dis morning and saw de ferry woman of mein traum! I swear to you, mein friend, dat dere she vas, valking back and forward like de baarenhauër, dressed in de long, white gown, and her head wrapped up in de black veil; efery bit of it just like de woman's dat I dreamed about."

"Marvelous; ferry marvelous indeed!" ejaculated Leschen.

"And den she propose to chain me in de silken cord of matrimony—baf! I could not tell you de von half of fot she said; but her voice vas as sweed as an angel's."

"Marfelous! ferry marfelous indeed!" repeated the astonished Leschen.

"I do not like to marry de womans at all," said the Prince.

"Den do not marry her," sagely advised Leschen.

"Pofe! Leschen, I tought you had more sense. You know dat as she is mine WOMAN OF DESTINY, showd

forth in dat most wonderfulest dream, I could not escape marrying her, no more dan I can escape dying when de hour calls. Marry her! no doubt I must, but I say I do not like it. Marry her? Ach! Ich ver-muthe esmeiner schickung sie zu vermählen*!" Yes! yes! yes! it is mine destiny."

"Mein dear Prince," said the compassionate Baron, "I do pity you."

"I wish it were my destiny to break her neck!" growled Gruffenhausen.

"O, mein friend," remonstrated Leschen, "dat is not a kind notion; put away dat notion entirely from you. Mein wort, she is a very prettish womans, and I tink you may like her fery well."

"Ach! I fery nearly broke her neck before! you remember dat day, Leschen? But it vas not allotted dat should happen. Oh, Leschen, if it had ——"

"Well, and if it had? fot den? you would have lost a fery sprightlich, prettich wife, who understands your own favorite dogtrine, and beliefs in it too. When I think moche upon it, I do not tink you haf got such a fery bat fate as you do fear."

"Baf! I must only make der best of it. Pofe! I suppose de allerbestmost ting I can do now is to marry dis womans as quig as I can. Since Das Schicksal has decreed it, de sooner as de better."

The Fatalist having now got strongly possessed with the notion, that the likeliest method of propitiating his destiny, was to accelerate, so far as he could, the execution of its decrees, Baron Leschen's chief difficulty was to prevent him from marrying Mrs. Mersey indecorously soon after the demise of his late illustrious consort.

But his efforts could only avail to effect a month's postponement of the nuptials. His Highness and the widow repaired to London, where they were married by the chaplain to the Bavarian Ambassador. Lady Jacintha was bridesmaid, which office she performed with immense satisfaction.

* Ah! I suppose it is my fate to marry her.

When the prince bestowed the bridal kiss upon princess, the face of the latter was buried in the curled muff that adorned the serene physiognomy. dy Jacintha laughed.

"You may laugh," whispered the Princess Grulhausen, good humoredly, "*mais n'estce pas le gr jeu après tout ?* Thank my stars,—or as his High would say, thank my schiksal, I have done for a w with *mon métier de veuve*."

"Votre métier de veuve !" repeated Lady Jacin "I fancy you care not how soon you resume it. know my father's chaplain says he can never recol your name, you have changed it so often."

"Tell him," replied her Serene Highness, "tha this last occasion I have changed it so well, tha need not apprehend any future alterations. Ah, my dearest Jacintha ; you shall see that I have re some moderation ; should I, unfortunately, be doo to survive my furry partner, I would never supp him with another ; unless, indeed," she added playft "some royal lover should tempt my constancy ; which case I cannot say that I should prove unreasonably obstinate."

"Come, come, come !" exclaimed the bridegroo "my vrowtchsk is waiting at de door, and I am wait to drive it. Get in, Lady Jacintha ; get in mine V of Destiny ; I made promise to Lord Marston to b his house at dree o'clock, and it is now fife minutes ter two ; dwenty-one miles to go in fifty-fife minute pose ! but de horses are goot—fery goot."

"Now," thought the princess, "may kind Hea forefend a repetition of his Serene coachmanship—sist me, dearest Jacintha, in this awful strait."

"Surely," said Lady Jacintha, who felt alarmed her own account as well as on that of her frie "your Highness cannot possibly mean to occupy coach-box and leave Amelia and myself alone ? S a thing would be really unprecedented—you *must* cc with us."

"Pofe! I hate to be boxed up vid womans, but if you all haf such desires for mein company, I don't gare if I oblige you for dis once."

His highness accordingly entered the vehicle, much to the delight of his fair companions, who felt the safety of their limbs essentially concerned in the commission of the reins to more judicious hands.

"Pofe! pofe! pofe!" puffed the princely bridegroom, throwing himself back in his seat, and inhaling enormous quantities of German snuff, of which the minuter particles were wasted to the Princess and Lady Jacintha, and set them sneezing violently.

"Pofe! pofe! pofe!" puffed his Highness, twisting his fingers through his ponderous mustachios, and casting his eyes upwards with an air of abstraction; "queer ting it is to be married, doubtless. Why do beoples do it? Ach! dere is but de *one* answer—begause dey cannot help it. Deir destiny impels dem. Why are de ships swallowed up in de black, mighty vortex of der Maelstrom? Mein wort, it is begause when dey get within de suction of the swirlpool, dey are swept round, round, round; getting nearer and nearer to de centre of de mighty gulf, until, at last—baf! down dey go. Just so it is vid matrimony. It is a mighty Maelstrom, in which, like de ships, we are swallowed up, when once our *SCHIKSAL* impels us within de suction of its influence. Pofe! it is all von huge foolishness, like every ting else in dis world of folly—pofe! pofe! pofe! Hermann," cried his Highness, suddenly pulling the checkstring, "drive faster! faster! faster! whip de horses—slash! slash! slash! We shall not be at Lord Marston's at drie o'clock."

"Will that be any great harm, my love?" said the Princess.

Lady Jacintha's good-breeding could hardly repress a smile.

"Mein love!" repeated Gruffenhausen scoffingly; "mein love! where did you learn to speak foolishness? Call me your *Schiksäl*, not your love, if you wish to

sbeak de truth. Slash away, Hermann—Slash away—dat is right—dere we go—pose ! slash ! slash !”

They arrived in safety at Lord Marston's, where the bridal festivities afforded delightful materials to the newspaper chroniclers ; and after a few days, of which the events left the Princess much in doubt as to whether she had purchased her elevation at too dear a price, the Fatalist transferred her to the ancient Castle of Krunks Doukerstein, where she was destined to spend the remainder of the honeymoon,—and some tedious time besides.

His Highness turned his attention to the science of judicial astrology, the study of which was revived by a learned professor in the neighborhood of Krunks Doukerstein. The astrologer predicted the birth of a young prince upon a certain day ; and as the event happened to verify the augury, the Serene Philosopher, in order to propitiate the astral influences, insisted, notwithstanding the remonstrance of his august consort, on naming his infant son, Capricorn.

“Pose ! foolish Woman of mine Destiny—haf you not sense enough to know dat de constellations dat foretold our young Capricorn's birth, vil be likely to take gare of his fortunes, for haffing his name called atter von of demselfs ? Baf ! you vil nefer haf sense.”



CHAPTER VIII.

Once PEACE smiled on the peasant's cot,
And all was bliss beneath her rays ;
Oh, why was not my humble lot
Cast in those happy, early days ?

TALES OF THE GLEN.

MONTHS passed on, and in the following September, Mr. Wrench's threat of ejection was carried into effect against Jerry Howlaghan. Jerry had offered the agent

to pay for every one of the improvements on his farm, if he only were allowed *time* to make up the money ; or, in the event of his not being able to make out the requisite sum within a given period, he proposed to pay the amount of the balance *in labor*, either at his landlord's domain, or at Mr. Wrench's. But he offered in vain. Mr. Wrench was inexorable ; and to all the remonstrances of Jerry, he constantly answered, "It's impossible—perfectly impossible. The ground is promised to a solvent, honest, respectable man, who won't be requiring allowances for farm buildings."

"Troth he needn't," said Jerry, "for they're all built to his hand."

"Well, well, Howlaghan, I tell you the farm has been promised, and you wouldn't ask a gentleman to break his promise, would you?"

"The gentleman has broken his promise already to myself about the allowances," said Jerry, doggedly.

"Get out of my presence, you insolent scoundrel," said Wrench ; "what a fool I am to bandy words with you !"

Jerry departed without further remonstrance, for he saw the case was hopeless. It should be noticed, that whatever features of penuriousness appeared in Wrench's conduct, were entirely the offspring of his personal habits and character ; Lord Ballyvallon had not the smallest concern with them. His Lordship did not want to increase his rents, or to evade giving reasonable aid to such farmers as were suffered to remain on his estate ; the motives of his conduct were exclusively political. He wanted his tenants to support his favorite candidates at elections, and was quite ready to persecute them if they refused to do so. Exclusively of this motive, Lord Ballyvallon was not only a just, but inclined to be a kind and generous landlord. It was, on every account, an extremely unfortunate circumstance for the tenants on the Knockanea estate, that the agency was held by Mr. Wrench ; for, while on the one hand, that gentleman's political zeal spurred their landlord to acts of oppression, on the other hand, his

habits of exaction had led him to extort money, and labor, and subsidies of different descriptions from the farmers, by the means with which the unconscientious Irish agent has so long been familiarized.

In order to meet all these demands, the farmers were compelled to augment their resources by all the expedients within reach. The readiest means that seemed to offer, was the system of illicit distillation; for the distiller can always command a quick market for his whiskey. That such a system should extensively demoralize the district where it once becomes prevalent, must be obvious to every one; and accordingly it happened that many acts of outrage and of riot, from time to time, disgraced the Knockanea estate; certain portions of which, were particularly marked by the turbulence that sprang from a source so mischievously stimulating. These circumstances afforded Mr. Wrench a most acceptable pretext for expelling as many of the farmers from their holdings as he possibly could: he talked of their crimes, of their murderous propensities, their demoralization; which, by accidental candor, he ascribed to their habits of illicit distillation, totally forgetting that the abettors of that system were equally culpable with the distillers themselves.

That in a wholesale process of expulsion there should be *some* individuals expelled, whose idle or disorderly conduct disentitled them to favor or protection, was naturally to be expected. But that many other individuals were victims to cruel and unprincipled oppression, was also undeniably true. The agent made no distinctions. How, or why should he? He sent adrift the honest and industrious, as well as the demoralized and worthless. For *him*, it was enough that the delinquent had voted against Mr. Beresford; his doom was irrevocably sealed*. Jerry Howlaghan's former pugnacious propensities were cast in his teeth; his subsequent amendment was studiously forgotten.

* The author, in the present sketch, does not mean to delineate the circumstances of any *particular* estate; he only desires to point out one source of the turbulence that sometimes afflicts certain portions of his native country.

It was a day of gloom and sorrow to Jerry, when he and Nancy were to take their final leave of the farm of Gurthnabucthee. The house was empty enough; for they had disposed of their furniture by private sale, to such of their neighbors as were sufficiently wealthy to purchase it. Some of the articles were new, and these Jerry would have willingly retained, if he had any prospect of again possessing a house, in which to make use of them. But no such prospect presented itself; and he was consequently obliged to sell them at some disadvantage.

"Come, Jerry, sit down and eat your breakfast," said Nancy, who had arranged their morning meal upon a table of which one end was fastened by hinges to the wall, and which Wrench had prevented them from selling, on the plea of its being a fixture.

"Our *last* breakfast in the house I've labored so much for," responded Jerry, mournfully.

"Yes, dear," said his sister, "but what must be done must; and to tell you the truth, I'd rather have as little delay as possible when Wrench and Schofield comes for the *shelliv**. And you may be full sure the blessed pair will come airy enough."

"May the devil inconvenience the pair of them!" ejaculated Jerry.

"Jerry asthore, don't curse, but eat your breakfast. It's a great sin to wish that the very worst enemy ever you had, should get a squeeze from *that* ould chap. Sit down, man," she continued, placing an inverted potato kish for a chair, "and instead of cursing any body, bless God for giving you so good a meal of elegant potatoes and sweet milk, and for giving us both our health, and the way of working out a life of *some* sort, till may be a better chance (who knows?) might turn up."

"May the heavens smile upon you, Nancy; only for you, my courage would be gone entirely."

"That would be the shame, then. *You*, a man, and able for all work and all weathers! and I—but now you've set to work at your breakfast, I'll say no more

* Possession.

to you about that. Do you think you'll sleep at Father John's to-night?"

"It's little matter where I sleep. Ay—I suppose I *will*—and you, Nancy; will you stop with Mrs. McEvoy, or what way will you manage for yourself?"

"I don't know yet," said Nancy, "but I hope before the day's at an end, I'll make out a berth—But hurry, hurry wid your breakfast, dear. I see Wrench, and Schofield, and a string of fellows scampering after them, down by Ballysaggart bridge—they'll be here in ten minutes."

Jerry, thus admonished, soon despatched his breakfast, and had hardly done so, when the agent, the new tenant, and their party, galloped up to the door.

"Come, come," said Wrench, pulling out his watch, "I've plenty of work on hands to-day, and no time to lose—Make haste, Jerry Howlaghan, and give up possession—put out the fire, and tumble those kishes and the stool out of the house—the swinging table may stay where it is, for that's a fixture—Is there any thing else to put out? No, 'pon my soul you've swept out all the furnishes—made a clear house of it—Ha! pretty Nancy? good morrow to you, sweetheart," (chucking her under the chin), "I wish Jerry would have let me treat him kinder, if it was only for *your* sake, my colleen. Come—is all put out? where's the key of the house door? Walk out every mother's son and daughter of you all, except Jerry and myself."

The house was accordingly cleared of every person except Wrench and Jerry, who delivered up possession to the agent in the form prescribed by law. This ceremony over, Wrench and Howlaghan walked out, the former locked the door, put the key in his pocket, took it out again, and unlocking the door inducted Schofield, giving him up the possession with all the requisite formalities. The moment he had done so, he mounted his horse, and, escorted by the attendants who had followed him, galloped off to perform the same ceremony in twenty other cottages.

"Faith I've got into a snug consarn, I must say,"

said Mr. Schofield, surveying the recent additions to his new abode. "To do you justice, Mr. Jerry Howlaghan, you've put me under obligations to you for the way you've settled up the house and offices. 'Pon my conscience it was very kind, to say the least of it."

Nancy, who feared that this ill-natured taunt would rouse her brother's angry passions to some deed of violence, hurried him off, as fast as she could, to Dwyer's Gift, where she had arranged to meet her friend, Mrs. M'Evoy, at an early hour. Jerry's wrath was rising to an almost ungovernable pitch; he was grasping his alpeen (the celebrated "Baus gaun Saggarth"), when his sister, seizing his arm, succeeded in forcibly dragging him away.

On the road they were met by one of the Knockanea tenants, who had been threatened by Wrench with expulsion, but in whose case the execution of the sentence had been averted by the intervention of the Rev. Anastasius Montgomery Wingcote, Lord Ballyvallin's brother-in-law, upon condition that the tenant in question should abandon Popery and embrace the Anglican faith. The terms were agreed to, and the convert was accordingly secured in the possession of his farm. He proffered his condolences to Jerry.

"But I'll tell you, Jerry," said he, "how you might have kept your berth; or how, even now, you may get into another one. Go to *black Anty*, as I did, and tell him that the light of heaven has broke in upon your sowl, and that you are sartin his religion is the right one—and—my word for it, Jerry! but he'll manage to pop you into as good a farm as the one you lost; or into some other way of living, any how*."

Jerry's reply displayed more energy than piety; it was a sudden and indignant flourish of his Baus gaun Saggarth, that warned his compassionate adviser to abstain from a repetition of his friendly counsel.

Nancy was delighted when at last she saw her brother

* This advice was actually given, almost *totidem verbis*, by a "convert," who recently secured the possession of his farm by conformity, to a sufferer who had been expelled by a depopulating landlord.

safely seated at Father John O'Connor's kitchen fire-side ; she believed that the priest's influence would be more effectual than any other, in controlling the principal vice of Jerry's disposition.

"Where are you going now?" she said, with feeling of alarm, as he rose from the seat he had occupied beneath the ample chimney.

"Only to the stable," he replied, "to do a turn for the gossoon, who is gone to the village."

"O, very well," answered Nancy, relapsing into security. "Poor fellow," said she to the old housekeeper, when her brother had gone out, "he hasn't had any thing but worrying and fretting for this long time past. First, Wrench threatens him, which made us unhappy enough ; then, when he went to my Lord to try could he make any hand of his Lordship, he was pounced on, and worried, and shook, by that cracker could mischief of a Jarman Prince, Mr. Gruffus ; and only the nice little widow, Mrs. Mersey, happened to be there, I don't say what Mr. Gruffus wouldn't have done to him. (I'm sure I wonder that she married him ; but the quality takes wonderful fancies betimes. Well, all we had for it was to sell off as fast as we could, from time to time ; and indeed, Peggy, it cost me less pain to part with half our other things, than with poor Bluebell, the cow. Indeed, indeed, you'll think the crature knew the night before that she was going to be taken away, for after I milked her she came and rubbed her face to me, and lowed as mournful as any thing ever you heard."

"The poor crature !" apostrophised Peggy.

"But it's all a folly to talk," resumed Nancy, in a lower tone, "my heart's fairly broke about Jerry. I know the darkness of his mind, and how the impudence of Wrench has vexed and scalded him, and his promise breaking about the allowances, and the saucy talk the Schofield has given him, triumphing-like for slipping so handily into our farm. His mind is just this minute like boiling pot, and although he doats alive upon myself, and would do a hundred things I'd bid him, yet—Peggy

I 'm afraid o' my life that he 'll come across some of them Schofields at some unlucky minute, and get into a quarrel, and God only knows what would be the end of it."

While Nancy thus detailed her grievances and fears, Jerry, left alone, had full leisure to ruminate upon the bitterness of their condition. There was *one* ingredient in his sorrow, which he named not to his sister. Since his conduct had become more steady, he resolved to lay by all he could save for a fortune for Nancy; he had done more than *resolve*, for he had actually commenced the saving system, and had put together between two and three pounds for this purpose, the first fruits of his economy and industry. But all these little efforts of brotherly affection were now thwarted, and all that remained for him was to divide with her the proceeds of the sale of his furniture; the stock upon his farm having been seized for the arrears of rent.

"Oh, Jerry," said one of the laborers at Dwyer's Gift, "if your ould father had dipped down his hand in his long purse, and paid off the arrears for you, all would have been well."

"How could he, poor ould man," answered Jerry, "and two ministers *playing with him**, Parson Gregg and Parson Hickson? Sure didn't you hear how Gregg got a writ of rebellion, as they call it, and broke open his door in the middle of the night with a sledge hammer, and whipped him off out of his bed in the wickedest storm of rain that came this season, to the Dublin Marshalsea?"

"I heard it, Jerry, sure enough, but I did not know the truth of it."

"Well, it's true, more's the pity. So the ould man had to pay the tithes and costs—devil's cure to them for ministers! they say they've got the Apostles' religion; but, bad luck to me, if any thing could make me believe that Saint Peter ever broke open people's doors in the dead of the night with crowbars or sledge hammers; or that the blessed Saint Paul ever cantered about with a troop of dragoons at his heels to knock the

* "*Playing with him*;" Hibernicé for "*persecuting, or torturing him*."

tithes out of farmers. No, no; the Apostles were not boys of that kidney. But, be that as it may, my father was cleaned out to the last penny, and more by token he had just paid down my sister Kitty's fortune; so he had nothing, as the saying is, *from the skin to the sky*, but the clothes on his back. Poor ould man, he'd have helped me if he could, but indeed there was too many playing with him."

"Schofield's a middling wealthy chap," said one of the men, "and has some money saved."

"Schofield!" cried Jerry, throwing down the horse-brush, "don't mention his name to me. It was *he* circumvented me entirely, the villain of the world! it was *he* put up Wrench the first day, to turn me and Nancy out—it was *he*, the 'tarnal rascal, that was jeering me this very morning, when he saw me walking out of my cabin with a sore and heavy heart, thanking me, *morri-e**, for making it so snug and so nice for him. Oh! I've heard of his doings from them that knows him well. He has had his eye upon my farm a longer time than what you'd think—see will it thrive with him now that he has got it."

All Jerry's auditors expressed their sympathy in his indignant and exasperated feelings; in which, indeed, they fully shared.

"Pity such a ruffen should be let to enjoy the profits of his scheming."

"It's a murder that the likes of him should put an honest boy out of his own."

These, and many similar ill-timed and mischievous expressions, added fuel to the flame of Jerry's wrath, and kindled it to the fervor of vengeance and hatred, which the mild and gentle Nancy above all things dreaded.

After dinner, one of the men to whom Father O'Connor had given a letter to post at Knockanea, ran to Jerry with it, saying, "Here, Jerry—will you please to put this in the post for his reverence—I'm too tired to walk to the village—you are fresh; will you go?"

* "*Morri-e*;" signifies literally, "*as it were*;" or "*pretendingly*."

"With all the pleasure in life," said Jerry, taking the letter; and, donning his hat, he set forth on his way to the village, which was nearly three miles distant.

"You'll be back before nightfall, asy," said the man. Jerry nodded, and walked off.



CHAPTER IX.

"Qu'est ce que c'est que vous avez de nouveau?" "Ah, dites moi." "Une bagatelle—l'histoire d'un cheval."

TABERTIERE.

THE following morning, before sunrise, Wrench, whose habits were early, and who had now risen in order to take a journey of some length into a neighboring county, was riding along the road between Knockanea and Dwyer's Gift; his stout, clean-limbed, ambling nag, bearing marks of the domestic care that enables a horse to show action on the road; and his plethoric leathern knapsack and saddle-bags evincing that the worthy traveler had made all requisite provision for equestrian comfort. He was accompanied by an underling, named Jobkins, a "driver" on the Knockanea estate, who was mounted on a broken down racehorse, whose occasional fiery curvettes and bounds gave Jobkins some trouble, and contrasted ludicrously with the strong propensity to stumble that the poor brute displayed, and which compelled his rider to keep a short grasp of the rein to prevent the steed from falling on his knees every five minutes.

Their road lay rather in a western direction; so that Wrench, who had, strange to say, sufficient taste to admire the sunrise, was constantly obliged to turn his face *en croupe*, in order to enjoy the golden glories of the early east.

"'Tis elegant! beautiful, certainly!" said he, as the

sun emerged in a volume of golden radiance from the narrow gorge between two mountain peaks ; " isn't it an elegant sight, Jobkins ? "

" What 's an elegant sight ? " demanded Jobkins, whose mind did not happen at the moment to sympathize particularly with nature's sublimities.

" Why, the sunrise, the sunrise, man, " said Wrench.

" Umph ! " muttered Jobkins, " the sun rises every day in the year—there 's nothing new in that. "

" Do turn about and look, though ; the sky seems on fire between Slievekillig and Bennabrach. "

" May be so, " returned Jobkins, " but Slievekillig and Bennabrach are both behind my back, and if I turned about to look at them, this d——d ould blood would be down upon his knees, and myself would be spilt upon the road. Weary on him, for a stumbling brute—I must keep my two eyes skivered into his two ears, for if I cease to mind him for a minute, down he goes. "

" Why do you keep such a beast for a roadster ? " asked Wrench, whose mind was now withdrawn from solar movements to the more congenial subject of the foundered steed's defects.

" Och, I 've a rason for it, " answered Jobkins, winking shrewdly ; " It isn't for nothing I 'd keep him. If you saw him when I got him a fortnight ago, devil a morsel was upon his bones but the skin. I 've brought him into flesh most wonderful. "

" Curse him, he isn't worth his feed, " said Wrench, contemptuously glancing at the animal ; " he 's only fit for dog's-meat. "

" I think I 've a right to know something of such matters, Mr. Wrench. It isn't a month since I cleared fifty pounds by a pair of horses that were three times worse. I picked them up for a song from Lord Clangollock's groom, who had half a mind, as you said this minute, to shoot them for dog's-meat. Well, Sir, I fed them, and pampered them, and doctored their teeth with a hot iron—(faith I clapped four *false* teeth into one of them), and between oat-meal, and praties, and

new eggs, and porter, and what not,—troth, I had them as sleek as mice, as plump as Hampshire pigs, and as humorsome as dancing-masters. I declare to you, Sir, if you did but look at them, they 'd begin to neigh and caper like a couple of shy cowlts. When my pair of beasts were doctored up for sale, I had them led, every foot of the road, to the city of Cork, with their knees cased up in leather caps, to guard against ould tricks. I kept them a couple of days in a private stable, to recover any little falling off they might have had from the journey, and about five or six o'clock the second evening—ha ! ha ! ha ! I got the bellman, with his ring-a-ding-a-dingo, to proclaim an auction of a couple of elegant hunters, six and seven years ould, to be peremptorily sould, being the property of an officer who was laving the country immediately. Troth, in less than half an hour my stable was full of raw spooneys—young grocers, or attorneys' clerks, and such like gulls—that wanted to cut a smart flash, and ride down to Glanmire of a Sunday, or after the hounds now and then. My son, Tom—(you know Tom ? he's in Trinity College—a cute, pleasant wag, is Tom Jobkins, though his father says it)—my son, Tom, played the part of the officer going abroad ; he got an ould military cap, and rowled an ould red yeomanry sash round his blue frock-coat, and made a bow like a colonel of dragoons, to the company. Indeed, he had greatly the look of an officer, for he's tall, and as upright as a ramrod, and sports bowld whiskers. So he swore, like blazes, that there wasn't two more varmint horses in the kingdom ; and tould of all the ditches and walls they had carried him across. And the horses played their parts in great style, too :—' That's a handsome bay,' says a smart young baker, touching him gently with the whip. So the bay began to neigh, and cut capers, and the black began to prance and caper for company. Myself was auctioneer ; I put them up at twenty-five pounds for the bay, and twenty-eight pounds for the black, and the townsbred fools bid like shot against each other, till the beasts were knocked down to one Condon and

one Murphy, for five-and-thirty pounds a piece, he! he! he!"

"And I suppose," said Wrench, "they weren't worth a crown a piece?"

"Och, devil sweep the crown! Why, in less than a week, the bay had stumbled a dozen times, and threw Condon against the pier of a gate that nearly did his job for him; and Murphy shot the black to feed hounds, and swore hard that he wouldn't buy a horse in a hurry again *from an officer leaving the kingdom*. Didn't we do it nately though?"

"O, very neatly. And pray, Mr. Jobkins, allow me to ask you if the bay horse you tell me you sold Condon, was the same that you told me you had got for sale, and that you wanted *me* to buy about a month ago? if so, I have to thank you for your kind intentions."

"Mr. Wrench, Mr. Wrench, and is it *you* that asks me that? and is it *you* that would suspect Paul Jobkins of meaning to play you a trick? I didn't expect your suspicions, Mr. Wrench, and I didn't deserve them. An honest man, like myself, will always make a difference between friends and strangers, Mr. Wrench. But that's a nice cut of a nag that you're on, and I don't think you have him very long; did you buy him at Kildorrery fair?"

"No."

"Where else did you get him, then?"

"Oh, that's best known to myself."

"Did you buy him—eh?" looking knowingly.

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Och! 'pon my sowl, I'll wager any money that you got him from—*Now* did I guess the mark?"

"Why how can I tell? you haven't named any one."

"You got him, then," said Jobkins, with the timid air of one who ventures to make a remark to a superior, doubtful as to the reception it may meet,—"*you* got him then from Schofield, as a *compliment* for managimg to put him into Boney Howlaghan's farm?"

"Who the devil dared to tell you that, Sir?" said Wrench angrily.

"Och, whist, Mr. Wrench, my jewel," replied Jobkins, pursing up his eyes and mouth with a humorous expression; "more than Paul Jobkins knows *that*, for Schofield whispered it to Sammy Wrightson last Monday night, when the pair of them got a little flustered."

"Then the d——I may twist his neck," said Wrench; "he told him an infernal lie."

"If he did," remarked Jobkins, by way of softening the offence, "he wasn't so much to blame, being somewhat elevated at the time."

"Mind your horse! blood alive, mind your horse, Paul Jobkins!" exclaimed Wrench, as his companion's steed made an unexpected bound from the dyke, at a sharp angle of the road, and rushed with such sudden force against his own more manageable nag as to throw the rider off his equilibrium.

"Gently, gently," said the startled Jobkins, patting his steed upon the neck—"gently, gently, Bruiser—Soho, there now, my man—what's the matter?"

Wrench's nag continued to shy and snort, and Jobkins, descending from his own horse, whom neither spurring nor coaxing could urge forward, beheld, on advancing past the angle of the road, the body of a man lying stretched upon the grass at the road-side, the face down, and the right arm torn, as if mangled by a heavy fall.

"Who the devil can it be?" exclaimed Wrench; "whoever he is, he gave our horses a good fright, and nearly threw us."

"Some rascal, I suppose," said Jobkins, "that fell over the hedge, drunk, coming home from the fair last night."

"He's very well dressed," observed Wrench; "assist him up, Paul, and see who he is."

Jobkins obeyed; and what was his astonishment, and that of Wrench, on recognising the body of Schofield, not drunk, but dead, and evidently murdered by

the blow of a stone, or some heavy weapon, on his temple, where the skull was fractured.

"Heaven preserve us !" cried Jobkins ; " it isn't two minutes since you prayed that the devil might twist his neck, and look at him there for you now, Mr. Wrench."

" Heaven forgive us all our sins—this is dreadful, Jobkins—I'll lay my life that that hell-born, blood-thirsty scoundrel, Boney Howlaghan, did this—Oh, nobody else can be the murderer. Ride as hard as you can to the police station—or stay—my nag is better—I'll ride there, and do you stay here with the corpse till I return."

Jobkins dared neither disobey nor remonstrate, for his principal was peremptory ; although he liked as little as any man to be left alone with the body of a murdered person.

" He needn't have left me to watch," said he, to himself ; " the corpse can't run away, and if any of the murderer's friends meant to hide it, they wouldn't have left it here till this hour."

But his anxiety on this score was speedily dispelled by Wrench, who changed his mind, and said,

" Don't stay there, Paul, but ride off to Father O'Connor's—is it not there that Jerry Howlaghan was to stop, till he sailed for America ?"

" I don't know," answered Jobkins, " but I heard so."

" Ay, ay ; like enough—the priest's house is a very fit nest for a murderer. Come along, and when we get to the police station, you shall take a lot of them to Dwyer's Gift, and I'll gallop over to Justice Madden, to get a warrant to search the priest's house. It's a d—d pity that I ain't in the commission of the peace myself."

All this while they had been trying to get their horses past the part of the road where the murdered body lay, and they had now, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in doing so.

When they arrived at Dwyer's Gift, Nancy, who had spent the preceding night there, had risen, early as the

hour was. Her mind had been thrown into a state of intolerable restlessness and agony by her brother's protracted absence. She had sat up until long past twelve the preceding night, in expectation of his return from the village; but hour after hour passed, and yet he came not. At length the old housekeeper persuaded her to go to bed, in the hope that repose might allay the mental torture she endured. But sleep came not at her bidding; and after spending some hours of inexpressible misery, she rose, and had scarcely descended to the kitchen, when Jobkins, the police, and Wrench, who had managed to procure the necessary warrant in an incredibly short time, knocked loudly at the door, demanding admission with raised voices.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" said the housekeeper, protruding her face from the window of her dormitory.

"To search for, seize, and apprehend the body of Jeremiah Howlaghan, to abide his trial at the next assizes, for the murder of Peter Schofield ——"

Nancy heard no more; the apartment seemed to swim before her eyes; she sank on the floor in a fainting fit.

"Wait for one moment, gentlemen," said the housekeeper, and I'll be down and open the door; it's best," she reflected, "to let the fellows in, for as Jerry isn't here, the delay can only serve him; and may be he didn't lay a hand near Schofield at all."

"If you don't open the door at once, we must break it," said Wrench. "Paul" (in a low voice to Jobkins), "is there any body watching at the other side of the house, to prevent his escaping at the other door?"

"Yes; Jack M'Grath and Billy Jenkins."

"Right—Come mistress—must we knock with a sledge?"

But as he spoke, the door was opened by the housekeeper, and forthwith the whole party entered. They hunted through every portion of the house except Q's

Connor's dormitory, where the priest was still in bed; and having completed their researches elsewhere, Wrench tapped at the door of the bed-room, desiring Jobkins and the rest of the party to remain on the stairs, and observing that he wished, so far as his duty permitted, to act civilly.

"Who is there?" said the voice of O'Connor.

"Mr. Wrench."

"Mr. Wrench? Sir, you are unusually early. To what can I impute the honor of this visit?"

"May I enter your room, Sir?" said Wrench.

"Undoubtedly, Sir, if you've business with me."

"My business," said Wrench entering, "is a curdled unpleasant one; Peter Schofield has been murdered."

"Murdered?" repeated O'Connor, starting up in his bed, "God bless me! When, where, or by whom?"

"As to the *when*," replied Wrench, "it must have been last night some time; as to the *where*, his body was found at six o'clock this morning, or a little after, by Paul Jobkins and myself in a dyke at the roadside at Ballymagner Cross; and as to the person by whom he met his death, my own suspicions rest so strongly upon Boney Howlaghan, that I got a warrant for his apprehension this morning from Madden, and I came here, having heard that he was staying in your house."

"Now the Lord forbid," said O'Connor, "that Jerry should be the delinquent!"

"I'm afraid there are no doubts about the matter," answered Wrench; "I know that ever since he heard that the farm he formerly occupied was promised to Schofield, he has from time to time uttered threats, in the presence of different persons, that it never should thrive with him. It is a horrible affair, Sir, and I wish you a good morning. I owe you an apology for this untimely intrusion; but I deemed it right to let you know the purpose that brought the police here so early; and it was also necessary I should search your room—an office I did not wish to commit to an inferior."¹

"Much obliged for your polite consideration," said O'Connor, as Wrench departed with his men to search

all the cabins in the vicinage where they deemed it at all likely that Jerry would take refuge. Placards, describing his appearance, were extensively posted up; and an express, detailing the lamentable event, was despatched forthwith to Dublin Castle.

Meanwhile, Nancy had wakened from her fainting fit to a state of stupor. She did not seem conscious that any thing remarkable had happened; she did not converse with the people in the kitchen; but sat by the fire all day with her head supported on her hand, merely muttering at intervals, "I wonder what keeps Jerry so long—he ought to be back before this."



CHAPTER X.

Martin.—Where do you say we are to go, Sir?

Archer.—Round the hill, and along the side of the stream; the fisherman says he often lurches about there, and is surely to be found in the neighborhood.

Martin.—I think the fisherman deceives you, Sir.

Archer.—What, varlet, d'ye talk? Do as I tell thee, bring the lads to the river-side, await my coming, and say nothing.

Martin.—To which side of the river, Sir?

Archer.—Plague on the scoundrel! how stupid he is! To both sides; to both sides.

[Exit *Martin*.]

THE DOUBTS OF A DAY.

THE Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "murder by some person or persons unknown." But although such a verdict was inevitable in the absence of all direct evidence, yet the popular belief that attached the criminality to Howlaghan, remained in full force, and seemed to acquire confirmation from his sudden disappearance and protracted absence.

Wrench's efforts to discover his retreat were actively continued; he scoured the country with his escort for two successive days, and his force had received some auxiliaries from the friends of the deceased. On the second evening the party were returning home towards night-fall, when their attention was suddenly arrested

by the violent barking of a terrier belonging to Jobkins, which had followed the body of horsemen the whole day.

"Hark to, Boxer! hark!" exclaimed his master, reining in his steed, [*not* the racer he had ridden the preceding day;] "hark to Boxer! he has got the scent of something—hoix ho! give us more of your music, little varmint!"

The barking suddenly sank into a short, angry yelp, and then ceased altogether.

"Get into that furze-brake, Billy M'Grath, and see what the terrier's at," said Jobkins; "'Pon my song, that *last* stave he gave us, sounded much as if somebody was throttling him."

Billy M'Grath endeavored to obey, accompanied by half a dozen boys, who tried to force their way through the high, thick, and matted furze, that presented an almost impenetrable barrier at every step. Every one of them whistled, and called the little dog, but their calls were not answered by either the appearance of Boxer, or a note of his music.

"I suppose he has got into a fox-earth or a rabbit-hole," said one.

"If he has, you may whistle in vain; he won't come till he plases, and we needn't be tearing our clothes," said another.

They advanced in different directions, through the tortuous paths of the furzy labyrinth, until Billy M'Grath caught the eye of one of his comrades, through one of the bushes—its expression was wild, almost horrible; he laid his finger on his lips, and with his other hand beckoned to M'Grath to follow him. They then crept as silently for a few paces as the large obstructing bushes would permit, and suddenly stopped, as M'Grath's arm was strongly pressed by the hand of his comrade, who pointed to the aperture at the bottom of an old lime-kiln, through which they distinctly saw the terrier violently struggling to get free from the grasp of a man who held his mouth close shut, to prevent him from barking.

"That's Boney Howlaghan," whispered the conductor, in a low, shuddering tone.

"May be not," replied M'Grath in a whisper, "we don't see his face."

"Yerra who else would it be?" rejoined the man. "But any how *he* doesn't see *us*—we are hid by the bushes. I'll stop here, Billy; and do you go to Jobkins and bring him, and Wrench, and all the men that's there, to surround the ould kiln, for fear Boney would escape through the brake, and he asily might, it's so tangled, and the evening's getting dark. Go, Billy acushla, and make haste back."

M'Grath accordingly departed for the men, who entered the brake and arranged themselves round the old kiln with as much expedition as the nature of the ground permitted. The kiln was, to use the expression of one of the party, quite *smothered* in furze-bushes.

When all retreat was deemed sufficiently cut off, Wrench, Jobkins, and M'Grath, suddenly dropped into the kiln from the opening above; its miserable occupant, hearing the approaching noise half a second before, rushed out through the lime-door, or small lower opening, and had scarcely proceeded three yards, before his further progress was intercepted by the original discoverer of his retreat and two of the police.

It *was* Jerry Howlaghan.

"Hah! you murdering ruffian!" exclaimed Wrench, "so you're caught. Handcuff him, boys. And what the devil tempted you to do the deed?"

"It *was* the devil, surely," answered Jerry.

"So you don't deny it, then? indeed you needn't."

"I don't deny any thing," said Jerry, with a groan of anguish.

"Then you'll swing for it, plase heaven," said Jobkins.

"Oh, what'll become of my poor Nancy!" moaned the culprit.

"Better befits you to think what'll become of yourself. You feel the devil an' all for Nancy, to be sure

—oh, yes—you 're grown mighty tindher-hearted all of a sudden, though your tindherness never prevented you from killing an honest man than ever you were."

One of the party compassionately handed the criminal some bread, observing that he looked very faint ; in truth he had not eaten a morsel for two days. They marched him on to the public-house in the village of Knockanea, where he remained in the custody of the police, while a carriage was being got ready to convey him to the county gaol. During this interval, O'Connor arrived.

"And is it *you*, Jerry Howlaghan," said he, "that I see in the custody of the police, under a charge of murder?"

Jerry's eyes fell on the ground, and he was silent.

"Are you guilty?" asked O'Connor, in a low tone, which reached no other ears than those of Jerry.

"I AM," said Howlaghan, aloud, and looking round him, "I am ; may God have marcy on my sinful, sinful soul. I killed him—I don't want to conceal it, for I know that whether I did or not, I'd be hanged as I deserve. I've felt ever since I did the deed as if I was in hell ; and though I made a rush to save dear life, I can't say I was very sorry to be caught by the police."

"Unfortunate man !" exclaimed O'Connor, "how often have I warned you to guard your fierce and savage temper from temptation."

"You did—you did, an hundred times—it's no use talking of that now—my doom is cast, in this world and the next."

"Oh, Jerry, do not say the NEXT—grievous and damning as your heinous crime has been, yet a contrite sorrow, through the virtue of the all-atoning blood——"

"Eisth—eisth anish* !" exclaimed the miserable criminal, in agony, waving his hand to impose silence on the priest ; "oh, Sir, there was a time when I loved to listen to those words, before the devil had got the entire hold over me that he has *now*—but oh ! to hear you

* Eisth ! eisth anish !—Hush ! hush now.

talk to a murderer like *me*, of the pure, and high, and holy things of heaven—it pierces my heart like a knife.”

“Unhappy man, although you have richly earned hell, yet you must not forget that you are still within the reach of God’s pardon ——”

“Don’t talk of that,” said Jerry, “my mind may be quieter when I’m in the gaol.”—The priest was silent, thinking that he might injure the cause he was desirous to advance, by pressing the sacred subject on the culprit, until, as he intimated, his mind should have become more calm, and better adapted to receive the religious impressions O’Connor was anxious to impart.

“I’ll tell you,” said Howlaghan, after a pause, during which he appeared as if collecting resolution to make the detail, “I’ll tell you how this mischief happened—I freely bear evidence against myself, so I think you may believe what I say of that unfortunate creature I killed, and I scorn to belie him when he’s dead.

“The evening before last, I was carrying a letter to the post, that one of the boys at Dwyer’s Gift handed me; and as I was walking along with my stick in one hand and my letter in the other, who should I meet but Schofield, marching along the road, as if the world was his own. He was something flustered, I believe, for if he wasn’t, he’d hardly have given me so much impudence.

“‘You needn’t make way for me,’ says he, as if I was shoving aside from him, ‘there’s plenty of room on the road for us both.’

“‘I’m not making way for the likes of you,’ says I, houlding on my own course.

“‘Faith I think you made way for me this morning, and no thanks,’ says he again, stopping short; ‘and when you had very little mind to make way for me either. You thought to have every thing your own way,’ says he, ‘and to hould my Lord’s ground against his lordship, and against my good friend Mr. Wrench, and myself; but you see you weren’t able, my man; you weren’t able.’

"With that, I made an offer to hit him on the shins with *Baus gaun Saggarth*; but, tipsy as he was, he hopped aside, and managed to escape the blow. Indeed I won't belie him—he didn't offer to strike me *then*, but stopped with his back against the corner of the ditch, laughing at me; and that vexed me worse.

"'You've given up the farming business now,' says he, 'and you've taken up the thrade of a postboy, I see,' says he, looking at the letter in my hand; 'it's very good work for you, Boney; and pray what's Miss Nancy's employment to be?'

"From the first time the fellow began with his prate, I felt all in a shiver, as if the devil was coming to tempt me; and faith the ould Tempter knew his time; my farm was taken from me, myself and my shisther were thrown upon the wide world; it was Schofield was working up Wrench to do it all, who was willing enough to be worked; my heart was scalded enough, for being turned out, and sent adrift; and here on the lonesome road, with my mind like a stormy sea, I was laughed at and jeered by the fellow that was surely *half* the cause of my misfortunes. The devil was watching, to be sure, as he always is, and he caught the right moment for his devilry. Schofield had no sooner mintioned Nancy's name, than I wheeled *Baus gaun Saggarth* at his skull, crying out, 'You cursed ruffen! you've done your best to ruin us—how dare you draw Nancy Howlaghan's name through your mouth, after plundering herself and her brother?'

"And with that—may God forgive my sowl! I hit him on the temple. He rolled down the bank, stone dead. I don't think he lived one minute after. I lay down, and riz his face, to see were there any signs of life, but there wasn't e'er a sign at all. I felt as if the devil was inside me, and so he surely was at that same moment. The first one I thought of was my poor ould father, and the second was Nancy. 'Their son and brother shan't be hanged if I can help it,' says I to myself; and with that I cut away, thinking every noise I heard was the steps of

the police running after me, till I got into the ould lime-kiln in the furze-brake. And oh! mavrone! how I spent the night, and last night! There's ne'er a one listening to me now that would wish the worst enemy they have to spend two such nights. I shivered like a man in a fever; my body was cold and hot by turns, and my mind was broiling like hell. And every time the wind stirred the bushes, I shut my eyes, for I felt half sure that Schofield's ghost would haunt me."

The murderer groaned with unutterable anguish as he ended his statement; and just at that instant the vehicle arrived, in which he was to proceed forthwith to the county gaol. "I would tell you," he said to O'Connor, "not to tell poor Nancy I was caught, only that I know she'll surely hear it from some of the neighbors, and it's better she should hear it from your reverence."

Jerry was put into the conveyance, and departed, leaving O'Connor grieved to the very bottom of his soul, and compelled to pity the culprit whom he was also obliged to condemn.

Some of the public newspapers recorded the event in the following terms:—"STATE OF THE COUNTRY—MORE TRANQUILLITY—BARBAROUS AND INHUMAN MURDER. On Thursday morning last, as Mr. Wrench, Lord Ballyvallen's agent, accompanied by Mr. Jobkins, under-agent, were proceeding at an early hour along the road at Ballymagner Cross, they found the murdered body of a highly respectable farmer, named Schofield, on the bank at the road-side. The murderer has been discovered; his name is Howlaghan, and we understand that he has long been distinguished for his reckless ferocity in party fights. No conceivable cause can be assigned for the atrocious deed, except that the deceased was a protestant, and that the priest-ridden peasantry of this unhappy kingdom are always too easily hounded on to acts of outrage against the orderly, the peaceable, and well-conducted portion of the community. Schofield was an excel-

lent character in every respect, and has left a wife and children to lament his loss."

O'Connor conveyed the painful intelligence to the unhappy Nancy, who now seemed quite awake to all the horrors of her situation. He also wrote forthwith to Mrs. Kavanagh, with a full detail of all the facts connected with the awful transaction, and particularly specified the numerous exertions that Nancy had made to avert any outbreak of vengeance on the part of her brother. He concluded his letter by suggesting, that in Nancy's forlorn and destitute condition, it would be a valuable deed of charity to afford her the asylum of Castle Kavanagh, in any situation in which the poor girl could make herself useful. Mrs. Kavanagh replied the next post, and adopted the suggestion with benevolent alacrity; directing that Nancy should forthwith be committed to the hospitality of Mrs. M'Evoy, the housekeeper. But Nancy declined accepting Mrs. Kavanagh's kindness till the following spring; "when," said she, "I will go to the good lady if I live; for I then shall have no brother Jerry. As long as they let him live, I will stay with him in gaol, and give him all the comfort that I can; and may be it will be better for his soul that I should talk to him. Och! God help us! What is this world worth? what is all that's in it worth, if we lose heaven?"

And, bent on her mission of Christian and sisterly love, she proceeded to the gaol; where, day after day, she devoted herself with untiring affection to her wretched brother; doing the best that her unpretending skill could dictate, both for his body and his soul.

O'Connor had another duty to perform.

"I will go," said he, "to Knockanea, and see Lord Ballyvallon on this business. I know I shall have an ally in this, or any other benevolent work, in his lordship's chaplain, Mr. Walton. Walton is an honor to the Protestant church; his virtues are in constant, active exercise; and not the least of them is his warm benevolence."

On arriving at Knockanea, O'Connor first inquired

for the Rev. Mr. Walton. On being shewn into that gentleman's study, he commenced by observing, that he had an appeal to make to Lord Ballyvallin, in which he trusted he should have the advantage of Mr. Walton's co-operation.

"Unquestionably," answered the Protestant clergyman, "if my concurrence can be conscientiously afforded, and if it be likely to produce any benefit."

"Of that, my friend," replied O'Connor, "you shall judge for yourself. You have heard of the murder of Schofield by Howlaghan. It is an awful and horrible deed, which admits of no justification. But you have not perhaps learned, that it was in a very great measure provoked; partly by the unfortunate state of society, which visits the peasantry with punishment for their votes at elections, and partly by the insolent triumph with which Schofield treated Howlaghan, whom he had supplanted in his farm."—O'Connor then drew a hasty, yet impressive picture of the sufferings sustained by Howlaghan for the exercise of his elective franchise, which he represented as being too common a case among the humbler class of freeholders; and he repeated the account which the culprit himself had given, of the provocation under which he had taken Schofield's life.

"Now," continued O'Connor, "in all this, there is every thing to be lamented, and every thing to be condemned; but, alas! corrupt as human nature is, there is unfortunately not much to excite our astonishment. That oppression and insult should drive those who sustain their infliction, to a dreadful and violent vengeance, the history of mankind in all ages has taught us to expect. What I want you to do, my good Sir, is calmly and respectfully to represent these things to Lord Ballyvallin; and to unite with me in most earnestly imploring his lordship to cut off an exceedingly prolific source of frightful crime, by mitigating the severity with which his unfortunate tenants have been treated."

"And my cordial support you shall command,"

said the reverend gentleman ; " my religion, Mr. O'Connor, instructs me to love all men ; to advance the legitimate benefit of all, and to do to all my fellows as I would they should do unto me."

" That *your* religion so teaches you, I have not a doubt," said O'Connor.

" And that *your's* so teaches *you*," replied Walton, " I have had fifty proofs. Now, how lucky for us all it is, that Lord Ballyvallin is not an absentee. If he were, these evils might continue for ever unchecked, and extend beyond all reach of cure ; for cold and powerless indeed is the appeal that meets the ear from distant scenes, from which protracted absence has long weaned our sympathies ; cold, powerless, and ineffectual, compared to the actual *sight* of the victims of oppression, crushed and writhing under the infliction of mingled cruelty and insult. We must bring the sufferers to Lord Ballyvallin. I can almost undertake to promise that his lordship will divest his generous mind of all political prejudice on a subject so awfully important, and take effectual means to check for the future, all attempts to persecute his tenants. I verily believe, that though many of the crimes that are committed in Ireland are the offspring of that natural depravity of which every society of men presents examples, yet oppression, such as Howlaghan experienced from Wrench and Schofield, is the parent of a numerous class of outrages."

The two clergymen then proceeded to the drawing-room, where they made their united appeal in behalf of the people, in behalf of the cause of humanity, to Lord Ballyvallin. His Lordship received their application in excellent humor, as his spirits were cheered by a recent relaxation of the pains of the gout, to which he was frequently a martyr. He was deeply struck with the circumstances of Howlaghan's case, all the particulars of which he investigated with attentive interest. He was silent for several minutes, during which his mind was disturbed by various con-

flicting emotions. At length his naturally noble disposition triumphed.

"God help my poor countrymen!" said he, "their sufferings are great. It must henceforth be my duty and my labor to soften, instead of increasing, the evils that afflict them. Injustice, sad injustice, appears to have been done. I must look after the sufferers. And that girl, that angelic Nancy, where is she? her future provision shall be my especial care. I shall minutely investigate the conduct of Wrench, throughout the whole business of Howlaghan's farm, and should I find your opinion of that gentleman's merits borne out, I shall immediately dismiss him from my agency."

O'Connor warmly thanked Lord Ballyvallin, and shortly after took his leave.

Lord Ballyvallin performed his promise to the very letter. He inquired after the tenants who had been expelled. Some of them were worthless men, whose minds and habits had been brutalized by the demoralizing traffic of illicit distillation. Their expulsion was a benefit to the estate, by removing their contaminating influence. Others were industrious and honest, and their landlord found means to support them until circumstances enabled them to emigrate; or until, as in some cases happened, his lordship had the power to reinstate them in their former farms.

Wrench, whose mal-practices could not stand the test of inquiry, was dismissed from the agency.

Nancy felt most deeply grateful for the interest Lord Ballyvallin expressed for her condition, and the care which he generously promised to take of her fortunes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "that the villain of the world, Wrench, should have ever gone between my lord and us!"

She remained in incessant attendance on her brother, until the Spring Assizes should decide his fate; consoling, exhorting, and encouraging him to compunction for his awful crime; directing his mind to

the merits of the ONE ATONING MEDIATOR, and the powerful intercession of His glorified servants.

He suffered the penalty of his offence; and even Nancy, agonized as was her gentle and affectionate soul at his early, melancholy fate—aggrieved though she had been by the sufferings that had goaded him on to the commission of the fatal deed for which he paid the forfeit of his life; she, even *she*, the tender, faithful, and devoted sister, could not but acknowledge the justice of his sentence. For she knew that the dictates of religion enjoined that he should have “borne, and foreborne, till the end;”—and yet more, she knew the divine decree that, “whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man also shall his blood be shed.”

Of the night before his execution, he had spent the greater portion in earnest prayer. Let us hope that his repentance was sincere and acceptable!

Nancy availed herself, with thankfulness, of Lord Ballyvallon’s bounty, which she immediately applied to the relief of her father’s necessities; but she preferred a residence at Castle Kavanagh to one at Knockanea, and became Isabella’s attendant. In this asylum she learned, by degrees, in the language of a distinguished French penitent, “to acquire contentment, but not happiness*.”

* It is habitual with anti-Irish partisans to deny, altogether, that suffering is entailed on the Irish people from the system of wholesale ejectment, so frequently practised by landlords. I shall not, on this subject, give one word of my own; I shall content myself with submitting the following testimony of a witness whose evidence is beyond question or suspicion, Mr. Leslie Foster:—

“In what manner does this dis-peopling of particular estates tend to the dis-peopling of Ireland?”

“Because it places the surplus population of those estates in *circumstances of such misery* that the number must eventually disappear.”—[Minutes of evidence before the Lords’ Committee, in February 1825, p. 59.]

I beg to add a more lengthened extract from the same right honorable gentleman’s evidence:—

“State to the committee the opinion you formed on the origin and causes of this?”

“My opinion was and is, that in Limerick, and the adjacent parts of the counties of Cork and Kerry, the spirit of insurrection which had broken out proceeded from local causes and the condition of the lower orders of the people.”

“Have the goodness to state to the committee, generally, in what way you think the condition of the lower orders operated to produce this apprehen-

sion—on your general view of the state of the country, your general view of the case?"

"The population of the parts of the country where insurrections were most prevalent, is extremely dense. The property is greatly subdivided, and the condition of the lower orders of the people is *more miserable than I can describe it*. The great increase of people, with other causes, which I shall advert to more particularly, had raised the rents of lands in that part to a degree that was *perfectly exorbitant*. Land, in that country, which is totally destitute of manufactures, appears to me to have become (if I may use the expression) *a necessary of life*. The common mode of livelihood speculated upon in that country, is the taking of land; of course, in proportion as the population multiplied, the demand for land increased; and that, combined with the extravagant prices of all species of agricultural produce, had raised land to a price beyond any thing which we can call its intrinsic value. The subdivision of land was also produced by *speculations of a different kind*; the consequence of this was, that land appeared to me to stand, generally speaking, at a rent which it was *impossible for the tenant at any time to pay*, reserving the means of decent subsistence."—[Minutes of Evidence, pages 5 & 6]

I would beg to ask any dispassionate, rational man, whether outrage will not necessarily result from the wholesale expulsion from their tenements of a rustic population, already reduced to the wretched condition depicted by Mr. L. Foster? Can the pious exterminators—the saintly Orange-landlord—expect to sow the wind without reaping the whirlwind?



CHAPTER XI.

Confide in him who by experience knows,
This is the woe surpassing other woes
From his sad brow the wonted cheer is fled,
Low on his breast declines his drooping head.
HOOLE'S ARIOSTO.

THAT Lucinda's marriage with Fitzroy should have been a union of happiness, no person could possibly expect, who did not think that habits of caprice and frivolity on the lady's part, and of depravity on that of the husband, contained the ingredients of felicity. To the whim that united the parties, succeeded indifference, chequered only with the variety of occasional recrimination. He discovered her acceptance of the Marquis of Ardraccan's offer of marriage, and reproached her with incessant bitterness. She retorted, by upbraiding him with twenty infidelities, which he scarcely took the trouble to conceal. He would lis-

ten with apparent unconcern and contempt to an eloquent torrent of conjugal censure, and then quit the room with a yawn of listlessness. At length, the well-matched pair agreed to separate.

"Ah!" thought Lucinda, "had I remained faithful to O'Sullivan, how different would now have been my fate! I am punished, justly punished, for my folly."

O'Sullivan's success in India exceeded his most sanguine expectations. His relative had succeeded in procuring for him, immediately upon his arrival, an honorable and lucrative employment; in addition to the emoluments of which, he received a gift of great value, in diamonds and money, from the gratitude of a native Indian Prince, whom he had an opportunity of essentially serving. In fact, his acquisition of wealth was so rapid, that he resolved on abridging the term of his exile from Ireland, as at the expiration of very little more than a year, he found himself the master of sufficient funds to render him a not wholly unsuitable match for Lucinda, so far as pecuniary matters were concerned. He was thinking of fixing the time for his return, but various unlooked for occurrences detained him for another twelve-month. This delay increased his wealth; but ere the expiration of the second year, a letter from Father O'Connor announced, among other scraps of Irish intelligence, Miss Nugent's marriage with Fitzroy. Utter incredulity was O'Sullivan's first feeling; but to incredulity alarm soon succeeded, when he reflected that, since his departure, Lucinda had possessed three or four opportunities of writing to him, of only one of which she had availed herself. Suspense was agonizing; it was worse than the worst certainty; he persuaded himself, for a moment, that O'Connor was mistaken; he recalled to his mind Lucinda's vows of constant love, and cheated himself into a transient belief that her breach of faith was quite impossible. But then, again, the assertion deliberately made in the letter of his friend met his eye: it was not a very likely thing that O'Connor could mistake on such a subject. To get

rid, as fast as possible, therefore, of torturing doubt, he surrendered his employment, and sailed in the first home-bound British vessel.

On arriving in Dublin he found his fears confirmed by the Kavanaghs, who were staying at their house in Stephen's Green. The episode, too, of Lucinda's readiness to marry Lord Ardraccan, was faithfully narrated to our hero, and excited the natural emotions of indignant sorrow. But he *once* had loved Lucinda; and to a heart of the native tenderness of his, it was impossible to hate *her* who had early engrossed his affections; he might grieve, condemn, lament, and feel estrangement; but hatred,—hatred was impossible.

During his absence from Ireland he had been frequently exposed to the temptations that assail all men who mingle in the world; vice, in a thousand fascinating forms, presented her blandishments; and the society of dissolute youths, who tried to laugh him out of what was right, spread around him all the snares in which practised depravity invariably desires to entangle the innocent.

To resist the temptations thus presented, there is but ONE guiding, governing motive, on whose guardian efficacy man can securely rely,—and that is RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE. O'Sullivan had been early impressed with the lesson, that in every case of doubt or difficulty he should put the question to himself, "How would God choose that I should act in this case?" and abide by the answer of his conscience. Taught by Divine Authority to pray against being "led into temptation," it struck him that it would be exceedingly absurd and incongruous in one who professed to be a Christian, to expose himself voluntarily to temptations from which he daily begged to be preserved. The hint he had received from Father O'Connor, at parting, on the subject of the *ridicule* cast by the dissolute on virtue and religion, had left a deep impression on his mind. Gifted by nature with a lively sense of the ridiculous, our hero could return shaft

for shaft, and sarcasm for sarcasm ; and whence was sometimes, though not often the case) by his rejoinders overmatched by the practised some witty profligate, he would still remain in his steady resolution, treasuring in his recollection O'Connor's pithy and contemptuous apophthegm " the man was undeserving of the name of man who was capable of surrendering the solid conviction of his reason to the husky cachinnation of some principled libertine's half-wasted lungs. Let them go away !" he would say to himself ; " I don't forget a good priest's pregnant commentary on such merry laughter—I don't forget, that by rising superior to its despicable influence, I shall, in the long run, be able to laugh at my own side—even if I had not now, which I think I have, if the exquisitely cultivated tranquillity of a peaceful conscience, possesses a superiority over the excitements, the disgusts, the fancies, the ennui, the half-stifled remorse, and the feverish intoxicating revelry of vice."

Such was the constant, the habitual tone of Sullivan's reflections on the prevalent crime and its mitigation, which persons of the world endeavor to palliate by calling it " gaiety." Perhaps his resolution derived additional strength, from his anxious desire to consider himself in every respect deserving of the partiality and loveliness and worth, that he fondly and firmly attached to Lucinda Nugent.

" Now, my dear friend," said Kavanagh, without any idle curiosity, but from the sympathy of friendship, to sound the recesses of O'Sullivan's heart " tell me whether you *still* retain any of your love for Mrs. Mordaunt—nay, tell me all without reserve—with *me* your candor cannot be maintained—and I hate to see the melancholy mood you have manifested ever since your return."

" Frankly then, my excellent old friend, I feel in spite of her conduct, the influence of former attachment *does* still retain a strong hold upon my heart. O ! if you knew with what intense devotedness

her! she was the love of my boyhood, of my early youth—It is foolish, I feel—extremely foolish; I have always been able in ordinary cases to conquer my passions by my reason; but in this case,—alas, my friend, I find the task inexpressibly difficult.”

“That is not surprising,” replied Kavanagh; “in all other cases you were necessarily conscious of the first approach of passion, and religion enabled you to check it ere it had acquired strength. But here you are differently situated; *here* you have fondly encouraged an attachment which has now reached maturity, and consequently gives you more trouble than if it had been checked in its infancy. Weak and frail as human nature is, I should fear, notwithstanding your sense of moral duty, the effect of a *rencontre* with Mrs. Mordaunt. I speak plainly, you see, and I warn you of your danger. She is now in Dublin, and one really would think she was ubiquitous, from the number of persons who tell me they have met her *partout*. Your mind, my dear O’Sullivan, wants repose as well as your body; and as soon as you possibly can settle your business with Dowton, your attorney, I earnestly wish you would go to the country; your own place is not yet out of lease, nor will it till next September twelve-month, and during the interval, will you oblige me by making Castle Kavanagh your home? There is nothing upon earth like the sweet repose of rural life, for calming the exhausted spirits.”

Conversations, frank and unreserved, such as these, tended much to restore O’Sullivan’s cheerfulness. Oh! it is those *only* that have felt the sting of anguish, who can tell the consolation which the wounded spirit receives from possessing one faithful, sympathising friend, to whom the sufferer can pour forth his sorrows! To O’Sullivan, Kavanagh was such a friend; and the old man rejoiced as he perceived the beneficial efficacy of his fatherly kindness. Kavanagh also endeavored to engage the active mind of O’Sullivan in pursuits of literary interest, and often engaged in discussions, in which he was aware that O’Sullivan would adopt an

opposite opinion, for the purpose of withdrawing his attention from the painful and engrossing recollection of Lucinda's caprice.

One night the old gentleman was seated in his library, awaiting the return of O'Sullivan from Downton's, his attorney, to whose house he had gone, in order to arrange some important business. Kavanagh was impatient for his friend's appearance, as he wanted to show him sundry learned authorities he had collected, touching some warmly contested point in Irish history. O'Sullivan, in compliance with the early habits of Kavanagh, had arranged to return at ten o'clock; but eleven, twelve, and one, successively struck, without his reappearing; and Kavanagh, wearied by the delay, fell into a broken slumber, from which he was soon aroused by a loud knocking at the street-door. Internally execrating the modern alarming knocks that bid defiance to repose, he felt somewhat relieved on hearing the voice of O'Sullivan, who entered the library a minute after.

"Glad to see you, my dear boy—sit down—but how very unpunctual you are—Bless me!" (taking out his watch,) "it is after one o'clock! How long have I slept! What detained you, O'Sullivan? Sit down, my boy, and stir the fire."

But O'Sullivan seemed as though he heard him not. His glance was wild and disturbed, and seemed to indicate a mind tormented with harrowing emotions. Kavanagh, surprised at his silence, arose and approached him, and raising a candle to his face, was alarmed and astonished at its agonized expression.

At length O'Sullivan passionately exclaimed, "Speak to me, for pity's sake! let me only hear your voice! the sound of any voice but *her's* is welcome! Would that I had never heard, had never seen her!"

"My dear young friend," said Kavanagh, much affected, "be composed, and tell me the cause of your affliction. Perhaps I may be able to comfort or relieve you."

"Impossible!" exclaimed O'Sullivan hastily; "*you* never felt what *I* feel. I dread your censure—I dread still more your contempt. If I dared to hope for pity, or to look for consolation, I might venture—but no! I must be silent."

"And is it to *me* you can speak thus?" said Kavanagh in a tone of affectionate reproof; "my son! my old friend's only living child! I am not stern, nor am I exempt from weakness."

O'Sullivan sighed deeply. "You are old, my good friend, and cannot make allowance for the warm and impetuous feelings of youth. I will not—*cannot* speak."

Kavanagh took his hand with an air of benevolence, and said, "Age may have sobered me in many respects, but towards *you* it can never blunt my feelings. I am often considered capricious and censorious. I am sure I have suffered enough to make me so. But my *manner* alone is tainted with those failings; they have never reached my heart. I look with pitying sympathy upon the woes, and wants, and frailties of mankind; although I have experienced but little sympathy in my own misfortunes. The dear objects whose presence once rendered life desirable," continued the old man, while a tear, excited by the painful recollection, fell upon the hand that he held, "have long since been taken from me. I stand almost alone in the world; disappointed in nearly all I loved, I am hastening to the border of the tomb, to which I look forward as the only place of rest from the sorrows of my joyless existence."

O'Sullivan's attention was fixed. He felt much surprise at the pain with which Kavanagh reverted to his early life, as he never had known a single expression of complaint escape from the lips of his friend. He ventured to request the old man would tell the tale of his sorrows; "Perhaps," said he, "the recital may benefit me; at least it may teach me a lesson of fortitude in supporting my lot. And at all events, whatever

can withdraw my thoughts for a moment from myself, must be of use."



CHAPTER XII.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love ;
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies.

THOMSON.

"It is hard," proceeded Kavanagh, "to drag from the grave the fault of my father ; but I fear I must do so to render my story intelligible. I was his only son, and heir to a moderate fortune. My father's happiness seemed centred in my prospects. Alas ! had his views been less tainted with ambition, I might still have been happy. While yet a boy, my disposition was retiring and contemplative. Although I excelled in all the manly and social sports of youth, yet I often shunned the society of those with whom similarity of taste might have led me to form a friendship. Not that my youthful mind was tinged with any misanthropic tendencies ; but I felt an early impatience of the 'gay, unthinking crowd ;' and, unable to find a companion, who might realize my visions of rational friendship, I preferred the alternative of solitude. In such cases, we are marvellously apt to fall in love. Rose O'Connor,——" Mr. Kavanagh sighed as he continued, "years have elapsed since I last pronounced her name ! She was artless and innocent in mind, and lovely in person. My father affected slightly to disapprove our union, as Rose was a Catholic——" (O'Sullivan seemed astonished.) "You are naturally surprised," resumed Kavanagh, "as I am one too ; but my father was a Protestant. The old penal laws had reduced him to the puzzling alternative of relinquishing his creed or his estate ; the latter he consid-

ered the more valuable, and accordingly became an edifying convert to the legal church. Indeed his father, who was alive at the time, was partly the cause of his recanting; for a Protestant relative, a third or fourth cousin, who, as nearest of Protestant kin, had filed a bill of discovery against the old gentleman, threatened in the course of the following term to enter into the possession of the estate. There was only one mode of averting the evil; and that was to become a Protestant. It cost my grandsire a hard struggle, but temporal interest prevailed, and at length he resolved on the act. To church then he rode, one Sunday morning, with the purpose of reading his recantation; but just as he was about to dismount from his horse at the church door, the animal suddenly started at some object, and flung his rider with such force against an old tomb of our family, that his collar-bone was broken.

“‘Ha!’ cried he, writhing with pain, ‘no luck attends *my* recantation—I won’t do it. But then the estate!—*I will make my son Dennis recant*, and that will do as well; for myself, the knock I got against the corner of my father’s tombstone is warning enough to deter me*.’

“And he *did* make his son recant, and accordingly our property was saved from the clutches of the cousin. The Orange gentry gladly hailed this accession to their ranks, and my father’s conversion effectually cancelled the remembrance of certain ancient political misdoings that had often been imputed (by their party to our family. Notwithstanding the gratifying consciousness of having ascended some steps in the scale of social intercourse, I fancy some latent remnants of the ancient leaven were lingering near his heart; for I remember in an illness occasioned by a dangerous fall from the wall of a cottage he was building, he showed some reluctance to face the other world with his Protestant credentials; and the dislike to my union with Rose, which I verily believe he had

* This anecdote of *recantation* I give, exactly as I received it, from the Protestant descendant of a Catholic ancestor to whom it occurred.

affected for the purpose of preserving the esteem of his Orange associates, was rapidly wearing away. You may be certain my father's religious anxieties did not escape my observation. My tutor was a Protestant curate; a man of the most amiable heart, the purest morality, of the mildest zeal: conscientious and exemplary, one might naturally have expected that his precepts, enforced by his virtues, would have firmly fixed me in the doctrines of the thirty-nine Articles, which the good man took incessant pains to instil into my mind. But it was not so. A knowledge of the causes of my father's conversion, a certain mischievous inherent nationality, a hatred of oppression that acted on a vivid and romantic fancy almost reckless of control,—all powerfully conspired to dislodge old Cranmer and the thirty-nine Articles: Such, I verily believe, were the first *external means* that God employed to produce in me a most important end.

"You know the little arm of the sea that winds beneath the wooded hills of Inchafell. Unless when the tide is out, it has quite the appearance of an inland lake. The Atlantic is completely shut out by the intervening heights.

Often have I left the hall of social mirth and revelry, to wander alone along its shores at the calm hour of moonlight, and to think of the faith whose inheritance I had lost, through a parent's misfortune. 'It shall *not* be lost to me,' I mentally resolved; 'even now it is secretly mine; and mine it shall openly be whenever I become my own master.' These contemplations formed *one* principal source of whatever happiness I then enjoyed; and perhaps I prized my 'fairy bliss' the more, because it was confined within the limits of my own breast. Oh! those were indeed the days of enjoyment and peace! The remembrance is sweet, though sorrowful! How many buoyant hopes, which have since been blasted! How many anxious fears, which served but to enhance the sweets of hope!

'Blest age! when life springs forward with a smile.'

But those days are long past, and the pleasing visions of the youthful mind have been long since dispelled by the better realities of life. Poor Rose! of that bitter cup she had more than her share!

“It was on one of my evening rambles by the woody shores of Inchafell, that we first met. She was carrying a basket of fruit to an aunt of her’s, who was one of the little sisterhood by whom the convent of Conela was then occupied. A shower came on, and I offered to conduct her to the shelter of an ivied rock which overhung the shore. She accepted my offer with frank simplicity. We were quickly friends. Ourselves unconscious of guile, our hearts were habitually open. I spoke of the former intimacy of our families, and hoped it might revive. Rose sighed; for she well knew what had escaped my recollection through a momentary inadvertence, that the friendly terms of which I spoke, had been interrupted by the bitterness of feeling attendant on my father’s conversion. The O’Connors, aware of his motives, considered him a traitor to Erin and Religion; and the Orange airs which he, poor man, immediately assumed, were not calculated to conciliate the friends he had left. Both Rose and I were silent on this painful subject; but the remembrance of it led to another, to which she ventured to allude. ‘Is your tutor with you still?’ she asked. ‘He is,’ said I. Rose was for a moment silent; I fully understood her feelings. We continued to converse, and Rose’s religious prepossessions were strikingly apparent. To her, in hesitating accents, I then ventured to confide, what had till that moment been a secret to all save myself, that my own heart too, had been from childhood, devoted to the Catholic religion. What external causes had produced this effect, I was not *then* philosopher sufficient to discover. Some impulse, soothing at once and irresistible, had impelled my dawning reason to the ancient altars of the christian worship. I was puzzling myself to account for this impulse. Rose, with great simplicity, cut short the thread of my perplexed in-

quiries. 'It was the mercy of God,' said she. We continued to converse until the shower was over; the moon had risen over the bay, and we traced the path that led along its shores to the convent, where I parted from her, as she was to spend the night with her aunt.

"I frequently met her after this: my happiest hours, I need scarcely tell you, were spent in her society; I was one of her mother's most welcome guests. Rose heard, and at length accepted my suit. And oh! I never shall forget the angel smile that played upon her lip when first I informed her that my father's consent had been obtained. Happy, happy moments! But our bliss was delusive. On returning from one of my visits to Rose, I observed that my father's manner betrayed unusual perplexity. To me he scarcely condescended to speak. At length I ascertained that the unexpected death of a distant relation had placed him in possession of a vast increase of wealth. To this, it soon appeared, he had determined to sacrifice my happiness. Rose was a girl too humble for the heir of five thousand a year. Her family, indeed, was good, but an ambitious connexion was now to be my object. And when I urged the folly, the cruelty, of blighting the hope so fondly cherished and now so nearly realized, my father suddenly reverted to his old objection on the score of religion! Indignation kept me silent; but I formed an internal resolution to quit for ever my father's roof, devote myself to honest industry, and rely on Rose's constancy; for well I knew the faithful girl would consider the want of wealth a trifling evil, when it enabled the husband of her choice to give her so strong a proof of his fidelity and love. But my father, as if intuitively aware of my intention, defeated it by closely confining me to my apartment."

"Bless me!" cried O'Sullivan, "I would have escaped."

"If you *could*, I suppose you mean," resumed Kavanagh, smiling; "but escape I found utterly impossible, as my room was secured by a double door; and

the outer one was always locked by those who were allowed admission, before the inner door was opened. To defeat any effort I might make to regain my liberty, my father observed the precaution of stationing two trusty servants at the outer door, who could easily have intercepted my escape. Two years thus passed; when one morning I found the passage empty and the doors unlocked. A fearful foreboding took possession of my mind—that Rose was no more. It was indeed too true. The gentle girl died of a broken heart. She was never made aware of my fate. Gold had bribed my gaolers, who were duly sworn to secrecy, and care was taken to spread the belief that I had entered into some foreign service. Rose probably concluded I was faithless and interested. And thus the cold and silent tomb for ever closed upon my only hope of happiness.”

Kavanagh paused for a few moments; the exertion of speaking so long had fatigued him. He soon, however, resumed.

“Perhaps my narrative tires you; but this is the first time I ever have told it, and it shall be the last. I am old and feeble; but before ‘I go hence, and am no more seen,’ I would willingly retrace the lights and shades, the joys and sorrows of my past existence,—pour them for once in the bosom of a friend, and then forget them, if possible, for ever.

“Rose’s death seemed to soften my father considerably, and in his first relentings I am told he even wept. He endeavored to console me for the past; but his efforts were vain. My fancy was perpetually haunted by the form of Rose, pale, faint, and dying,—mourning over *me* as a perjured traitor, for her gentle heart could not execrate even the wretch she must have thought me. My health became seriously affected; and as change of scene was recommended by the physicians whom the care of my father had collected about me, I departed for France, with a fixed resolution that I never would revisit Ireland. Years glided on, and my grief, at first, sullen and morose, gradually

yielded to the charms of French society. My mind became calm and even cheerful. I was now capable of deriving satisfaction from the objects around me, though the avenues of my heart which once had been open to love, were closed forever. My father sometimes wrote to me ; and latterly an air of tenderness pervaded his letters, and he gently reproached me with not writing more frequently. To write to him was always a painful task ; for the sad remembrance of his cruelty was then revived. At length, he importuned me to return to Ireland. At first, I refused, but he repeated his request in terms which rendered any further refusal impossible. His health, which had long been declining, was now in a state more precarious than ever. Although he might possibly linger for months, yet the stroke of death might fall at any time. He said he had much to tell me before we should part for ever, and conjured me by my filial obedience to come to his dying couch, and assure a repentant father of my full forgiveness for his past severities. To Ireland, then, I returned. You may think with what feelings I caught the first distant view of the mountains at whose feet lay the lowly grave of Rose. I did not trust my fortitude with a visit to the place, as the meeting with my father awaited me. I rather tried to banish from my thoughts all the painful events connected with poor Rose's memory. Our old family seat at Inchafell had been let by my father, who had gone to reside at Castle Kavanagh. This circumstance I regretted ; but it was out of my power to recall it.

"I was shocked at the change that age and illness had made in his appearance ; I freely forgave him all his injuries, and felt that I would sacrifice almost any thing to alleviate his sufferings. He speedily put my obedience to a serious trial. 'Edward,' said he, 'you are the last male member of our family. I shall not die in peace until I see you married.' I exclaimed that marriage was impossible, while the unfading remembrance of her whom I once loved so dearly occupied my breast. He persisted ; and his persever-

ence weakened my resistance. Indeed my own mind was so thoroughly unnerved by suffering—by the painful emotions of years gone by, which my return to Ireland revived—by the pity which my dying parent's illness excited—by the unearthly energy with which he enforced his request, that at length I yielded, and became united to the lady whom he selected as my bride. Poor thing! she was gay and thoughtless. She is now no more; and I trust that my conduct never led her to perceive that I had not a heart to bestow. My father seemed to derive some pleasure from my marriage, but the excitement soon subsided. He sank into a kind of torpor which sometimes was disturbed by fits of mental agony. On these occasions I *alone* was permitted to approach him. Every one else was carefully excluded. One evening he appeared particularly restless and miserable; some friends had repeatedly urged him to send for the Rector of the parish, and partake of his spiritual aid; but he always answered 'No—no—I shall get over this.' At this time I was openly a Catholic, and asked him if he wished for the ministration of the parish priest? His reply was still the same,—'No—no—I shall get over this.' I verily believe that lurking Catholicism prevented his sending for the Protestant Rector, and that pride prevented his allowing the priest to approach him. On the evening to which I have alluded, I heard him groan repeatedly, with inexpressible bitterness of mental or bodily anguish. I rose, and was actually startled at the wild and horrible expression of his haggard face; he cast up his eyes; his lips moved frequently—I think in an effort to pray. At length I heard the words, 'O, this is death!' faintly uttered—he tried to make the sign of the cross, and expired. I shall not describe my sensations.

"Months passed, and a new source of interest presented itself. I became a parent. A son and daughter were the issue of my marriage. The birth of the girl proved fatal to her mother; and the undivided duties of parentage devolving upon me, I

devoted my entire attention to the care of the children. My affections were now engaged, and my heart was again expanding to happiness, when my peace received a bitter interruption from my son's untimely death. He went out boating with some friends who met to celebrate his sixteenth birth-day: the youthful mariners had ventured out too far towards the mouth of the harbor; the weather became suddenly rough; the boat, by unskilful management, upset, and before aid could reach the sufferers from a vessel that was anchored in the bay, my Edward had sunk—to rise no more to life. I was standing on the beach, and saw him carried on shore; I wept not *then*—I moved not—I gazed in silent horror. My poor, poor Edward!” faltered the childless father, softened for a moment to tears by the bitter recollection. But he soon recovered his composure.

“My cares were now completely centered in my daughter, who soon became a source of real consolation. But *her* ruin, too, I was destined to witness. A frivolous youth, who had served in the army, contrived to engage her unwary affections by the fascination of his manners. My attempts at dissuasion were vain; her heart was fatally engaged, and reason was powerless. I witnessed her inauspicious nuptials, and the next year followed her to the grave. ‘This last conclusion to my hopes imparted some degree of melancholy consolation, for I felt that her sorrows were over, and I wept but for the loss I had myself sustained. It is far more painful to behold the hopeless sufferings than the death of those we love. A parent *only* can understand the grief of one whose child is doomed to sorrow that admits not of relief.

“I have told you my tale: you see that my life has been a life of suffering. God has sustained me through it all; and I feel solemnly convinced that the dispensation, severe though it may seem, can be turned to my spiritual benefit. It has taught me, at all events, not to centre my happiness *here*.”

“Your sufferings have indeed been bitter,” said

O'Sullivan; "but it does not appear, from your narrative at least, that you have to reproach yourself with weakness. Oh! this night ——"

O'Sullivan paused.

"What of this night?" demanded Kavanagh.

"I have seen Lucinda Mordaunt."

"Well?" pursued Kavanagh, anxiously, "what of that?"

"Heaven help me! I feel that in spite of all,—aye, of ALL! I love her still dearly—too dearly! Oh! I knew not the full power of the fatal fascination, until I found her, this evening, faint and lifeless in my arms. The light from the lamps imperfectly displayed her beauteous features; their healthful brilliancy was faded, but a much more bewitching attraction replaced it. She was motionless—her eyes were closed, and her disordered hair was blown over my face. The scene so forcibly recalled our first sad parting, that I scarcely had strength to support her *one* moment,—and the *next*, she was pressed to the heart she had tortured and betrayed. I blush for my weakness! my criminal weakness. Till to-night I never knew the true state of my mind—I have hitherto deceived myself with idle dreams."

"There is but *one* course to be taken," said Kavanagh; "and that is to fly from the presence, from the neighborhood of this dangerous enchantress. You must go to Castle Kavanagh."

"Ah!" said O'Sullivan, "I promised to visit her to-morrow."

"Promised? madness. You shall not, must not, cannot keep that promise. It was a promise to *do wrong*—to expose yourself to infinite peril; and no promise to do wrong is binding."

"I promised, most solemnly, and on my honor."

"Ah, the artful, subtle creature! and how did she manage to extort such a promise? Well, well—if you *will* go, Henry, it is at least my duty to render your visit, which I trust will be brief, as little dangerous as possible, and therefore *I* shall accompany you. But

under what circumstances did you happen to meet her to-night?"



CHAPTER XIII.

Before the wind the vessel lightly glides,
And the swift stream with swifter prow divides,
But Rodamont in vain, on land or wave,
From cruel care his anxious hours would save.

HOOPE'S ARIOSTO.

WE shall answer Mr. Kavanagh's last question, by narrating the events of the night. Returning in his chariot, from the house of Mr. Dowton, his attorney, in Fitzgibbon-street, O'Sullivan heard screams from a hackney carriage that had been upset at the western corner of Mountjoy-square. He hastened to afford assistance, and succeeded in extricating from her perilous predicament a lady who appeared to have fainted. The wheel of the overturned carriage was broken; the hour was late; no other aid appeared at hand: and O'Sullivan conveyed the fainting fair one to his chariot. But ere he ascended the step, her veil, which was dark and ample, was blown aside by an eddying gust of wind, and the features of Lucinda were revealed to her astonished assistant. His first emotions, his remembrance of her ingratitude and perfidy, impelled him to await her return to sensation to load her with reproaches; but this impulse soon vanished, as he gazed upon her helpless and exhausted form. In spite of himself, the strong current of his early attachment rushed back upon his heart, and he hated himself for his cruelty. Admiration soon returned, and when Mrs. Mordaunt saw to whom she was indebted for assistance, she displayed much agitation. They remained for a very few moments in embarrassing silence. O'Sullivan asked at length, in tones that were

tremulous with intense emotion, whither he should direct his coachman to drive?

"I lodge at Rathmines," replied Lucinda, naming the terrace where her present residence was situated.

"Drive to —— terrace, Rathmines," said O'Sullivan to the coachman.

"He is mine! he is *MINE*!" triumphantly exclaimed Lucinda to herself, as she marked the agitated manner, and the ineffectual effort to assume composure. But the tremor of his voice betrayed him.

"Oh, you are kind—you are good—you are all that your years of early excellence promised—and to *me*! to one so undeserving!" faltered Lucinda, in accents that thrilled his inmost soul. "But do not, Mr. O'Sullivan, condemn me quite unheard—blame I have merited—but ah! I am far more unfortunate than erring—I am a thousand times more sinned against than sinning! Henry—I *once* could have dared to say *dear* Henry—can I ever, ever be forgiven?"

O'Sullivan felt wholly unable to reply. He gasped for breath. "Can it then be *possible* that I have wronged, that I have misunderstood this exquisite creature?" he asked himself; "O! the very thought is agony."

Lucinda's tears fell fast, and auguring forgiveness from O'Sullivan's agitated silence, she ventured gently to press his hand, and then immediately withdrew her own, exclaiming, with delicious confusion,—"*I forgot—I reverted for one moment to our former intimacy—I should not indeed have forgotten.*"

"Do not apologise, Mrs. Mordaunt," said O'Sullivan.

"Mrs. Mordaunt! call me Lucinda, if you would not kill me with your coldness. But no—it is right that I should thus be punished, although it is far more for the fault of others than for my own."

"Dare I believe you?" asked O'Sullivan.

"Pray tell the coachman to drive *very* slowly," said Lucinda, faintly; "I am quite too weak to bear the

rapid motion—I have recently been ill, and I have much, very much, to say to you.”

O’Sullivan desired the coachman to moderate his pace.

“O, that is a relief,” said Mrs. Mordaunt, leaning back with an air of great exhaustion. “I can now,” said she, “breathe more freely;” and she heaved a long drawn respiration. “I am now,” she continued, “beginning to recover from the shock of so very unexpectedly meeting one whom I had been taught to believe was a tenant of the tomb. Henry, I had thought—nay, start not—I had thought you were DEAD.”

“Good heaven!” ejaculated O’Sullivan, “dead!”

“I am now, Henry, about to impart to you the story of the cruel, cruel wrongs that I have suffered; *you*, I know, will feel for me; *your* true heart will sympathise in all the pains I have endured; but promise me first, dear Henry, that you will not repeat to any person breathing what I am now to communicate; by doing so, you could only increase the torture that I suffer. Promise me, Henry; promise me solemnly.”

“I promise,” said O’Sullivan.

“That is sufficient; your promise never yet has been broken. Now, then, I will open my whole soul to you. I have told you that I blame myself; and so I do, most bitterly, for suffering you to depart for India alone. I *should* have accompanied you. For neglecting to do so I was wholly inexcusable. United as our hearts then were,” (here Lucinda sighed deeply, and seemed oppressed with a sudden reminiscence,) “our only security for happiness had been an immediate union. I thought otherwise at the time, and have since been given ample reason to lament my folly. After you were gone, my brother became excessively attached to Fitzroy. Why so, heaven only knows; for I think there is as little in Fitzroy to attract admiration or to win esteem, as in any worthless trifler I have ever met. Nugent, you know, had been always a kind brother; but when he perceived my positive determination to avoid Fitzroy and to reject

his suit, he became totally different; his manner changed; he was no longer the affectionate brother he had formerly been; he was peremptory, stern, and authoritative. If I said that he was *savage* upon some occasions, I should not exaggerate. Fitzroy continued to press his hateful attentions; and one day that my brother was particularly harsh, and actually threatened to expel me, without any provision, from his doors, unless I consented to the nuptials, I boldly declared that so long as *you* lived, it was utterly impossible; that our faiths had been mutually pledged. Nugent was thunderstruck; it was impossible to discover whether his astonishment or his rage was the greater. The miserable agitation into which I was thrown by his cruel persecution, brought on a fever, and oh! how cordially, how earnestly did I not wish, in the paroxysms of my misery, that the disease might prove fatal, and terminate my wretchedness! But that was denied me. I recovered; and one of the first pieces of intelligence with which they welcomed my returning health, was the news of your death. It never for one instant occurred to my mind to doubt the truth of the story, for they showed me a newspaper in which the event was minutely detailed; you were said to have been killed in an engagement with the Looties. I do suppose that Fitzroy was the author of the vile fabrication, and procured its insertion in the newspapers. Be that as it may, I unhesitatingly believed it; I surrendered my mind to despair; my spirit was paralyzed; I cared little how soon they might lead forth their victim to the altar, or how they might deck her for the sacrifice. Oh! it was a terrible, terrible period! I dread to go on with my melancholy tale."

Mrs. Mordaunt paused, and sobbed convulsively. O'Sullivan's heart was melted to the utmost tenderness. All his former love returned, with its early force and freshness; he gazed with intense affection, with unspeakable commiseration, on the innocent and lovely being at his side, who had thus been lost to *him* and to herself, the victim of domestic persecution. A

shade of doubt, however, crossed his mind, as he remembered the episode of Lord Ardracchan.

"Lord Ardracchan? yes," said Lucinda with a faint smile, as O'Sullivan pronounced the name; "I was going to be married to the poor old Marquess too, and I candidly acknowledge I should *then* have rejoiced most sincerely had that marriage taken place. Even to *you*, dear Henry, I can say so; because I am all openness and candor; from *you*, indeed, there is nothing to be hidden. It was in the midst of my brother's persecution about Fitzroy, that Lord Ardracchan offered me his hand: as for *love*, I did not care for either; but I especially detested Fitzroy, and would gladly have married the Marquess to get rid of my other hateful suitor. In truth I was passive, I was deadened by the stunning succession of miseries; happiness was quite out of the question, and all that remained for me was to select what appeared the lesser evil."

Lucinda spoke with such apparent candor and ease of her motives for wishing at that period to marry Lord Ardracchan, that a more suspicious person than our hero would have found it, under all the circumstances, impossible to doubt her sincerity.

"I had not then," she resumed, "accepted Fitzroy; but Lord Ardracchan died suddenly, and his death left me no alternative. And now, dear Henry, that you have heard Lucinda's simple tale, do you blame her? or is she forgiven?"

"Forgive you, Lucinda?" he passionately exclaimed, "what have you done, that required forgiveness? Innocent, persecuted angel! I pity you—pity you from the very bottom of my soul. But Nugent! that Nugent should have been your persecutor, appears, I confess, almost incredible! how his character must have altered!"

"He was rendered excessively irascible and peevish by numerous heavy losses on the turf," said Lucinda. "His temper became soured, and he knew I was wholly in his power, being left by my parent's premature death completely dependent on my brother for a for-

tune. In truth I had not a shilling, independently of Nugent's bounty ; and Fitzroy and Lord Ardracchan both tempted his cupidity by offering to take me portionless. But oh ! dear Henry," entreated Lucinda, energetically clasping her hands, " you will never, never reveal one word of all I have now told you, to mortal."

" I have promised," said O'Sullivan, expressively.

" For Nugent, harsh though he has been, is still my brother, and his sister loves him—loves him, notwithstanding all his cruelty. And if *one* pang more severe than all I have hitherto endured, could be added to my load of misery, that pang would be the apprehension of a hostile rencontre arising from an angry discussion between you and my brother on this subject. Avoid Nugent, oh avoid him, if you love me—*Love me!* how dared my lips give utterance to the expression ! Alas, the emotions of my heart break forth, despite propriety and prudence ! But promise me, Henry, that you will avoid Colonel Nugent."

" I certainly shall not unnecessarily seek his company," returned O'Sullivan ; " but I should not feel called on to quit any society, merely because *he* formed part of it."

" Fitzroy, I understand, has been seriously ill," said Lucinda, anxious to ascertain how the contingent prospect of a possible reversionary interest in *herself* would affect O'Sullivan.

But O'Sullivan received the information merely with a sigh.

" So very ill," pursued Lucinda, " that his physicians twice despaired of his life, I understand."

" Indeed !" exclaimed Henry, who seemed at this latter intelligence to be struck with the reversionary possibility ; " what was his complaint ?"

" He has always been dreadfully dissipated," sighed Lucinda.

O'Sullivan was silent, and his thoughts involuntarily framed themselves somewhat after the following fashion :

"What now, if Fitzroy should die? May Heaven defend me from the sin of *wishing* it—but *if* he did—all obstacles would most undoubtedly be removed, in such a case, from my union with the love of my earliest boyhood. Oh, dream of bliss! Here she is, still unchanged in loveliness, in innocence, in affection—happiness may *yet* be mine—ha!—begone, foul Tempter! happiness contingent on another's death—O, it is perilous to trust myself near her; I will tear myself from her—this unexpected meeting shall be our last, while Mordaunt lives."

As O'Sullivan formed this resolve, the carriage reached the door of Lucinda's residence. He descended for the purpose of assisting her: his footman knocked; the hall-door was opened by a woman-servant, who held a lamp in her hand. Its beams fell full upon Lucinda's lovely face; she had now recovered her color, and her fair cheeks glowed with the suffusion; her tears were dried, and she smiled upon O'Sullivan the smile of days of yore, the kind, warm-hearted, *artless* smile, that had a thousand times welcomed him in former years to Martagon.

"Good night, my preserver," she said, as she shook his hand with affectionate warmth. "My heart feels lighter," she added, in a lower tone, "since I know you do not think unjustly of me. Will you visit me to-morrow at two? or at any other hour that suits your convenience?"

"Yes," replied O'Sullivan, hardly conscious of what he said, as he gazed with admiration on the exquisite form before him; the intervening time, and its painful events, seemed all forgotten; the illusion of the moment, the fresh, girlish beauty of his own Lucinda, placed him once more in the midst of the fairy happiness of Martagon. Lucinda perceived her advantage. "You will not fail me then, at two?"

"Certainly not."

"On your *honor*?" (smiling enchantingly).

"Yes."

Another smile and pressure. He then got into his

chariot, was visited with certain compunctious emotions as it rolled away to Stephen's Green; where, as the reader is aware, he detailed his adventure to Kavanagh, merely suppressing Lucinda's self-exculpatory statement, as he had promised her to observe a faithful silence on that subject.

Kavanagh retired to rest. O'Sullivan tried to sleep, but he found it impossible. The events of the night left his mind in a wild and painful whirl, that defied repose, and the dawn of morning found his wearied eye as yet unclosed.



CHAPTER XIV.

Think, turn back, before it be too late,
Behold in me th' example of your fate;
I am your seamark, and, though wrecked and lost,
My ruins stand to warn you from the coast.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

"Now, my friend," said Kavanagh, the following morning, "have you made up your mind as to what you mean to do? Will you visit Mrs. Mordaunt, or will you not? Is it right, or is it wrong? that is the plain question. You say that your former affection for her returned last night. And *I* say—remember that she is the wife of another. Now, pray what will you do? There is but one right, and one wrong, so far as I can see through the question."

"I do not like to break my promise," said O'Sullivan.

"Your promise? phoo! a cobweb, because given under a delusion—Suppose you heard the typhus fever, or the plague, had broken out in her house, would you *then* keep your promise? I warrant me you would not. And for *you*, if I know aught of human nature, a worse plague may be risked—a moral plague."

"You are right," said O'Sullivan; "I should be highly imprudent, I believe, to encounter real danger

for the sake of a punctilio. I shall write, however, to inform Lucinda, that as I see no good that could possibly arise from my visiting her under present circumstances, I have made up my mind not to do so."

"Certainly," said Kavanagh, "politeness demands that you should write."

The note was accordingly written and despatched.

"Come, now," said Kavanagh, "to Downton's; you have business there to-day, and so have I."

To the house of the attorney they proceeded. Mr. Downton was out when they arrived, but his clerks expected that he would return immediately. The gentlemen were shown into an inner study, or "whispering office," as the attorney facetiously termed it. Among a heap of dusty briefs and papers on a desk, lay two, of which one was indorsed, "O'Brallaghan and Foster, Jewellers, *versus* Fitzroy Mordaunt, Esq.;" beneath this indorsement was written the word "Compromised." On the back of the other document appeared a voluminous title, superbly engrossed, in which Mrs. Fitzroy Mordaunt's name occurred two or three times. What it was, O'Sullivan did not investigate, notwithstanding that his curiosity was strongly interested; for he felt that it would have been base to examine. Downton presently came bustling in, and accosted his clients with a world of apologies, for having been absent when they came.

"Hah!" said he, chuckling, and rubbing his hands, as he saw O'Sullivan's eye wander for a moment to the mountain of briefs, and alight, as he thought, on 'O'Brallaghan and Foster, Jewellers, *versus* Fitzroy Mordaunt, Esq.,' "that was a comical job in the honey-moon of that harum-scarum genius, Fitzroy Mordaunt. His wife, Miss Nugent that was (I believe you knew her, gentlemen), was going to be married to the poor, old, doating Marquess of Ardbraccan, who ordered O'Brallaghan and Foster to send her a splendid suit of ornaments, valued at £1500. The Marquess's order was merely a verbal one, and given to a clerk, who sent Miss Nugent the jewellery

on the very same day. In a week the Marquess suddenly dies, and lo ! in a fortnight dies the clerk as suddenly. No living witness could O'Brallaghan and Foster produce, nor witness of *any* kind except their books, which were all kept with great regularity, and in which the entry was found in the hand-writing of the defunct clerk, but set down to the account of the defunct Marquess. What was to be done ? All my Lord Ardracchan's executors were ready to make oath that they never had seen nor heard of the trinkets ; they challenged the jewellers to show a written order from the Marquess ; no such thing was in existence. Hopeless of payment in *that* quarter, the poor jewellers' only chance remained in an appeal to"—(here Mr. Downton elongated, as far as it was possible, his dumpy rubicund visage, and raised his eyebrows to the meridian of marvel) "to—what do you think ? to Miss Nugent's *honesty*—ha, ha ! She would not pay,—oh, no ! she knew nothing whatever of the matter—it was Lord Ardracchan's business, and not her's, to settle his accounts with his jewellers. O'Brallaghan and Co. were in despair ; the dead clerk had himself—as they believed—been the bearer of the jewels to Miss Nugent, so that even the secondary evidence of a messenger was not to be had. This *last* defect of evidence we were not at that time aware of, although we afterwards learned it. Meanwhile, Miss Nugent was married to Mordaunt, decked out in the very suit of ornaments in question, and most heavenly she *did* look, no doubt ! Next day, notice of action was served on the gay bridegroom by O'Brallaghan and Co., to recover the amount of the glittering gems that adorned his fair bride ; and Fitzroy, who has, at all times, a plaguy indigestion of bills and accounts, but especially of those for which he personally gets no value, popped the case into my hands. I called on the plaintiffs—had a long palaver with Flecce'em, their solicitor, and persuaded them that though they might put us to some trouble and expense, they could never recover a frac-

tion. So they jumped at a compromise—and we gave them, for fifteen hundred pounds' worth of trumpery, —ha! ha! how much do you suppose, Mr. Kavanagh? how much do you guess, Mr. O'Sullivan? Eighty-two pounds, ten and six-pence! Faith, that same Lucinda is the devil at a *squeeze*, when she can —Wheugh!" (and Dowton grinned, puckered up his eyes, and shook his head, as he threw himself back in his official chair,) "she's a damned long shot, faith! Ough! I know her capers."

"But I really think," observed Kavanagh, "that it was highly reprehensible in you, Mr. Dowton, to assist her in what, to use the gentlest terms, I must designate as bearing a very strong resemblance, at least, to a swindling transaction."

"Oh, as to that, I always leave the case of conscience to be settled by my clients—I have only to deal with the law of the case; and if I can bring them off scot free, pray is it not my duty? But pray, let us talk about your business, Mr. Kavanagh—I have had two excellent offers for the houses in Limerick, one as a tenant, and the other as a purchaser; but I would not close without consulting you," &c., &c.

Dowton continued to expatiate on the subject of Kavanagh's Limerick houses, and their value in the market; but O'Sullivan heard not a syllable he said. His thoughts were painfully engrossed by the story of the bijouterie. One instant he felt indignant at Lucinda's want of principle, and rejoiced that he had resolved on not visiting her; and the next, he felt equally indignant at Dowton's misrepresentation of her part in the transaction; it was thoroughly impossible that Lucinda, the artless and the innocent—that *his own* Lucinda—alas! his own no longer! could be guilty of dishonesty or meanness—Oh! how he wished that he could hear five words from her lips in vindication of her conduct! it was absolute torture to believe that she was guilty. She would place the transaction in a different light, in its *true* light, he had not a doubt.

But Dowton's foul-mouthed calumnies against her—uttered, too, with such an easy, plausible flow of perfect information—the fellow deserved to be put in the pillory for representing the unsullied, the immaculate Lucinda as an unprincipled swindler—a she-blackleg—that is, again, if his story were false;—ay, if——

These ruminations were disturbed by the opening of an inner door, from which sailed forth the celestial apparition of—Lucinda herself.

“Good heavens, Madam!” exclaimed Dowton, starting up, “I did not know you were in the house—I beg ten thousand pardons.”

“I came,” she replied, “while you were out, and your servant showed me into the usual back-parlor, where I have been sitting with exemplary patience this hour. “Ah, my excellent friend, Mr. Kavanagh,” she continued, approaching the old gentleman, and warmly pressing his hand, “I am truly delighted to see you. I trust my darling Isabella and her mother are well, and in spirits?”

Kavanagh replied to this tender *accolade* with politeness; and O'Sullivan fancied that he saw, notwithstanding Lucinda's expression of delight at meeting the old man, that she would have been far better pleased at his absence. She next accosted *him*, and bestowed on him such a fond smile, and such an affectionate pressure, that he bitterly reproached himself for harboring the shadow of a doubt of the stainless purity and worth of a being so true, so lovely, so confiding.

Dowton resumed his conversation with Kavanagh, in which he was presently occupied with earnestness. Mrs. Mordaunt took the opportunity to say, in a low voice, to O'Sullivan, “I shall see you at two?”

“No,” he found courage to reply; but he said it tremulously.

“No!” she repeated; “to what must I ascribe this sudden change?”

“The truth is plainly this, Mrs. Mordaunt; I feel that I still love you too well, and as you are the wife

of another, duty imperatively tells me to shun your society. Now we fully understand each other."

The plain, honest bluntness of this answer, completely disconcerted Lucinda. She saw, that, although the accidental meeting of the preceding night had momentarily thrown him off his guard, yet she would not find it quite so easy as she had anticipated, to entangle him further in a labyrinth of subtle sensibilities and delicious dangers. She was silent, and a tear fell from her eye; their faces were turned towards the window.

"You are right," she said, at length; "you are always judicious, always excellent. Oh," (sighing bitterly), "what a cruel, cruel lot is mine, to have lost the benefit of such a friend and guide! In fact, I particularly wished to speak to you to-day on some matters of business, and to avail myself of your friendly guidance and advice; for my *affairs*—" (and as she pronounced the word *affairs*, a mischievous doubt about the jewellery story obtruded itself on O'Sullivan's mind;) "for my affairs are sadly embarrassed; the estate on which Fitzroy made my separate maintenance payable, is over-ridden by half a dozen mortgages, and turns out to be almost worth nothing. Fortune, notwithstanding my former expectations, I had none, or next to none—Colonel Nugent has quite cast me off, since his mind has become so much engrossed by the turf; and—pardon me, my early friend, for thus obtruding my miseries upon your notice; I feel, indeed, that I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in doing so —"

"Oh, Lucinda!"

"In short, then, I see before my eyes the prospect of a painful and difficult struggle for subsistence. With respect to these circumstances, I own I *did* wish to consult you; but since your prudence has discovered that danger might attend our intercourse, I am sufficiently reprov'd," she proudly added, "for my unintentional presumption."

O'Sullivan, in spite of himself, experienced that

choaking oppression which is the usual prelude to tears ; but summoning his manhood to his aid, he recovered himself. Lucinda saw that she had warmly engaged his compassion in her favor.

"As you will not visit me," she said with a deep sigh, "perhaps you will have no objection to accompany me to Dowton's back parlor, and to talk over these unpleasant affairs with me there."

"We can speak of them *here*," he replied ; "Dowton and Kavanagh are too intent on their own conversation to regard us."

"Unmanageable man !" thought Lucinda ; "how provokingly handsome he looks ! What, then," she asked, resuming their confidential tone, "would you recommend me to do ?"

The question was a very comprehensive, and a very puzzling one. O'Sullivan paused for a few minutes, wrapped in thought, and then asked,—

"Have you not got fifteen hundred pounds worth of diamonds, or bijouterie of some description ?"

"I—have," said Lucinda, after two moments' hesitation.

"Then I would advise you to sell them, and the interest of the money will be a very great assistance to you."

"The man has no heart, after all !" thought Lucinda.

"What income are you able to extract from the mortgaged lands, assigned to you by Mr. Mordaunt, for your separate maintenance ?"

"Oh, a mere trifle—£.50 ayear."

"Well, say £70 per annum for the interest of the money your bijouterie will bring ; and £70 and £50 are £120. A hundred and twenty pounds a year will enable you, *with economy*, to enjoy real comfort in some quiet retirement. And, harassed and persecuted as you have been, Mrs. Mordaunt, I feel certain that retirement and repose are absolutely necessary to recover your exhausted strength and spirits."

"Henry, do you pity me ?"

"From the bottom of my heart."

"You may assist me in the sale of the jewellery, then. I should wish to dispose of it by private sale, as much as possible—it would sell, I think, to more advantage. Will anything bring you to the neighborhood of Knockanea, this month? Lady Jacintha might become a purchaser.—Or stay—Baron Leschen might buy them for a wedding present to her ladyship, to whom he is soon to be united."

O'Sullivan, with all his affectionate feelings for Lucinda, did not precisely relish the idea of hawking about her bijouterie for sale: he seemed to hesitate.

"You know you need not say that they are mine," added she.

"A-propos," interjected O'Sullivan, summoning up courage sufficient to seek the solution of a doubt, "were O'Brallaghan and Foster ever paid for them?"

"Unquestionably," answered Lucinda, undismayed by the sudden inquiry—"of course Lord Ardracchan paid for them; he was one of the most scrupulously honorable men in existence. The jewellers commenced an action against me, or rather against Mr. Mordaunt, as we were quite unable to discover a receipt among Lord Ardracchan's papers, in order to make us pay them over again, and we were compelled to give them eighty-two pounds, most unfairly; for, from Lord Ardracchan's well-known habits of immediate payment for the very largest purchases, I look on it as being utterly impossible that he should, in this solitary instance, have deviated from his invariable rule. But all this is nothing to the purpose—you have not told me whether you will assist me in disposing of them. *Will you, Henry?*"

"You may certainly command my best assistance, if you find yourself otherwise unable to sell them advantageously; I should, however, strongly wish that you would first try what could be done without employing me."

"Before Mrs. Mordaunt could reply, Kavanagh's

conference with Dowton ended, and the attorney suddenly turning about to O'Sullivan, said,—

"I am ready for *you*, Sir, now, if you please."

Lucinda seemed quite overcome by her feelings, pulled down her veil, and hurried out of the apartment.

"I suppose," said Dowton, "she was giving you a history of her sorrows. Ay, poor thing, let her be what she will, I cannot but pity her, with the prospect of poverty before her. She has somehow mortally offended Colonel Nugent; and her husband bit her devilishly in that business of the separate maintenance. Well she may weep, poor thing, and lament her former happy days at Martagon. Do you know that it used to be whispered, Sir, that *you* had a hankering after her at that time——"

"Sir?" exclaimed O'Sullivan, angrily.

"Pardon, pardon—I 'm a blunt old fellow, and meant not the least offence. 'Tis almost a pity, if that should have ever been the case, that you did not take her off to India with you when you went there."

"I beseech you, Dowton," said O'Sullivan, manifestly unable to control his agitation, "I beseech you, let us have no more of this."

"Not another word in the world, Sir," said Dowton, with a serious manner, "except one. I speak to you Sir, as your father's old friend, and you must not be angry with me. I see by your look at this moment, you could send me to Old Nick, but I can't help *that*—it must come out. I am sharp enough to guess that you take some interest in Mrs. Mordaunt, and, therefore, I tell you as a friend, to keep clear of her; she's as cunning as a pet fox, and would bubble you as soon as she'd bubble O'Brallaghan the jeweller, and with just as little compunction. Have nothing to say to her, young gentleman—that's my advice—for I'm sorry to say she's wholly unworthy of your sympathy. I have now said my say; and I hope, young gentleman, that you'll take advantage of it."

"Sir," exclaimed O'Sullivan, indignantly; "you

are perfectly incapable of appreciating or comprehending the character of Mrs. Fitzroy Mordaunt."

"There, now," said Dowton, turning an appealing eye to Kavanagh; "did I not rightly say that the lady was as cunning as a fox? Only see how she has persuaded our friend of her sanctity!"

"Sir," resumed O'Sullivan, with great indignation —

"Sir," interrupted old Kavanagh, ludicrously mimicking his indignant manner; "I positively insist that not a single lance shall be shivered between you and Dowton on the subject of Mrs. Mordaunt's all-unutterable merits and perfections. Nay, not one other word," he added, in a peremptory playful tone, as he saw O'Sullivan about to speak; "the plain truth is, that Dowton has opportunities of knowing all about her, such as you have not. For many of her faults, poor thing, I can readily excuse her, on the very valid plea that she was left without a fitting guide in childhood; both her parents died when she and her brother were extremely young; and Nugent, who was scarcely two years older than his wild and imaginative sister, was, although an excellent fellow in his own way, quite unfit to be a guide for Lucinda. Now to business—to business."

"Ay, to business," said Dowton, arranging all his papers on the desk before him; "enough has been said upon this painful subject for Mr. O'Sullivan to profit by—if he thinks proper."

And dismissing, so far as he could, (which, indeed, implies no very great powers of abstraction,) all thoughts of Lucinda, her errors and maligners, from his mind, O'Sullivan became immediately engrossed, to all appearance, in a mongeau of bills, bonds, leases, and title deeds.

CHAPTER XV.

Lightly on the sportive wing,
 At pleasure's call they fly,
 Hark ! they play, they dance, they sing,
 In merry, merry revelry.

SONG OF THE MASQUERADE.

A GRAND masquerade at the Rotundo was announced, under the auspices of their Excellencies the Viceroy and Vicequeen, who benevolently interested themselves in the welfare of some charitable institution, in aid of whose funds the receipts on this occasion were to be devoted. Many personages of the highest rank had promised their attendance ; and public expectation was raised in proportion to the interest the approaching entertainment appeared to excite among the noble and the wealthy.

The bustling Mrs. Delacour came to insist on the Kavanaghs' presence at the masquerade. Mr. Kavanagh at first refused ; but Mrs. Delacour succeeded in softening his obduracy.

"O'Sullivan," said Kavanagh, "will you come?"

"No, Sir ; I should be sadly out of place among the gay and happy."

"Nonsense ! you must not presume to erect yourself into a tragedy-king ; *come* you must, if it be only to attend on Isabella."

This mode of soliciting O'Sullivan's company was irresistible, as his politeness was concerned in his compliance, and he yielded his consent with the best grace imaginable.

The coup d'œil was superb. The large circular apartment, eighty feet in diameter, and forty in height, was tastefully and richly decorated by our old friend Peverelli ; and the other apartments were screened off into bowers, and pagodas, and temples, and caverns, affording every possible facility for the performance of

appropriate and diversified scenes, by the different groupings.

A spirited Turkey-cock flew up the staircase with expanded wings, and half danced, half fluttered his part in a *pas-de-trois*, in which the other performers were Mother Goose, six feet high, and a Donkey on his hinder legs.

A gentleman appeared in the character—or, we should rather say, in the shape—of a colossal bottle of Warren's Jet Blacking, belabelled on the front with some of the self-laudatory stanzas of that celebrated artist's inexhaustible muse.

A Turkish *marquée* was occupied by the veiled prophet of Khorassan and his harem. A Zelica of exquisite beauty, whose face was almost the only one unveiled, seemed the "favorite Sultana" of the night.

O'Sullivan looked around in search of Kavanagh; and after some minutes recognised the old humorist in the guise of an ancient Irish Chieftain, with his band of galloglasses dressed in flowing saffron-colored robes, and his harper playing some wild, furious, rapid battle-march on the wire-strung harp.

The veiled prophet of Khorassan, who apparently loved mischief, proposed that the half-tanned deer-skin brogues of the Irish Chieftain's galloglasses, should be polished with the contents of the ponderous bottle of Warren's Jet Blacking.

"Who will dare to draw my cork?" cried the hexameter bottle, suddenly suspending its slow and solemn progress, as these words reached its auricular faculties.

"I will!" thundered the veiled prophet, starting up with an air of defiance from his oriental cushions.

"Thou durst not!" said the blacking-bottle, stoutly.

"My invariable practice," said the prophet, "has been, to strike off the neck of every bottle that presented the least difficulty in drawing the cork." And he menacingly waved his bright and polished scimitar.

"In that case," said the dauntless bottle, with an air of bold defiance, "I can only resort to my natural

means of defence, by squirting a torrent of my sable fluid on the snowy drapery of your veiled Holiness."

"Ho!" exclaimed the imperious and indignant prophet, "then it seems we are defied within the very precincts of our harem! Slaves! soldiers! scourge yonder wretched jar of inky liquid from the purlieus of our tent, or it may be that our just indignation may enforce the execution of our threat to sever its neck from its body." And again the veiled prophet waved his glittering weapon. But the ladies of his harem, one and all, interposed to prevent the consummation of his vengeance; starting from their glowing carpets they compelled him to resume his seat, pleading that although the refractory and insolent vessel well merited the chastisement, yet its infliction would deluge the floor with a torrent of the sable blacking, which could not but prove detrimental to the delicate satin shoes and flowing silken robes of the scraglio.

What the prophet muttered in reply was unheard, being drowned by the overpowering strains of the Irish Chieftain's harper, who incontinently struck up his loudest planxty, chorussed by the wild, shouting voices of a dozen galloglasses, whose purpose was probably to cover the retreat of the blacking-bottle, in which they perfectly succeeded.

Mrs. Kavanagh and Isabella, who wore dominos, now joined the Irish Chieftain, and committed Mrs. Delacour to the exclusive care of O'Sullivan. Dulcet strains proceeded from a distant bower, in which Henry, on approaching, found Faustus and a troop of witches, exhibiting their wild, fantastic, volatile, yet not ungraceful movements, in a mystic hell-dance. At certain appropriate stages of this extraordinary *bramlé*, the performers checked their whirling evolutions, twirled their broomsticks with ease and lightness, then clattered them together in the air, and wound up the movement by dexterously pirouetting with their cloven hoofs outstretched.

O'Sullivan was highly amused with the well-trained

precision and grace that distinguished the movements of the witches, and would have gladly lingered as long as they danced, only that Mrs. Delacour hurried him away to the darkest recesses of a neighboring cavern, and ensconced him in a corner which was screened from every ray of light, and in which he neither could see nor be seen. "Why are we here?" he asked.

"Because," replied Mrs. Delacour, "from this spot you will shortly, if I do not mistake, behold a scene of rare interest enacted, which you could not possibly see to so much advantage if you stood forth surrounded by a blaze of light. Now that your eyes are becoming a little accustomed to the darkness of this cave, do you observe a star that twinkles faintly in the firmament—a single star, that seems to struggle dimly through a mass of murky clouds?"

"I do," replied O'Sullivan, looking upwards. The illusion to which Mrs. Delacour thus directed his attention, was managed admirably.

"Hush," said she, impressively placing her hand upon his lips; "this is the cavern of silence. We must not any more infringe upon its mystic stillness." She enforced this requisition with a meaning pressure of O'Sullivan's arm, and he felt himself, he knew not why, *constrained* to acquiescence.

They were silent for at least ten minutes, while the music, the laughter, and the hum from the other apartments reached the ear of O'Sullivan with a tantalizing influence. Steps were at length heard approaching; and Faustus, the hero of the wizard dance, advanced alone into the cave. He paused for an instant, and then stamped on the floor. "Prospero! Prospero!"

Prospero answered to his call, as if from the bowels of the earth.

"Keep watch, lithe goblin," said Faustus, "and mark me—if hostile steps approach our cave, troll forth the chorus of some merry roundelay to give us notice."

"Unquestionably, mighty Sir," replied the goblin, who forthwith took his station at the mouth of the cavern, as if to keep watch.

"Love, where art thou? Precious love?" demanded Faustus, turning towards an inner recess of the cavern. No answer responded to his amorous query. He paused a few moments, and advancing farther inward, repeated his impassioned call, in tones as softly sweet, as meltingly seductive, as ever were inspired by Cupid. Soon creeping steps were faintly heard, as though stealthily proceeding from an inner gallery. Faustus clasped his hands with a gesture of impatience. "It is SHE!" he exclaimed in ecstacy.

"Love! dearest love!" he continued, apostrophising the yet invisible object of his adoration, "I await thee here with punctual fidelity. Oh! queen of my affections, I adore thee——"

"With my 'Ri tol loll!' and my 'tol lol de ri!'" sang out Prospero, the goblin watchman at the cavern's outer mouth.

"Damn Prospero!" muttered Faustus; "he'll spoil my heroics."

Prospero trilled forth another stave or two, and was then silent.

"Ay," said Faustus, "since he holds his tongue, all's right again. Oh, angelic Bardinette, delay not! open that invidious door, and suffer me to tell you that I love you with each pulse of my fond and faithful heart! that I adore you with my——"

"Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, heigh-jee-woah!" again chaunted forth the admonitory Prospero.

"Curse that fellow!" muttered Faustus. "What is he at now?"

The alarm having passed, the guardian sprite was once more silent.

"What, Pardinette! still silent? can music melt thy obduracy?" and Faustus struck a chord or two on a guitar, that lay in the cave.

"Why did you let that fair young witch escape

you, who sang so sweetly in the dance?" at length demanded Bardinette, speaking from the other side of the sable and impenetrable barrier. At the sound of her voice O'Sullivan shuddered, and the blood rushed back to his heart; he feared the tones were too familiar to him.

"I left her," answered Faustus, with an affectation of carelessness, "because a red mouse, in the middle of her song, sprang out of her mouth."

"That was all right," said Bardinette; "be it enough that the mouse was not grey;

'Do not disturb your hour of happiness,
With close consideration of such trifles.'

"Come, fair Bardinette," cried Faustus, "open! open! would I could say 'open Sesame!' and defy the barriers of opposing doors! I burn with impatience to embrace thee, dear one! fair one! fond one!"

"A witch is never won, unwooed, unserenaded," replied Bardinette.

Faustus added not another word, but snatched up the guitar, and immediately accompanied its chords with a characteristic "ditty," exquisitely chaunting the following

WIZARD'S SERENADE.

"Hushed is the wind, the stars are clouded,
Save one twinkling point on high;
In sombre mists the moon is shrouded,
Haste thee, love! to ecstasy.

"Here, at the lonely, midnight hour,
Impervious to intrusive eyes;
Where odorous flow'rets round our bow'r,
Their fragrance wave in balmy sighs,

"Thy faithful Faustus waits—Oh, haste;
And list Love's rich, delicious lore;
O, linger not, sweet Witch! nor waste
The moments that return no more."

"Rum-ti-tum, tiddy, heigh-jee-woa!" chórussed Prospero.

"Hark!" cried Bardinette, "we are interrupted."

A moment's attention from the listening ear of Faustus, allayed this apprehension; and he resumed his ditty.

"An amorous witch, on yesternight,
Came riding on a broomstick swift,
Down yonder glen, by the pale moonlight,
And proffer'd me, love's dearest gift.

"Come, come to my cave!" was her wanton lay,
'And share the rich feast I've made to-day.
'I've a table spread with dainties rare,
'Which none but myself and my love must share.

"I've broth that is made of a murderer's fat,
'Distilled from his flesh on the gallows tree;
'Of the snake's poison-fang, and the wing of bat,—
'This dainty dish I've cooked for thee.
'Then come to my cave!" was her wanton lay,
'And share the rich feast I've made to-day.

"Of music sweet thou shalt have choice,
'There's ever a concert rare in my cave;
'There's the adder's hiss, and the frog's croaking voice,
'And the midnight moan from the churchyard grave.

"Then come, my loved one, come with me,
'To my den, beneath the blighted oak,
'On the dun scorched heath, near the trysting tree,
'Where the carrion crow and the raven croak.
'Hark! they call me! Croak! croak!
'From the boughs of the huge old blasted oak.'

"She then brushed my nose with her bushy tail,
And poked my cheek with her curled horn;
But her wanton wiles were of no avail,
For I repulsed her love with scorn.
I spurn'd her table with dainties set,
For my heart was pledged to my own Bardinette.

"Then haste thee, love! soon morn will rise
And dawning streak the eastern sky,
The melancholy night-breeze sighs,
To think how fast the swift hours fly!"

"Tol, lol; tol de-rol de-rol de-ri!" chorussed Prospero.

Bardinette, apparently mollified by the strains of her wizzard lover, opened the jealous door, through which streamed a line of brilliant light; which, how-

ever, as it fell on a different side of the grotto from the deep recess where O'Sullivan and Mrs. Delacour were seated, did not reveal their presence to the inquisitorial eye of Faustus.

"Do you really soon sail for France?" inquired the fair witch, taking her seat with great sang froid at the side of the wizard.

"In a month," answered Faustus, "all my plans will be ripe for execution; and then, love,

"Our bark shall bound o'er the dark, deep sea,
Merrily! merrily! merrily!"

Don't you love the excitement of feeling yourself borne along on the ocean's foamy crest, with nought around, aloft, but the wide blue waters and the azure sky?"

"I hate the excitement of sea-sickness, and of pale-faced stewardesses, and the fetid effluvia of the cabin of a steam-packet. You know the sonnet to sea-sickness:

"There is a punishment for all my sins,
Which, in their wisdom, if the gods award,
I'd rather roast for ages, with hot pins
Stuck through my flesh,—each pin in length a yard;
It is, to have my disembodied soul
Condemn'd to sail upon a shoreless sea,
And to be sea-sick all eternity."

"Ah!" cried Faustus, "there is a salve for these transitory desagrémens."

"What is it?" asked the fair witch.

"Love," answered Faustus, with passionate emphasis, and catching the witch in his embrace.

"Yes," sighed Bardinette, "if love be faithful and enduring; but of *that* I sometimes entertain a doubt."

"Enchantress!" exclaimed Faustus, "you must not, shall not doubt! And yet," he added pensively, after a moment's thoughtful pause, "since you mention doubts, I must say that there is a certain point, which, in order to make my own mind perfectly easy, I would gladly have cleared up."

"Name it," said the witch.

"Henry O'Sullivan," answered Faustus.

O'Sullivan started, but Mrs. Delacour forcibly retained possession of his arm, and prevented him from stirring.

"I have heard from a certain quarter," added Faustus, "that you early had a penchant for that Indian adventurer, and that since his re-appearance from his two years' exile in the gorgeous East, your early prepossessions have returned in full force."

"Your suspicions are supremely absurd," replied Lucinda, (for, as our readers have doubtless anticipated, the witch was no other than Fitzroy's accomplished wife;) "O'Sullivan is almost a simpleton, and had once, I confess, the foolish presumption to offer me his hand, but what of that? I care not for him! rather let us think of the present—of the future——"

"Of the future," replied Sir Henry Bradford, tenderly embracing Mrs. Mordaunt, "which opens such rich stores of felicity to our enjoyment. Oh! Lucinda! you have never been in Paris. You know not then the acme of human felicity. I shall speedily recover the losses I have sustained in England, with the aid of our Parisian faro-bank, which will be an inexhaustible mine of wealth."

Prospero here interrupted the speakers by chaunting forth a noisy chorus, which was quickly followed by the voices, footsteps, and laughter of a numerous party, who approached the cavern, or grotto, from another apartment. Lucinda vanished through her door, closed and fastened it, and all was again involved in total darkness. Faustus took up his guitar, and, attended by Prospero, as goblin page, stalked through the rooms, chaunting wild and characteristic roundelays.

"Will you await his return, and Lucinda's, to hear more?" asked Mrs. Delacour.

"Heaven forbid! my heart is sick—sick to the very core. I will go home—this scene of noisy mirth makes me giddy."

"Was Downton right?" asked Mrs. Delacour significantly.

"Alas! I fear he was."

"You *fear*? are you not certain?"

They were now moving rapidly down one of the staircases leading to the great round room, and O'Sullivan was assuring Mrs. Delacour that had he not been rooted to the spot, as if by magic, he would never have remained the invisible auditor of Lucinda's disgraceful arrangements.

"But," said he, "I shall warn her from plunging into final ruin—ruin both of soul and body—I shall expostulate——"

"Do nothing," said Mrs. Delacour, "without consulting Mr. Kavanagh."

"How did you become aware of the amorous tête-à-tête that she proposed to enact with Sir Henry Bradford?"

"I learned it from Lady Bradford, who has long been aware of her husband's infidelities. She discovered—I know not how—the assignation at the masquerade, and the dresses of Lucinda and Sir Henry, and unreservedly spoke of the affair to me; and, on my mentioning what I had heard to Mr. Kavanagh, he immediately pointed out the mode in which the information could be turned to your benefit."

The next morning, at six o'clock, O'Sullivan was rolling along in one of the southern mail coaches, on his way to Castle Kavanagh.

"There is but one miraculous part of the transaction," said Kavanagh; "and that is, that this universal gossip, Mrs. Delacour, should have abstained from conveying a hint to Lucinda or Sir Henry Bradford to keep out of the grotto."

"Oh, that would have spoiled her own peeping," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "which sufficiently accounts for her silence. But she will certainly now contrive to let Lucinda know that O'Sullivan witnessed all her manœuvres."

Mrs. Kavanagh was mistaken in this anticipation,

for Mrs. Delacour had not any opportunity of conveying to Lucinda the intelligence in question. Lucinda quitted Dublin the following day *incog.*, in a carriage which was rapidly driven through the western outlets of the city with the side blinds up, and which stopped at a lonely house on the Kilcullen road, where a gentleman hastily got in, and the vehicle immediately resumed its former rapid pace.

The gentleman was Sir Henry Bradford.



CHAPTER XVI.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away,
Thou form without a name!

MALCOLM.

So, my brethren, if Principle guide not our actions, soul and body will alike become a miserable wreck.

LYNCH'S SERMONS.

O'SULLIVAN's spirits returned, with a freshness and rapidity that astonished himself.

"Make what one will of it," said he, "the whole affair is resolvable into this plain fact—that I have had a most blessed escape of a very worthless woman. Broken heart? pshaw! why may not a broken heart (even supposing that my own had suffered fracture) be restored as well as a broken leg, or a broken arm? The only difference is, that the heart requires *moral* surgery, and the leg or the arm *physical*. For my life-long I have trained myself to conquer passion, and now, after a long and arduous struggle, shall passionate regret conquer *me*? By my father's hand it sha'n't! I am sorry for Lucinda—sorry that she seems in such a promising way to go to the devil—glad, exceedingly glad, that I am not her companion on the journey. Whatever the diversified amusements on the road may be, it must be acknowledged

that the termination is not a peculiarly inviting one. Ah, no—common prudence should make every rational being avoid *that*. How many miserable, self-conceited asses there are, whose sole occupation in life appears to be an indefatigable, ceaseless effort, to lay up a plentiful store of everlasting misery !”

As the coach speeded merrily on, O’Sullivan experienced that interest which is always felt by a traveler on revisiting the scenes of his boyhood after a sojourn in a distant land, even although his residence abroad may not have been of very long continuance. He saw the monumental pyramid erected by Lord Naas in the churchyard to the left of the road, and recognised, as an early friend, the dark sepulchral mass of stone. He swept beneath the embowering elms of the Earl of Mayo’s park—passed through Naas ; beheld, in quick succession, many a town and spire familiar to his eye ; saw beneath him, in the valley to the right, the decayed old house of Belan, the deserted abode of the Earls of Aldborough ; while on a gentle eminence at his left, was a small and airy temple, *once* in the centre of the Belan pleasure grounds, but *now* in the midst of a coarse pasture, undefended from the inroads of incursive cattle. Onward, onward, swept the coach, the steeds gently tickled by the delicate lash of Jemmy King, the most merciful whip on the southern road. The peaked mountain of Mount Leinster majestically rose to the east ; Colonel Bruen’s deer-park, with its lines of old trees protected by their several palings from the antlered tribe, was passed in its turn ; the town of Carlow, with its huge and ancient castle, and its new cathedral, opened on the view ; horses were changed—Jemmy King, who had taken five minutes refreshment, remounted his throne, and the words, “ All right !” from the scarlet-coated guardian of the rear, were the signal for a fresh start with a set of prancing greys.

Off we go ! and ere long, the narrow confines of Carlow are passed, and the green, swelling pastures, and extensive stubbles of Kilkenny, spread before us.

Mount Leinster still stretches at our left ; the rough granite of its steep sides emitting an occasional sparkle in the cold wintry sunbeam. Our neighbor on the coachtop is a smart, intelligent, agreeable companion, on a journey—he is, peradventure, a Tighe, or a St. George, from the neighboring county of Wicklow ; or, it may be, a Vigors or a Kavanagh from Carlow. Be that, however, as it may, we are charmed with his manifest enthusiasm for the pleasures of the chase, and the unrestrained frankness wherewith he gives us all the advantage of his intimate acquaintance with the sporting localities of the country : he is not, either, a mere man of fox-earths and hunters ; his mind has been enlarged by travel, and his natural quickness of perception improved by constant mixture with the world. As the coach rolls along, he points to our view the vast towers of the Ormonds in the southern horizon, flanking the courts and angles of the ancient hereditary castle of Ireland's Chief Butler, that seems the giant guardian of the city of Kilkenny, which stretches at the base of the eminence on which the castle stands, with its celebrated qualities of

"Fire without smoke,
Air without fog,
Water without mud,
And streets paved with marble."

That castle—with its ancient halls—its dreamy galleries—its store of portraits, of which many are almost as old as the walls that they adorn—its historic and romantic recollections—the unrivalled view commanded by its windows ! How provoked we feel when our dream of chivalry is suddenly broken by the voice of a smart waiter from the Rose Inn, who informs us that dinner is on the table, and that as the coach only waits twenty minutes, we have not a moment to lose, if we mean to reach Clonmell to-night ! The doom, however, is imperative ; and we incontinently find ourselves seated at the *table d'hôte* of the Rose Inn, ingurgitating mulligatawny, or masticating Leinster mutton, with a haste that bodes evil to our powers of

digestion ; but we have spent a dozen truant minutes loitering beneath the old castle, and a few premonitory flourishes on the guard's French-horn instruct us to make up for our lost time.

Dinner is speedily concluded, and the early winter's night having fallen already, we are inside passengers for the rest of our road to Clonmel, where we sleep soundly until five the following morning ; at which period our repose is invaded by a slipshod waiter, who leaves a candle on our toilette-table, and informs us that the Cork mail-coach will start in an hour. We summon courage to dispel the pleasing drowsiness of slumber ; spring from our bed with a sudden effort of desperate resolution, and having despatched, with all convenient speed, the duties of our toilette, descend to the lower apartments, where a plentiful and excellent breakfast awaits us. The horn sounds and the coach appears ; behold us once more upon the roof ; the cold moon shines over the quiet empty streets, the glassy river, the leafless woods of Marlfield, and the ancient limes and elms of Knocklofty. In passing the bridge at the northern end of Knocklofty, the wary coachman slackens his space, for the wheels are destined to encounter an angle of ninety-six degrees in the roadway over the central arch, which has been rendered particularly dangerous by the hard frost of the preceding night. This "kittle-step" surmounted, we resume our rapid pace ; the paling stars are gradually lost in the golden dawn, and the moon, who has hitherto done us much good service, modestly retires behind the distant hills, as if she felt disinclined to obtrude herself further on our attention, when her presence is no longer necessary. The sharp morning air is keenly exhilarating ; the outlines of the mountains of Clogheen are clearly defined against the horizon. The coachman selects the left-hand road, which affords us a view of the lordly Gothic towers of Shanbally Castle, embosomed in their dark expanse of aged oak woods, and fronting the full beams of the morning sun. Clogheen is passed ; we ascend a well kept road which gradually brings

us to the summit of the Kilworth wastes, from which we command the stupendous Gaulty range of mountains to our right, with their steep, peaked, and jagged outlines. A faint and distant peep may be obtained of the castle of Mitchelstown, a truly magnificent monument of the splendor and opulence of the family of Kingstown.

Onward still we are whirled, through Kilworth's straggling village—have a momentary glimpse of Moore-Park's glen, and stream, and solitary tower; half a dozen miles bring us to Fermoy with its barracks like a ducal palace, and its streets decaying and deserted. We admire the broad and curving Blackwater; learn with much satisfaction that Cork is only seventeen (Irish) miles before us, and, after a quarter of an hour's delay, are once more *en route* for "the beautiful city." We sweep by the hill of Corrin, enter Rathcormac, skirt Lisnegar and its trellissed range of cottages, pass by Kilshannick's stately mansion, admiring, as we pass, the aged oak that fronts the entrance gate. Five miles farther, and lo! Watergrass Hill, of yore the residence of Father Prout of eccentric notoriety; it was here that the worthy ecclesiastic composed Greek stanzas and shod horses. The scene is now sterile, unpromising, and bleak, and it does not improve for four miles more; when the road, as if to reward the patience with which we have traversed its recent sterility, conducts us, by gracefully descending undulations, to the exquisite scenes of Glanmire. Here nature has lavishly scattered all the charms that wood, and hill, and water, can contribute to the picturesque; and through this lengthened avenue of loveliness, did our traveler, Henry O'Sullivan, reach the venerable city of Cork about half-past one o'clock, p. m. on the second day of his journey from Dublin. Between thirty and forty miles were still before him, to the "wild, wild west;" and retaining his ancient predilection for equestrian traveling, he hired a stout hackney at the stables of either M'Dowell or Lloyd (our history is not so precise as we could wish

in this important particular) ; and after a day's rest in Cork, proceeded at a reasonably early hour on the following morning to amble his brisk nag on the Killeady road.

He advanced at such a leisurely pace, that it was tolerably late in the day when he knocked at the hospitable door of Dwyer's Gift. O'Connor's delight was great, at seeing him.

"Keadh mhile failthe rothe !" exclaimed the old priest in a hospitable ecstasy ; " ten thousand welcomes home from India. And fifty thousand thanks for beating up my quarters before you went to your valued and valuable friends at Castle Kavanagh. But you would not have found them at home."

"No man knows better than I do that I should not have found them at Castle Kavanagh, for I only quit-
ted them the day before yesterday in Dublin, where I have been spending a month with them in Stephen's Green."

"A month ! and you never wrote to *me*, to say you had returned to Ireland ! *forra ! forra fuith !*"

"My dear old friend, that was because I judged you would prefer the surprise of the sudden, unexpected appearance of my delightful physiognomy—and now that I am snugly seated by your hospitable hearth, let us have a short chapter of reminiscences before dinner."—But the entrance of dinner at this very moment directed the ideas of our hero, at least for a while, into another channel.

"How fares it with your parishioners ?" said he, when the cloth was removed : "I deeply regretted to hear of poor Howlaghan's fate."

"Ah, that was a very sad business indeed. But Lord Ballyvallin's subsequent councils, influenced by the amiable Walton, have been those of justice and mercy ; so that matters have assumed an aspect far brighter than they wore some time ago."

"Do you ever go to Knockanea ?"

"Sometimes ; not very often, however. I shall

* Forra ! forra fuith ! Shame ! shame on you !

probably go there to-morrow, and you may as well accompany me; for I assure you Lady Ballyvallin never sees me that she does not particularly ask if I have recently heard of your movements."

"Her ladyship does me much honor; I am wholly at a loss to account for the interest she expresses in me."

"I dare say we may attribute it partly to the constant encomiums Mrs. Mersey,—I beg her highness's pardon,—the Princess Gruffenhausen, pronounced on your merits."

"On *my* merits!"

"Yes—but do not be too much flattered; good looks and *naïveté* would have secured the good graces of that clever and somewhat romantic lady at any time."

In a day or two O'Connor and O'Sullivan went to Knockanea; and the latter was favored with an invitation from Lord Ballyvallin to pass some days there. He accepted his lordship's invitation before he discovered that one of the guests at Knockanea was Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt. He received this intelligence with rather an unpleasant feeling of surprise.

"But after all," he mentally demanded, "why should I avoid this man? He has probably done me good service in placing Lucinda beyond my reach, although it is possible,—just possible, that had I become her husband she might have turned out a different character. Be that, however, as it may, nothing is more certain than that, as matters now stand, it is somewhat better for me that the lady should be any body else's wife than mine."

O'Sullivan learned, that among the estates that had recently devolved to Fitzroy at the death of some antiquated uncle, there was one which was situated contiguous to Knockanea, and which Lord Ballyvallin was desirous to purchase. It was to conclude the arrangements of the sale that Fitzroy now visited his lordship.

Lord Ballyvallin had so far recovered from his late

indisposition, as to be able to hobble about the shrubberies with his stick, and to drive to the farther entrance gate in his wheel-chair.

For two days after O'Sullivan's arrival, Fitzroy was invisible; on the third he appeared in languid elongation on a sofa in the breakfast parlor. His attitude was one of elegant exhaustion; and O'Sullivan gazed at the manifest inroads that disease had made upon his constitution, with a feeling of compassionate interest.

"How stout you look, O'Sullivan," said he; "India seems to have thriven with you famously in every respect."

"He has not been quite such a dissipated dog as you," said Stapylton, a brother officer of Mordaunt's, who had formerly known O'Sullivan.

"Stapylton," said Fitzroy, "did you ever procure that specimen of ancient Flemish tapestry, woven by the Klosz family, which you promised Lady Jacintha months ago?"

"Found it impossible hitherto," said Stapylton, "but I live in hopes."

"I saw it in mynheer Heidenmeister's house, at Hoogevecht," said Fitzroy; "It was woven on a loom two hundred years old, that had descended for eight generations from father to son."

"That was an *heir-loom*," said O'Sullivan.

"A pun, by Jove!" cried Mordaunt; "I laid that trap for you."

"And you meant to have caught yourself in it," said O'Sullivan.

Stapylton laughed, for he knew that Fitzroy was a constant dealer in the *impromptu fait à loisir*, and frequently laid pun-traps and quibble-springes, of which he took advantage with most innocent imaginable air of unconsciousness. Fitzroy was angry because Stapylton laughed, and because O'Sullivan saw that he had spread a deliberate snare for a vapid witticism. He changed the conversation from tapestries and Flemish looms, and began to inquire what Indian adver-

ures O'Sullivan had met, seasoning his questions with a strain of prurient libertinism that shocked and disgusted O'Sullivan, who gave unequivocal expression to his sentiments.

"O, I beg pardon—I forgot," said Fitzroy, with an air of sneering nonchalance; "you, I believe, are what we call a pattern man—is not that the phrase?"

"Not a pattern, indeed," replied O'Sullivan, calmly; "but I try to be a copy of such models as appear to be worthy of imitation. But *you*, Mr. Mordaunt—are *you* not a pattern man on the opposite side of the question? that is, a pattern of the charming, encouraging, consoling, invigorating effects of your favorite pursuits, on the *body*, as well as the mind?"

"Pooh!" said Mordaunt carelessly, "there's nothing new in that retort; it was made before now by the Abbé Morellêt to Grignac. As Sheridan observed of some one, you are indebted to your imagination for your facts, and to your memory for your wit."

"And *you*," retorted O'Sullivan, alluding to Fitzroy's previous tone of libertinism, "are indebted to the brothel for your facts, and to its inmates for your wit. I must confess that I think my imagination and memory are rather more reputable sources of either wit or facts, than those on which you habitually draw."

"That's all a matter of taste," answered Mordaunt with an air of indifference; "such incomparably pious moralists as *you* are, would compel us to pass through the world on our knees, with our eyes turned up, and our hands clasped together in one long, canting, interminable prayer."

"And moralists of *your* class," returned O'Sullivan, "would compel their disciples to limp through the world upon crutches, their self-entailed debility requiring artificial assistance. Now, on every account I should prefer the kneeling plan, although it excites your derision; for it trains us to ask and to strive for a favorable lot in the world to come, but not to anticipate the natural period of our exit from this; whereas *your* disinterested, self-devoting system too often

hurries its votaries prematurely out of life,—the odor of sanctity, but in the odor of a phariseia, which affords a pretty foretaste of the agony of eternity they take such incessant pains to secure themselves—Faugh! the very idea is revolting!

“Well,” said Fitzroy, “you will at least there is no wisdom in anticipating evil.”

“There is wisdom, I should think, in trying to avert it.”

“Excellent cant for a parson or a monk,” said Fitzroy; “but I do not pretend to the honors of the pulpit or the cloister; I am a citizen of the world.”

“A citizen of the world!” repeated O’Sullivan, changing his tone of sarcastic acidity for one of expostulation; for in very truth his disgust and tempt were overcome by his unfeigned commiseration for the wretched being who endeavored to sustain a cause of immorality; “a citizen of the world! a citizen of the empire of vice. Great God! and is this the use to which you perversely turn the intellectual will, your Creator has given you? Your days are shortening; you have probably shortened your span by impiety and perance. And yet you boast that your proficiency in vice is a citizenship of the world? Mordaunt, that mortal christian soul is a citizen not merely of the world but of the universe—a citizen of eternity. How possible that vice can have so bewitched your reason as to blind you to the claims of that immortal world upon which you must one day enter, while your whole attention is devoted to the fleeting concerns of this world, of which we shall speedily say, ‘IT IS PASSED!’”

The tones of O’Sullivan’s voice thrilled with expressive fervor, and his keen, black, penetrating gaze seemed as though it pierced through the dark veil of time into that eternal world on which his hopes were fixed. Fitzroy was silent; a sneer curled his lip, a rapid and abortive sneer of callous, profligate indifference.

“Can nothing rouse this miserable man?” thought O’Sullivan; “he is, indeed, extremely hardened.”

At length the oracle vouchsafed to speak. "It were bad philosophy," said he, "to suffer the facilities of happiness, presented by kind fortune, to escape me unavailed of."

"Happiness !" repeated O'Sullivan, "you certainly cannot be serious. You don't pretend to tell me that *you* have found happiness, or that your course of life could possibly lead to it. There you lie, pinched by disease, of which the pains are not alleviated by a single consolatory reflection. Is *that* happiness?"

"And there you stand," quoth Fitzroy, "a pillar of virtue, as you wish to persuade us ; and since you are so very personal, permit me to inquire if any of the shots you ever aimed at happiness have brought down the game for yourself ? There's a certain Lucinda, for instance, the possession of whom was once to have conferred on you exquisite felicity.—How has that affair ended ?"

"Why, really," answered O'Sullivan, "the gentleman who *did* obtain her hand seemed so anxious to recover his liberty, that *he*, at least, would not seem to afford any proof of the lady's powers of bestowing happiness —"

"Hush, hush," interposed Stapylton ; "do not philosophize any longer—here comes Lady Jacintha."

The various members of the family now entered the room, and took their places at the breakfast-table. Lady Jacintha's forced composure of manner, and certain traces of recent indulgence in sorrow which she had not been perfectly successful in effacing, revealed to O'Sullivan's quick perception that her heart was not at ease. Baron Leschen was planted at her side, and was indefatigable in his efforts to amuse and enliven her. His endeavors appeared to succeed, especially when reinforced by an epistle that arrived by the morning's post from the Princess Gruffenhausen, whose description of the stately, etiquettical, and philosophical *bizzareries* of the Serene Fatalist's court of Krunks-Doukerstein, elicited a smile from her ladyship.

The letter of our animated and amusing acquaintance the ex-widow, we may take a future opportunity of presenting to our readers.



CHAPTER XVII.

Gibbet.—Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprise.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

IN about a week, the following brief billet was popped into O'Sullivan's hands by our old friend Padhre, whose debut on the stage of this veracious drama was made in the character of guardian to Father John O'Connor's sporting provision-store, somewhere in our first or second chapter. Thus ran the billet of which Padhre was the bearer:—

"I write from Beamish's humble inn at the cross roads near Dwyer's Gift. I saw your departure from Dublin announced in the papers, and I traced you immediately to Dwyer's Gift, and thence to Knockanea. I have followed you to claim your promise to assist me in the sale of my little *trousseau*; I dare say you could coax a larger sum from Baron Leschen for it, than from any body else. I want much to see you about that, as well as other matters. Meet me to-night in the woodland path that leads to the old bridge of Glen Minnis; whether you answer this or not, I shall await you at the end of the path at seven o'clock precisely.

"I am, (*alas* !) dear Henry,

"Too, too truly yours!"

"She's a beautiful crature, masther Henry, whoever she is," observed Padhre, when he saw that O'Sullivan had finished reading the note; "is she any relation to your honor?"

"No," answered Henry.

"Why then, I'd make bould to tell your honor
——" Padhre paused.

"Speak out, Padhre, whatever you have got to say."

"Your honor won't be angry, if I do?"

"Most certainly not."

"Well, then, what I've got to say is this; I don't suspect your honor of any thing that isn't quite right; but if it's private business that's bringing you to meet this handsome lady, I can tell you I've a notion you'll be watched."

"Watched!"

"Ay, watched, your honor. I was slashing along to your honor after getting the note from the lady, and who should come up to me but Maccleston, Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt's new English wally-de-sham; and, 'I say, boy,' says he, 'who was that lady that I heard desiring you to bid Mr. Henry O'Sullivan to be certain to meet her at the time and place mentioned in the note?' 'Botheration, Mr. Maccleston,' says I, 'is it dreaming, or what is it, you'd be?' 'Ah, my lad,' says he again, 'I'm quite too ould a cock to be caught wid chaff, but I see you're an early bird, anyhow.' With that he winked, and off wid him. Now, as sure as a gun, he'll tell all that to his master when he's curling his hair, for every body about the great house knows, that he fetches and carries news for Mr. Fitz., just all as one as any spaniel."

Padhre's suspicions were well founded. Maccleston, in his humble department, was a constant caterer of gossip for his master. Of course, when arranging Fitzroy's chevelure before dinner, all that he had heard, all that he had fancied, and much that he did not hear, was copiously detailed for his master's delectation.

"Stapylton," said Fitzroy exultingly, "I've made an invaluable discovery—an assignation! between an anonymous charmer, of whom I can only learn that she is transcendently beautiful, and—pray whom do you think?"

"Lord Ballyvallin."

"Pshaw! nonsense—guess again."

"Anastasius Montgomery Wingcote, the interesting pulpit *roué*."

"Worse and worse! Come—I see your obesity will never be able to discover, without my assistance. What think you of O'Sullivan? aye, laugh you may—our immaculate monitor, our spotless moralist, our stern instructor in the paths of rectitude."

"It's devilish good, certainly," said Stapylton, enjoying the discovery: "what a capital idea it would be, Fitzroy, if one could get a set of trusty fellows to watch the amorous pair, and as soon as their tender endearments were commenced, to make a sudden rush upon them both, and toss them together in a blanket!"

"Inimitable, faith! inimitable!" exclaimed Mordaunt in an ecstasy. "O, the rich idea of catching the exalted moralist with his darling Dollabella! and richer still, of tossing the magnificent *citizen of eternity* in a blanket! By all that's comical we'll do it—we'll do it——"

"If you can get trusty men on whose fidelity you can rely, which I very much doubt," observed Stapylton.

"Oh, Maccleston, I'm certain, can manage all that," replied Mordaunt; "money does wonders, you know; and it's really worth bribing a few scoundrels, to enjoy the satisfaction of blanketing the *eternity-man*. The 'citizen of the universe!' the intolerable puppy! affecting such airs of supremacy, on the score of his pretended sanctity."

Maccleston was summoned, received his instructions, and entered with spirited zeal into his master's frolic.

"Mind," said Fitzroy, "the fellows must wear black crape upon their faces, for one would wish to spare them the danger of being recognised, when embarking in such an adventure."

"Certainly, Sir," replied the acquiescent valet; "but the nights are very dark."

"And, Maccleston, are you positively sure that the bridge of Glen Minnis is the place, and seven o'clock the hour?"

"As sure as my ears could make me, Sir; I was standing close behind the stable door, and the lady gave Padhre the message and note in the doorway."

Maccleston immediately proceeded to execute his master's orders. He engaged four trusty fellows to watch at the appointed hour near Glen Minnis bridge, to each of whom he opened his frolicsome mission with the acceptable earnest of a golden *douceur*, accompanied with an assurance that the guerdon would be trebled, if the result of their enterprise should answer their employer's expectations. "You're all stout Irish boys," said the dexterous envoy, with insinuating national flattery, "and I never yet heard of an Irishman who wasn't up to all manner of fun, in all its branches. You'll be sure, now, to give the lady and her lover a right, good, rattling, roaring, rollicking, jolting toss in the blanket?"

"Oh, Mr. Maccleston, honey! niver fear us. Be sure now to get a strong blanket, Mr. Maccleston—for if you don't, by the powers o' fun, we'll rattle it into a riddle."

"Be certain; boys, that I shall take very petticular care o' that."

"Tundher an' ajers!" cried one of the quadruple alliance of blanket-shakers, "but my arms are jiggling already to be at them."

"I've no more to say to you, genn'lmen," quoth Maccleston, "until we meet this evening, at the place and hour appointed; except only to caution you all to observe a strict and prudent silence on the business."

"O, sartinly, sartinly, Mr. Maccleston, honey. We're the prudentest, silentest, dacentest, quietest, honestest set of four boys, that ever broke heads at the fair o' Ballinagrab."

"I haven't a doubt in the world of it, genn'lmen," responded Maccleston, "and I wish you all good day

until the time appointed." And the valet bowed, and returned to report his success to his master.

"May the devil throw snuff in your eyes, and make you pick your teeth with a walking-stick, you English spalpeen!" cried one of the "honest, prudent, dacent boys," as soon as Maccleston was out of hearing. "What a green one you are, to fancy that *we* would lay so much as a finger in dishonor upon Mr. O'Sullivan."

"Owgh?" exclaimed another of the party, interrogatively; "and is it masther Henry, that used to be out shooting with the priest, that they want us to sky in a blanket?"

"The very same man, Larry Mahoney."

"Why then, bad luck to their impidence. But how do you know masther Henry is the same?"

"I know it from Padhre, the priest's ould innocent *that was*—Troth Padhre isn't innocent *now*; he's got wonderful bright! It was Padhre got the note from the lady at Beamish's inn to desire masther Henry to meet her—he tould me every sentence about it, before Maccleston opened his lips—and—whisper, boys! I've a notion who the lady is—a bird at the shebeen chirruped something to Padhre, and Padhre has a notion that he saw her half a dozen times before, riding out with the Knockanea quality, or rowling about in the Knockanea coach——"

"Yeh, Barny, who is she?" said one of "the boys."

"Yerra, tell us, Barny, will you?" said another.

"Botheration, Barny, will you speak?" cried the third.

"Mrs. Fitzroy Mordaunt, and no other," Barny answered, "who split from her husband, and ran the devil's rig besides, they say; and Padhre says, that from her look, and her way, and her talk, and all about her, he'd bet a new freize *trusty* to a pair of tatthered breeches, that she wants to fasten herself now on masther Henry's back—they say he was her sweetheart long ago, before he went to Ingee, and

then she broke her faith to him, and married that little grasshopper Mordaunt, that has legs like a tongs, and a neck like a poker, and feet like two shovels! And to quit the likes of Mr. Henry for such a rapsallion as that! oh, blood!"

"And does Fitz. know his wife is the one that has *assigned* our masther Henry?" demanded Larry Mahoney.

"Not he, to be sure. If he did, I suppose he wouldn't toss them together in a blanket, for all how bad he is."

"By Saint Patrick, I've an elegant plan in my head!" cried Larry Mahoney, snapping his fingers with delight. The self-same idea occurred simultaneously to all the four blanket-shakers—it rushed through their minds like electricity, and with true Irish glee they all capered and pranced in anticipated enjoyment of the project which all had alike conceived.

Barny Delany had often in his earlier days been Henry O'Sullivan's shooting attendant; and was warmly attached to him; and Larry Mahoney had once experienced his bounty at a period of great family distress. To the two other men, O'Sullivan was not personally known; but they willingly adopted the favorable view of his character so warmly put forward by Barny and Larry, who would both have almost as soon bestowed on Saint Peter as on "masther Henry," the salutiferous and somewhat sudorific exercise to which Mordaunt and Stapylton had destined the unsuspecting O'Sullivan.

Lord Ballyvallon never dined until eight o'clock, so that Mordaunt calculated he should have ample time for his frolic before dinner. The night was very dark and frosty; but he ventured to encounter the chill air, enveloped in an ample Spanish cloak. Desirous to avoid being prematurely seen by the fair incognita, he avoided the footway; and accompanied by Stapylton, Maccleston, and "the quiet, dacent boys," he advanced with noiseless steps along a grassy glade, well known to his rustic attendants, that swept in a gentle curve

through the centre of the wood, and opened on the pathway at the bottom of the glen. They were not long stationed in the spot selected by Barny, who acted as guide to the localities, when a form was faintly, *very* faintly, discerned in the darkness, emerging from the shadowy woodland path upon the bridge.

"I wonder whether that is the cock or the hen?" whispered Mordaunt to Stapylton.

"Oh, the hen, certainly; I think I saw the waving of a veil, and as well as I can discern in the gloom, O'Sullivan is much taller."

The lady, meanwhile, quite unconscious of her proximity to the hidden host, reclined on the mossy battlement of the bridge. She crossed her hands upon her breast, in anxious, pensive expectation: but this movement, of course, was invisible to Mordaunt and his party. Ten minutes thus elapsed, and to the fidgetty impatience of Fitzroy they seemed as many hours.

"Deuce take our virtuous precisian," said he to Stapylton; "what if he does not mean to keep his assignation?"

Barny overheard this whisper, and instantly profited by it. Breathing his instructions into Larry's ear, he stealthily moved away some paces from his party; and then, suddenly emerging on the bridge from a different part of the wood, he confidently approached the fair veiled form that reclined against the battlement.

"My own, own Henry!" faltered forth Mrs. Mordaunt, in the very faintest accents audible; "my heart told me that you would not disappoint my hope of meeting you."

Barny Delany had infinitely too much tact to hazard a shriek, or a premature discovery, by attempting to reply; he therefore only sighed.

"Will we tip 'em the blanket now, your honor?" whispered Larry to Fitzroy.

"Yes—by all means," answered the party appealed to.

Immediately the adventurous Fitzroy found himself whisked aloft by some half dozen stalwart arms, and as suddenly consigned to the womb of a capacious fleecy blanket, in companionship with the fair unknown, who joined her screams with his furious threats and exclamations.

The whole movement was so instantaneous, so totally unexpected, and the darkness around was such an effectual aid to the plot of the blanket-shakers, that neither Stapylton nor Maccleston were in the least aware that Fitzroy enjoyed, in person, the honors he had destined for O'Sullivan. His cries for emancipation from his fleecy prison were nearly stifled in their utterance; and both his friend and his valet, for some minutes, were under the undoubting impression that Mr. Henry O'Sullivan was suffering the pains and penalties of a first-rate tossing. It appeared that Barny and Larry had secured the assistance of Padhre, and some other volunteers; for the instant that their brawny arms felt at all fatigued from the weight of the blanket and its contents, their places were taken by a fresh detachment, who performed their arduous duties *à merveille*.

"Blood and thunder!" roared Fitzroy; "let me out—I shall be stifled—choaked!"

"Shake him well, Jerry Hennigan—never crack cry, my boy."

"Damn you for a pack of savage vagabonds—will you let me out before I'm dead, I say?"

"Shake away, like blazes, boys! shake as if you never *shuck* before!" and the shaking was fearfully redoubled.

"O, for pity's sake, let us out! let us out!" cried Lucinda.

"Hell and furies!" yelled Mordaunt, "my wife's voice! Stapylton—Maccleston! let me out of this cursed stifling cage! she is sticking her nails in my eyes, I tell you. Damnation! will you let me out? She'll scratch me to pieces!"

"Shake away, my hearties!" roared out Barny;

"nothing like it, boys! shake! rowl! jumble them into good humor with each other."

"Stapylton! Maccleston! Maccleston! Stapylton! I tell you this d——d she-tiger won't leave an inch of skin unscratched upon my face! Have you no compassion?"

"Execrable man!" screamed Lucinda; "what odious, unprincipled trick is intended?"

The merciless Barny and Co. continued to shake unremittingly. The inmates of the blanket suffered such awkward contusions from their frequent concussions, that, in order to avoid their recurrence, they were at length compelled, in self-defence, to embrace each other with as firm a grasp as the incessant bumping and jerking permitted. Never was so firm an embrace bestowed with such cordial, mutual detestation, on the part of the embracers. Clapsed in each other's arms, they interspersed their cries for liberation with the bitterest taunts, the most pungent criminations, and recriminations.

"Barny! Larry!" cried Mordaunt, "I'll give you gold if you'll only let me out—this she-bear will hug me to death, if you don't. I've no more chance with her than a cat in hell without claws."

When the blanket-shakers conceived that punishment enough had been inflicted upon Mordaunt, they *then* (and not one moment sooner) released him from his durance. Lucinda, in despair of seeing O'Sullivan, crawled back to her miserable inn, more dead than alive; and Fitzroy, who was wholly unable to walk, was hoisted home to Knockanea, panting, breathless, and exhausted, on the shoulders of Stapylton and Maccleston.

"Why the devil did you not let me out?" he angrily said.

"Because, my dear fellow," said Stapylton, "some minutes had elapsed before we found out that you were *in*; and when at length a complaining stave or two *did* reach our ears from your woolen prison, you informed us that your wife was caged up with you

there. Now, even had Barney and his lusty crew permitted us, you know that politeness would have certainly prevented our rudely breaking in upon a conjugal tête-à-tête."

Fitzroy replied with a wrathful execration, and swore he would fight Stapylton and dismiss Maccleston. Stapylton swore, in return, that he would *not* fight Fitzroy; and Maccleston pleaded his own cause with dexterous address.

On entering the house Fitzroy resumed his feet, much to the relief of his bearers; but his wrathful emotions were awfully aroused on beholding the "citizen of eternity," as he spitefully nicknamed O'Sullivan, walking through the hall to the dining-room in innocent unconsciousness of all that had occurred. On receiving Lucinda's note, O'Sullivan had promptly resolved that he would not meet the writer. The scene he had witnessed at the masquerade had fully revealed her real character, and confirmed the truth of Downton's information. He addressed to her a cold, admonitory letter, in which he stated his positive resolution never again to meet her on terms of acquaintance; stating his motives for forming an unfavorable opinion of her discretion, and impressively exhibiting the awful termination of her present course of life, from which, as a christian and a fellow-being, he earnestly implored her to desist.

This epistle awaited her at Beamish's inn on returning from her blanketeering adventure.



CHAPTER XVIII.

And now, sweet PEACE, our bosoms deign to bless,
Thou foretaste of celestial happiness!
Our's, if we walk in virtue's straitened path ;
Rich jewel that the dissolute ne'er hath!

WEBSTER.

"AND NOW," said Kavanagh to O'Sullivan, when

they met once more at castle Kavanagh, "you have gone through a tolerably respectable portion of scenes and adventures, and will you allow an old friend to take the liberty of asking if you will still persist in adding matrimony to the number of your exploits?"

"I do not think that such a dénouement is absolutely necessary," answered O'Sullivan, laughing; "nevertheless, I am now, thank Heaven, perfectly heart-whole, and have not the smallest objection to act under prudent advice on a question so important. Candidly, what would you recommend me to do?"

"To marry Isabella," replied Kavanagh.

"To marry Isabella! I beg pardon for repeating your words, but I should really have deemed such an alliance so unattainable, so ——"

"Of course I mean," resumed Kavanagh, deliberately, "providing that *she* will marry *you*, and that *you* have no objection."

"Both indispensable preliminaries, certainly. For the last, I know not yet if I can answer; but for the *first* ——"

"Why should you deem my niece's hand unattainable?" asked Kavanagh.

"Because I had fancied that Mr. Jonathan Lucas and Mordaunt had given her such a dislike to our sex as could not be lightly or easily surmounted."

"They unquestionably taught her to look sharp, and trained her to detest all selfishness, hypocrisy, and double-dealing. But I am very much mistaken if Isabella has been merely a *one-sided* pupil; she has also learned, not only to prize, but to discern, the existence of virtue in our sex; and even if the excellent principles in which she was trained had not previously taught her the lesson, she would have seen, from Fitzroy's odious conduct to his miserable wife, how woefully a woman mistakes who seeks happiness in becoming connected with a *roué*. Now *you*, my dear young friend, have invariable held libertinism in contempt. Believe me that *this* is a merit to which Isabella's experience has trained her to be eminently sensible.

Try your chance with her at once, and may fortune favor your enterprise."

O'Sullivan said that an immediate decision was impossible; that, however, so exceedingly tempting a suggestion should receive, as it merited, his best consideration.

Meanwhile, Knockanea became the scene of a nuptial festivity.

Lady Jacintha had been long and passionately attached to Baron Leschen, whose protracted residence at her father's house had enabled her to see, or to fancy that she saw, in the Baron, a strong and increasing attachment to herself. Yet the magic words, so ardently expected, were as yet unpronounced; those words, for which the voluptuous whirl of the waltz, or the soft alternation of repose upon the pillowed ottoman, afford such deliciously tempting facilities. For some time the rival charms of Mrs. Mersey accounted for Leschen's delay in the offer of his hand; his heart was in all probability held in cruel equipoise by the conflicting attractions of "dat lifelich widow" and Lady Jacintha. This cause, however, had been long removed, for the ex-Mersey had been swept off in the telegraphic vrowtchsk to preside at Krunks-Doukerstein. Meanwhile, Baron Leschen *said* agreeable things, *looked* delightful things, and *sighed* unutterable things. Notwithstanding repeated delay, Lady Jacintha experienced an internal hope, amounting nearly to assurance, that sometime or other the agreeable and handsome German would propose. She knew the slow solidity of the German character; she knew the ample time that Germans usually took, ere deciding upon any measure of importance; in fact, the only exception she had ever met to the stately, slow, solemnity of German movements, was the winged fleetness of the Fatalist's whirlwind vrowtchsk, which had more than once threatened the limbs and lives of its terrified occupants. But Leschen drove no electric vrowtchsk of this description, and was satisfied that things should take their sober course, at the

usual moderate Teutonic rate. Since the Fatalist's departure, he had not so much as once adverted to the rapid, mystic Destiny that sits on the coach-box of human events, capriciously jerking the reins at the most inconvenient and perplexing junctures. For Leschen, "the Mighty and Ponderous Mystery" appeared to possess no charms. Content to dwell among realities, he gazed for almost two years on the charms of Lady Jacintha; and then, when her ladyship was just on the eve of resolving to entrust her matrimonial destinies to the chances of a London season, he opened his lips, and out crept the long-expected declaration.

Her ladyship's reply was in the affirmative.

"I tank you, mine dear lady," said the grateful Baron, pressing her fair hand to his lips; "I fery much tank you, indeed. I am fery, fery habby, now. O yes, indeed—mine heart enjoys perfect felicity."

Lady Jacintha internally wondered that the Baron had not long before made an effort to acquire the possession of perfect felicity.

"I would haf made de offer of mine hand to you long time ago," said Leschen, "only dat it has not efer been de customs of our family to do tings in any haste. Mine great, great-grandfader, Count Ethelbold Wolfganger Kleigenmaüer, vas feifteen years making love to de beautiful Adeline Hartsburgh, and at last dey were married in great splendor. Mine grandfader shortened de period to twelf years; and my own honored fader abridged it still further to ten. And I—oh, yes, yes indeed! most charming and amiable Jacintha! haf shortened it for *your* dear, precious sake, beyond all de examples you can find, if you search in de books of our House dat contain all our Chronicles, in de archives of de left-hand wing of de old baronial Library of mine castell of Schloss-Leschenhaus."

Lady Jacintha smiled her very best; and felt, as in duty bound, a sufficient share of gratitude for the ardent attachment that had spurred her steady German

lover to a haste so utterly unprecedented in the solemn and stately amors of his baronial ancestry.

A day was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials; but an event occurred which necessarily interposed a brief delay. What this occurrence was, we shall leave Mr. Walton to explain.



CHAPTER XIX.

And is he gone? for ever gone?

*Monody on the Death of his Most Sacred Majesty,
George IV.*

FROM THE REV. HERBERT WALTON TO THE REV.
JOHN O'CONNOR.

"My dear friend,

"At your request I write a brief detail of the dying hours of Mr. Fitzroy Mordaunt. The unhappy libertine is dead. Stapylton was in the room at the time, and I trust that the awful spectacle will teach him to *think*; a lesson which I much fear Mordaunt never learned till too late.

"Mordaunt's health, you are aware, had long been in an extremely precarious condition; about a fortnight ago, however, he rallied for some days, but this brief amendment was speedily followed by a dangerous relapse, which was partly brought on, I believe, by his disregarding the orders his physician had given respecting his diet.

"Notwithstanding the severity of a disease induced by profligate indulgence, the wretched invalid does not seem to have yielded his mind to a single impression that could tend to improve his prospects of eternity. I incessantly urged all that the precepts of the Gospel so clearly and expressively enforce; but I was

met with callous inattention, and sometimes with sneers.

"Meanwhile the sands of life were running fast; no mortal hand could stay their rapid progress. The physician said that yesterday would prove the crisis: his opinion was correct.

"Morning dawned; the last that was destined to rise on the mortal career of the miserable Mordaunt. He now, for the first time, seemed to be thoroughly aware of the unspeakable horrors of his dreadful condition. Oh, how awful, how unutterably hideous, is the state of a being whose mind is *first* awakened to a full sense of religious duties trampled on, religious obligations scorned and neglected, when stretched upon the bed of death! when, yet a few more fleeting moments, and the soul will be tried and judged by the law she has habitually broken, spurned, and defied!

"Such was the condition of Fitzroy. May I never, never, witness such another dying scene! The agony of his mind made him callous to the torture of his body. He felt that he was dying, yet not a single ray of hope or comfort beamed on the boundless, the unfathomable gulph into which he was inevitably hastening. He grasped the objects that were nearest—he clung to the curtains, to the bedclothes, as if by so doing he could lay a detaining hold on life; he cast a convulsive look at *me*, as if I could assist him to avert the final agony. At length his struggles ceased, and the body lay still.

"But *the soul*—whither had *she* flown?

"The miserable libertine is gone; and his cheerless, hopeless, yet instructive death, elicited a fervent prayer from Stapylton, that his own latter hour might *not* resemble that of Mordaunt.

"Oh, my valued friend, how transcendently beautiful is the holiness of youth! how lovely to behold the early morning of the christian's life, his youthful health, and strength, and vigor, devoted to his Mak-

er's service ! to see him advancing with humble, yet undeviating steps, along that path which alone can conduct him to eventual happiness !

"What unspeakable fatuity to calculate, as many deliberately do, that God will accept the dregs, the refuse of our lives, if their spring-tide strength and freshness have been wasted in the service of Satan !

" 'Be not deceived,' says Saint Paul ; 'for those who do these things shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

"Let us both incessantly urge this immortal truth upon our flocks ; it is one on which *no* difference of opinion can exist between our churches.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your attached and faithful friend,

"HERBERT WALTON."

"Knockanea,
"December 18, 1834."

Father O'Connor perused his friend's letter with deep interest, and carefully put it in his desk, to enrich a collection of similar details of ministerial experience, in which he was anxiously engaged.

O, that the vicious and dissolute might witness the unspeakable pangs of such an end as Mordaunt's ! the spectacle would teach them, in language more forcible than words, the awful fatuity of those who never labor to make the requisite provision for that great and final journey that awaits all men at the close of their mortal existence.

"It is all too true," exclaimed Stapylton, who was deeply impressed with what he had witnessed ; "men who would not travel from Dover to Calais without making ample, nay, superfluous preparation for every comfort on the passage, spend the whole of their lives without making a single preparation for the all important journey from Time to Eternity ! In sober truth, the immoral man is an ineffable idiot, if wisdom consists (as it certainly does) in making the concerns of the greatest importance our principal object. There

lies poor Mordaunt, stark and stiff—and where, where in the name of common sense, are all his poisonous pleasures *now*? what advantage does he *now* derive from all the seductive blandishments, the ensnaring indulgences, that lured him to destruction?”

“Ay,” observed Walton, who was pleased at the salutary lesson that Stapylton derived from the death of the profligate—“we may ask, in the language of Saint Paul, ‘What profit have ye, in the things whereof ye are now ashamed?’”

Fitzroy’s remains were forwarded to Yorkshire for interment in the family vault. A strange predilection this, and one with which the writer of these pages entertains no sympathy. Doubtless, if we die in the vicinage of our hereditary cemetery, no reason exists why our bones should not lie side by side with the bones of our fathers. But if we die at a distance from our family burying-place, it is hard to assign a rational cause for the inconvenient and expensive transfer of a poor unconscious carcase, merely in order to place it in the subterranean company of a particular set of the decaying relics of mortality. At all such *post-mortem* expeditions (and, indeed, at fully five-sixths of ordinary funeral honors) the writer feels strongly impelled to exclaim, in the cynical language of Prince Gruffenhausen—“Pofe! it is all one great foolishness!” Few things, indeed, appear more absurdly and lamentably ludicrous (at least in our humble estimation) than the notion of whisking a corpse across the empire, in order that a senseless mass of mouldering clay should be formally deposited in the midst of any particular subterranean coterie! presuming, as we modestly venture to do, that the juxta-position is not fraught with any interest either to the inanimate tourist himself, or to the previously assembled relics of his race, among which he is placed by the family-pride of the survivors.

We return for a moment to Lucinda. To such as feel interested in the due development of minor details, we may mention that the fickle Sir Henry Bradford,

smitten with the charms of some new enchantress, had deserted her immediately after the commencement of their unprincipled connexion. She forthwith made the effort, of which the reader is aware, to regain her influence over O'Sullivan ; an effort which O'Sullivan's good sense and deeply rooted principle, aided by a full, though tardy knowledge of her character, enabled him to defeat. Her brother, strongly urged by Kavanagh's remonstrances, extended to his erring and unfortunate sister, the hand of fraternal charity and reconciliation. She now inhabits a cottage near Martagon, where she lives in the deepest retirement. That instruction, which if given in her childhood might probably have shielded her against the crimes and follies into which she fell, is now imparted to her by an excellent divine, who assures us that he entertains warm hopes that the strength and fervor of her penitence may equal the extent of her former iniquities.



CHAPTER XX.

Oh, what a plague is etiquette !

STEPHEN RACKETT'S ADVENTURES.

HER Highness, the ex-widow, was by no means oblivious of her Irish friends. Ere she became aware of Lady Jacintha's union with Leschen, the princess indited the following epistle to her ladyship :

"Krunks-Doukerstein, October 14, 1834.

"You tell me, my dearest Jacintha, that you feel much anxiety to know if the torch of the German Hy-men is unfading in its lustre, and undying in its warmth. The question is certainly a natural one, from a woman in your present circumstances ; nevertheless I should scarcely think that a matrimonial flambeau in the Fatalist's hands, could enable you to form a cor-

rect idea of the fervor or brightness of a torch such as Leschen would unquestionably wield.

"You say Leschen is slow. My dear, his ancestry were slower. They made love at a snail's pace. They marched with a solemn, measured, pompous step through Cupid's flowery paths, conceiving that the sportive and frolicsome evolutions of many of his little winged godship's customers, were altogether inconsistent with the stately honors and hereditary dignity of the antediluvian house of Leschen. You will make allowances for hereditary practices and prejudices in a far-descended German baron; and I fervently entreat you to assure yourself that Leschen loves you; he is doubtless somewhat slow in bringing forth his declaration; but if I know any thing of men (and I modestly conceive my own experience unimpeachable), I tell you that *out* it will eventually come. And do not try to hurry him, or pique his jealousy by affecting partiality for any body else. Leschen is not the man to be won by those tactics, and we both are agreed that he is well worth winning. All that remains for you is patience; occasional displays of sensibility (for Leschen is one of the kindest hearted creatures breathing); indefatigable waltzing when your friend is so disposed; unruffled self-possession and good temper in all possible emergencies; incidental tales of the pre-Adamite power and glory of your barbarous O'Callaghan ancestry, in order to convince him that you stand on a level with the Leschens, and the Wittemboldts, and Grumpenbergs; and firstly, secondly, and lastly,—patience, patience, patience!

"Now, Love, after having thus offered you my counsel, and expressed my expectation that if followed it will lead you to success, I must proceed to reply to your inquiries respecting the agémens of my own hymeneal lot; which I do, with a fervent desire that your's may be a happier one.

"The castle of Krunks-Doukerstein is a structure of vast strength and extent, fortified, and double fortified with bastions, entrenchments and outworks in-

numerable, which stretch along the summit of a steep and ridgy height, at the foot of which rolls along the broad, deep Rhine.

"You know my ardent enthusiasm for wild scenery, and how fearlessly I used to climb the wild rocks of Glengarriff, and Ghoul, and Hungarie hill. The scenery here is magnificent, but, alas! I can only enjoy it from my windows, or from the esplanades and terraces; for one morning soon after my arrival, I was tempted by its beauty to extend my walk beyond the limits of his highness's park, when, lo! I was suddenly recalled by the timely admonition of a gatekeeper, who warned me that the woods were infested with bears. I accordingly made haste to return, as you may easily imagine. An embrace from a bear would be far more disagreeable in its results than an embrace from my most serene, though somewhat bearish spouse. My walks have, of course, been ever since restricted to the park, which, though large, is so sunk among hills of unattainable height, that it commands no external view; and to the gardens, which, to do them every justice, are designed with exquisite judgment, and kept with princely magnificence.

"Now for my conjugal comforts—*um*—I don't well know what sort of sermon to preach upon this text, Jacintha.

"You would scarcely have imagined, from the air of philosophic and contemptuous cynicism, with which his highness habitually regarded all things not immediately connected with the solemn study of *Das Schicksal*, that in very truth he is as strict a martinet in the most insignificant minutiae of courtly etiquette, as the merest master of the ceremonies extant. Regardless himself of even the requirements of ordinary *bienséances*, he is strict to a ludicrous degree in enforcing obedience to his ceremonial dicta on the part of all others. Last evening I saw his serene physiognomy redden, and quickly lose all traces of serenity; certain sounds of angry import quickly found their way through the superincumbent moustache; I looked around for

the object of his highness's ire, and at length ascertained that the culprit was a brave old field-marshal who had done good service in the wars of the empire, and whose present offence consisted in his making his appearance at our highness's court, with only *two*, instead of *three* rows of lace upon his collar, or some such foolery, in defiance of a recent sumptuary regulation promulgated by the monarch of Krunks-Doukerstein !

" But if all the miseries of serene etiquette, were confined to a few such external ebullitions as this, I should not much care, although I should undoubtedly smile at these traits in a man whose unceasing exclamation at the ordinary concerns of life, was ' Pofe ! it is all von grand foolishness ! ' But oh, my Jacintha, may you never know what it is to live, to move, to have your being, in an atmosphere of princely etiquette such as that to which I am condemned ; and which mingles strangely with some of his highness's pursuits.

" The hairy prince, you are aware, is *un peu philosophe* ; and accordingly, three evenings in every week are set apart for the assembling of a coterie of scavans ; whose enlightened conclave I am peremptorily summoned to join. These scavans, as well as the prince, smoke cigars with true German *empressement* ; so that I am nearly suffocated in the mingled vapors of philosophy, and India's potent weed.

" You will naturally think that deliberations thus arranged, evaporate *in fumo* ; and truly I cannot see that the ' ponderous mysteries,' the ' mighty doctrines,' or the philosophical conceptions broached on these occasions, appear likely to produce any practical result. Our learned society comprises an astrologer (an astrologer, Jacintha, in the nineteenth century !) two oriental travelers ; a man, who says he almost succeeded in achieving the resuscitation of a mummy in one of the Egyptian pyramids ; musicians, historians, physicians, and a mathematician who confidently speaks of being able to discover the perpetual motion. I am sometimes compelled to take part in these profound

deliberations, for if I waxed sulky, and stubbornly held my peace, his highness would not feel the smallest hesitation in exclaiming,

“ ‘Speak, mine Wife of Destiny! show these learned philosophers that it has not been mine schiksal to be married to a senseless, brainless, fräuzenzimmer. Mein wort! you nefer ceased to chatter before we were married, and I swear by de Hand of Glory dat you shan’t be silent now!’ ”

“ ‘Accordingly, all I have for it, is to be as philosophical as any of our learned coterie, who repeatedly appeal to my opinion on contested points, as they perceive that the Prince is thus indirectly, but effectually, flattered. The mathematician asked me, a few nights since, my opinion of his theory of the perpetual motion. ‘My good Glauberstein,’ said I, ‘I admire it much, but I far prefer my own. Perhaps you are not aware that I discovered the perpetual motion many years ago.’ ”

“ ‘Mine heafens!’ exclaimed Glauberstein, emitting a voluminous cloud from his cigar; ‘but your highness is a marvellous philosophrix! And may I ask what is the originating principle, in your highness’s theory, of this wonderful perpetual motion?’ ”

“ ‘Self-interest,’ answered I, with great gravity, ‘has, in all ages of the world, been the source of perpetual motion. Self-interest keeps all the world astir—self-interest produces more exertion, more alacrity, more effort, in short, more ceaseless energy than all other causes united. It is the real *perpetual motion*.’ ”

“ ‘His highness condescended to approve. ‘Of course you mean a *moral* motion, Madam?’ said the mathematician. ”

“ ‘Moral and physical,’ said his highness; ‘mine Wife of Destiny has spoken words of wisdom. Pofe! pofe! pofe!’ These ‘pofes!’ you will observe, were not cynical exclamations; they were merely the complacent ejections of cigar-smoke. ”

“ ‘But the most provoking portion of the minutely elaborate and interminable etiquette of the House of

Krunk-Doukerstein, is the stately ceremonial that encumbers our motions in the naturally simple process of going to bed. Eleven o'clock no sooner strikes, than the folding-doors of the great saloon fly open. His highness bows with an air of surly condescension to his courtiers, who quit the apartment at the signal, and assemble in a spacious hall, on each side of which, a broad, easy staircase of marble, with gilded balusters, ascends to a gallery which overlooks the hall. In the centre of this gallery there is a door that opens on our dormitory suite. The ceremonial of ascending these staircases is a terrible trial of one's patience. I mount the right-hand stair with measured step, my train borne up by two youthful pages, and my progress accompanied by six nymphs clothed in azure silk and silver tissue, bearing blazing tapers in their hands. Keeping accurate pace with my advances, Prince Gruffenhausen slowly marches up the left-hand stair, his train supported also by a brace of pages, and his steps illuminated by the brilliant tapers borne by six goodly youths bedecked in glittering liveries. When half our ascent has been accomplished, we make a sudden halt; there is a clash of cymbals and triangles; his highness looks over at his Wife of Destiny, and bows; I return his serene salute with my stately, most graceful curtesy. Our rival cavalcades are then once more in motion, until we reach the door of the dormitory suite. Here there is another halt; the prince approaches me, waves his hand, and says, 'Enter your dormitory, Madam.' I accordingly march forward, holding up my head extremely high, with an air of incomparable dignity; and in less than a minute I am followed by a gentleman-usher, who enters the ante-room, and asks me whether his highness, the prince, has permission to follow? I very graciously reply in the affirmative, on which the Serene Man enters. This important event is immediately announced by a stunning roll upon the Turkish drum, which is echoed by roll after roll along the esplanades, and bastions, and outworks of the guarded and fortified

castle of Krunks-Doukerstein. The prince then takes his seat in a fauteuil (which must have been constructed when giants inhabited the earth), and calls for his night draught. His call is instantly answered by three of his gentlemen, of whom one holds aside his right moustache, another his left, while the third acts as cupbearer, holding the vessel to the lips of his highness, who seems to derive much satisfaction from this somewhat ceremonious deglutition of its contents. The attendants then decamp; and if the night be clear, *mon prince* repairs to a little observatory, where he plunges, forthwith, into weighty calculations of his horoscope, aided by his friend, the astrologer. He lately calculated that his Schiksal had decreed his death upon a certain day and hour, and he awaited the event with extremely philosophical composure—the only difference displayed in his habits, so far as I observed, was, that during the interval, he smoked fully double his usual number of cigars. When the day and hour arrived, and proved that his astrological calculations had deceived him, he gave utterance to a sulky “Pofe!” and seemed really rather disappointed at this practical proof of his unskilfulness in augury.— Shall I venture to whisper to my dearest Jacintha, that I was, perhaps, a little disappointed too? Adieu, love; I am always your affectionate

“AMELIA-ELEONORA GRUFFENHAUSEN.”



CHAPTER XXI.

Il faut manger pour vivre.

FRENCH PROVERB.

It was high festival in the great dining-hall of the Castle of Krunks-Doukerstein. Prince Gruffenhausen occupied an elevated seat at the head of the long table, enjoying the luxury of tainted sucking pig, with

sour cream for sauce ; which savory mess had, in former days, been recommended to German epicures by the royal example of Frederick the Great. Into the cuisine of Schloss-Doukerstein, no modern knick-knackery was ever permitted to enter: The same primeval cookery, which had for centuries regaled the princely ancestors of the Serene Man, was still served up before their representative, on the same rich and clumsy silver, on the same stout oaken table, and in the same ancient hall, which had witnessed the revels of many a successive generation of the House of Gruffenhausen. The gigantic serving men, too, seemed more like *réchauffés* from a former age, than legitimate members of the present, with their fat, round, inexpressive, stolid faces ; and their muscular proportions, clad in such antiquated liveries as one sometimes sees in the groupe of an ancient German picture. On the board were spread substantial brawn, huge chins, plethoric turkeys, and ponderous joints of old baronial fare. Enormous goblets flanked each plate, foaming with the generous Rhenish beverage, which was poured out from long-necked flasks by Gany-medes over six feet high, whose arms seemed strong enough to floor an ox.

The apartment was vaulted, and wainscoted with oak ; and on the panels was carved the whole process of transferring the wild boar from his haunt in the forest to the table of the baron. First, he appeared with his head protruded from the thicket, alarmed at the winding of the hunter's horn on the distant hill. Next, the hounds were on the scent, and the boar was apparently involved in some mental perplexity as to what he should do with himself. Successive panels displayed the successive stages of the chase, the death, the disemboweling ; and, finally, the artist, with true Teutonic elaboration of detail, transfixed the unwieldily defunct upon the spit, and thence presented him upon the festive board, grotesquely skewered and decorated, and with a monstrous bunch of rosemary in his mouth.

At the upper end of the apartment hung a full-length portrait of Prince Gruffenhausen's great-great-grandfather, which bore to his worthy descendant the strong resemblance necessarily arising from the fact, that *both* were men of goodly stature and athletic build, and that both their physiognomies displayed the same features of substantial noses, and an eye of sinister expression, scowling from the shaggy fleece of matted hair, unconscious of tonsorial art.

There was one portion of the dinner ceremonial, that, in some degree, relieved the tedious parade and monotony of the rest. In a gallery over the great entrance, musicians were stationed, who regaled the ears of the guests with strains of exquisite melody. A laudatory ode was sung, whereof the subject was the glory of Prince Gruffenhausen's forefathers; showing how Graf Adolph won fame and honor in the Holy Land; how Graf Rupert acquired renown from his matchless skill of fence; how Reinholdt (Rupert's son) was rewarded with increased territory and additional rank, for the valor he exhibited in certain wars of the empire; how Prince Ernest kept a hall of unprecedented hospitality, and distinguished himself by his passion for the chase. All these several personages seemed, if the bard were credible authority, to have been wholly irresistible among the fair sex; and the concluding stanzas ascribed to the present Lord of Schloss-Doukerstein, the united merits of his princely ancestors, and especially *that* wherein they all excelled,—the enviable gift of leading captive the affections of the female heart.

The last verse of the ode, which was sung in full chorus, the musicians all standing, we have faintly endeavored to imitate in the following translation:—

“There were murmurs of love o'er the waters wide,
From a far distant isle he hath borne his bride;
The fresh ocean gale,
Filled their light bark's sail,
O'er wave and through forest sped Doukerstein's lord,
Nor halted his fleet courser's feet on the sward,
Till at Doukerstein's gate rang his bugle-call,

And lovely,—all blushing in Love's sweet thrall,
His bride he enthron'd in his ancient hall.

"But hark!—

In the lady's bower on high,
Is heard an infant's wailing cry.
The princely sire is at his side,
In his breast there is joy, in his eye there is pride.

"Krunks-Doukerstein! ho! exalt thine horn;
An heir to thy ancient line is born,
The princely infant Capricorn!"

"Pofe!" said his serene highness, turning to a noble Graf who sat at his left hand (the ex-widow was seated on his right); "those musicians, or the poet, must know little about the matter! '*There were murmurs of love!*' Love! By my honest word, Von Grumppenberg, Love had no more to say to it than you had! It was not Love—it was *Schiksal!*"

"But Schiksal and Love may co-operate," answered the Graf Von Grumppenberg.

"Pofe! Grumppenberg, but if I tell you that they did not?"

"You will find it impossible to persuade me that such was the case," replied Grumppenberg, politely consulting the Princess Gruffenhausen's natural *amour propre*.

"The fresh ocean gale
Filled their light bark's sail."

Those are pretty lines," continued the Graf, to divert the conversation from its unpleasant approach to personality.

"They are all trash and falsehood," answered his highness; "we had no gale at all, and it was not a sailing vessel but a steam packet, and away we went, racket, racket, paddle, paddle! Pofe! I was sick—very sick, '*There were murmurs of Love!*' Ach! I wish Cupid was aboard a steamer, and I think he would only murmur for the bason or the brandy-flask. I drank two bottles of brantewein;—pofe! mine Wife of Destiny was abominably sick, too, but she drank no brantewein. Did you?" (turning to the princess.)

"No, your highness," she replied; "I drank condensed solution of magnesia."

"I will tell those foolish musicians not to add that new stanza to the 'SONG OF DOUKERSTEIN' any more," resumed the prince: "that verse about the courser's feet is all a huge falsehood, too; just as if I rode a-horseback, with mine wife on a pillion; whereas we traveled in my vrowtschk all the way from the sea to my schloss, and I drove it myself, although my foolish Wife of Destiny implored me to sit in it with her. 'Ach!' said I, 'but if you want my company, you may sit beside me on the box.' Pofe! I suppose she thought because I married her, that I was always to be pinned to her side. Pofe!" and his highness gave energy to the exclamation by swallowing an enormous mouthful of sauerkraut. "Women expect a great deal, and must be sometimes disappointed."

"Your refusal was cruel," said Von Grumppenberg; "you should have recollected that the princess's request was prompted by the anxious ardor of affection."

"Pofe! Grumppenberg, you do not understand women; I do."

At this moment the musicians, who had taken a short respite, poured forth another gush of harmony from their lofty gallery. Gruffenhausen applied himself with vigor to his venison; and the princess, whose ever watchful and observant eye derived entertainment from all surrounding objects, amused herself with the figures and grimaces of the musicians, who were now all intent on the production of *effect*. There was the usual orchestral variety of face, figure, and attitude; old wizened men, with puckered faces and oily brown wigs, rasping away with prodigious energy of elbow; others, doomed to inflate the capacious intestines of some growling bassoon, puffed and blew, as if their lives depended on the effort; others, again, looking soft and sentimental, gently breathed forth the tender melody of flutes; a bald-headed man with a squint, had evidently centered all the energies of his existence in the dexterous performance on his clarionet; a

gaunt-looking genius, with disheveled hair, made unparalleled contortions in playing the French horn ; and the leader of the orchestra, with a stern look of diabolical ferocity at all the performers, marked time by jerking his head and shaking a wand, which he did with an air that manifestly showed that he deemed it the most important duty in the universe. But with all the grinning, squinting, rasping, jerking, and grimacing, the performers undoubtedly produced delicious music. Some of Mozart's most charming airs were played, and also some of Leopold Kozeluch's unrivalled streams of rich and languid harmony. The princess was sorry when dinner was over ; for then his highness's conversation was usually substituted for the heavenly strains that had delighted her during the banquet.

" Grumppenberg, have you made up your mind as to that weighty and important question I proposed to you last week ?"

The weighty and important question was, whether the prevalence of a belief in *fatalism* among an army, would make them better or worse soldiers on the day of battle.

" Decidedly worse, I think," replied the Graf.

" And I say decidedly better," said the prince. " Will not the fatalist soldier say, ' Every bullet has its billet—fight, or not fight, my *Schicksal* has decreed my lot ; I may just as well fight then, for any good that I could get by flinching.' "

" But," replied Grumppenberg, " is not the fatalist soldier just as likely to say, ' Fight, or not fight, *das Schicksal* has decreed my lot ; therefore I may spare myself the trouble of fighting, and take matters quietly ?' And if he glances at the fortunes of the day, may he not also argue thus,—' Whether I fight or no, *das Schicksal* has pre-ordained the result of the battle ; therefore I may just as well keep quiet, for any thing I could do to alter destiny.' "

At this moment, an attendant informed the princess, that the nurse wished to speak to her ; she started up

to comply, as her motherly instinct told her that Capricorn wanted a maternal visit. Her step was quickened, as the cry of the child caught her ear from a neighboring corridor.

"Pofe! Wife of Destiny!" exclaimed his serene highness, laying a detaining grasp upon the princess, "do not leave this delicate and knotty argument."

"Capricorn wants me," pleadingly whispered the mother.

"Pofe! let Capricorn wait! It will teach the young spark patience to submit to Schiksal; a lesson that cannot be impressed too early. Sit down, mine Wife of Destiny."

But the princess would *not* sit down; and extricating herself with dexterity and grace, she flew to supply the wants of the poor infant.

"Ach!" cried the prince, when she was gone, "that woman will spoil the child with over indulgence—baf! women always do—they never will have sense."

"When does your highness purpose going to Vienna?" asked Von Grumppenberg.

"In a week, I dare say my Schiksal may direct me there."

"Do you think the Emperor will favor your suit?"

"I know not, my excellent friend, but a very little time will tell."

While the prince discussed his prospects with his friend, his "Wife of Destiny" was seated by a warm fire in the nursery, with Capricorn in her lap, and some letters she had recently received from Ireland, on the table at her side.

"And now," thought she, "have all my successful manœuvres been productive of happiness? Whether am I happier now, or when I was the lively widow Mersey? Undoubtedly *you*, sweet one!" she added, caressing her babe, are a source of pride and pleasure to your mother; but you would have probably been more so, had I furnished you with a less eccentric and more rational father. I *am* unhappy, in the midst of all this cumbrous, barbarous splendor. Why did I

suffer my aspirings after wealth and rank to lead me away from love?—Oh, Henry O'Sullivan ! a thousand thousand times has my truant heart acknowledged to itself, that on thee the full, pure gushings of its best affections might have been poured forth—that after *three* matrimonial engagements entered on from motives of interest, I might have formed *one* for love. But no ! I must not suffer even a momentary thought to glance towards thee. I am now the sworn wife of another ; and although Cupid had little concern with our union, yet that very circumstance should only make me the more wary. I *hoaxed* his highness into marrying me, and the least I may do, is to deal with him, even in my inmost thoughts, with truth and honor. Hush, Capricorn—hush, my wailing babe—dost thou cry to chide thy mother ?”

And soothing the infant with her fond caresses, she soon hushed him to sleep, and applied herself to the perusal of her letters.



CHAPTER XXII.

Pour la chasse ordonnée il faut préparer tout,
Hola, ho ! Vite, vite débout !

Quoted in WAVERLEY.

PRINCE GRUFFENHAUSEN intended to proceed to Vienna, as he had intimated to Von Grumppenberg, in about a week ; at which period the festive hospitalities of the Schloss Doukerstein would necessarily cease, until his highness's return. As the prince was unable to conjecture the probable time that his Schicksal would detain him in the capital, and as the Graf was desirous, before his departure, to witness a Doukerstein bear-hunt, it was fixed that in a day or two Von Grumppenberg's wish should be gratified.

The morning of the chase commenced with a solid

repast in the noble hall we described in the last chapter. The guests did their duty to the viands, and they quaffed the rich wines which their host, "on hospitable cares intent," recommended to their connoisseurship.

"Drink! drink! drink deep!" quoth the prince. "Mine excellent guests, enjoy life while your Schiksal permits you. Many and many a fine long summer's day will you lie beneath the rank grass at the side of an old church-yard wall, or cooped up in a noisome vault, where you will not get champagne or burgundy—mine heavens, no! nor even humble Lubeck beer!" (The guests all looked at each other and shook their heads, in token of their approbation of his highness's wise and prudent forethought.) "Many a fine frosty winter's morn, will the hunter's bugle ring through the leafless woods, and you will not hear it! No—upon mine honest word—clods! senseless clods, stark and dead shall you be all! the dogs will bay, and the deer may bound over your breasts, and you shall not be one whit the wiser. It is your Schiksal. Drink, then, from the foaming cup, while yet you can enjoy it; and then to horse—to horse!"

Whereupon, following his highness's example, the assembled guests quaffed copious draughts, and then followed their host to the court, where steeds, impatient of delay, pranced and stamped on the vaulted pavements.

Gruffenhausen's *habit-de-chasse* was a suit of Lincoln green, fitting tight to his person. His jacket was richly furred in front; and his head-gear consisted of a tight round hairy cap, whose fleecy covering descended to his brows, and mingled with the hair in which his face was nearly enveloped. Round his waist was a belt, whence a knife, a horn, and a whistle hung. Mounted on his gigantic horse, he pricked him sharply with the spur; on which the animal loudly neighed, sprang upon his haunches, and then darted at full gallop over the drawbridge, followed by the jocund train. As they passed beneath the castle, the princess

waved her handkerchief at the sire of the little Capricorn. His highness did not vouchsafe to notice this token of his Wife of Destiny, and pursued his rapid way to the summit of a rising ground which the hunters pointed out as the most advantageous position for a halt. Here, then, the hunting party descended from their horses, which were put up in the stables appertaining to a *Jagdhaus* in the forest; as, from the broken nature of the ground, and the tangled and intricate underwood, it was necessary that the sports of the day should be enjoyed on foot. This *Jagdhaus* was about four miles from the castle of Krunk-Doukerstein, and had been erected by prince Gruffenhansen's grandfather for occasions like the present. It was situated at the opening of a deep and lonely glade, which skirted the foot of one of the highest mountains of the Black Forest.

The grand *battue* consisted of about eight hundred men, who, since an early hour in the morning, had formed a cordon round a district in which the recent tracks of bears led the hunters to conclude that some of the objects of their chase were harbored in their thicket-lairs. The prince and his guests provided themselves with the guns that had been left at the *Jagdhaus*, for that purpose, on the preceding evening; and then took their station on the bank of a stream that rushed from the hills to swell the waters of the Rhine.

"Erlshof," said Grumppenberg, to a young and pensive hunter, "it is seldom, I believe, that one sees you in the chase."

"Ah, Graf!" said Erlshof, "I shall make no boast; but ere the evening closes, you will, perhaps, be better able to judge of my prowess in the field."

"Curse those lazy bears!" growled Gruffenhansen; "one would think they did not know we were waiting to hunt them."

"One would rather think they *did* know it," answered Grumppenberg; "and, therefore, they wisely keep close in their lairs."

As he spoke, a loud shout rang through the forest, and in another instant a monstrous bear appeared, careering at full speed across the open glade we have already mentioned. None of the attendants, although armed, had discharged their pieces at him, as the honor of dispatching the enormous fugitive was to be left to the prince, or to some of his visitors; unless, indeed, the animal should turn upon his pursuers—in which case Prince Gruffenhausen (claiming no small credit for the gracious concession,) permitted the person attacked to defend himself as he best might. Two large and noble dogs bounded after the bear, and worried him at opposite sides. He contrived, notwithstanding the rapidity of his flight, to rid himself of the annoyance, by striking one of his tormentors, *en passant*, a blow that effectually stunned him; at the same moment catching the other in his teeth by the nape of the neck, and adroitly flinging him over his back. He then dashed in among the thick forest brake, the branches of the underwood crashing beneath his weight as he advanced.

"Thirty yards nearer," said Grumppenberg, "and the fellow had been within range of my rifle."

Gruffenhausen and his party, with a few picked attendants, were now in full pursuit of the bear, and had nearly reached the entrance of the thicket into which he had dived. The *cordon* still kept their places in the outer ring, in order to drive back the bear, should he try to escape beyond the circle they had formed. Their good offices, in this respect, were speedily required; for the animal, after skirting through the thicket, made a desperate rush to escape through a guarded defile; whereupon the guardians of the pass saluted him with a brisk discharge of fire arms, that did not, indeed, take *mortal* effect upon his tough, strong hide; but which caused him to head about, and seek safety by ascending a steep rocky path within the *cordon*. This path was barely wide enough to permit two men to pass each other. It traversed the face of a nearly perpendicular rock,

and was flanked on the right by an overhanging wall of granite; on the left by a thick scrub of brushwood, that clothed the deep and dizzy precipice beneath.

Erlshof, warmed with the ardor of the chase, and anxious to show Von Grumppenberg that his skill as a hunter merited his praise, had ascended to the summit of the rock by a sort of natural staircase on its opposite side, and stood upon its topmost verge with his gun ready pointed, ere the bear had reached the upper extremity of the dangerous path we have described.

Erlshof had all the advantage to himself, of observing Bruin's movements; he had diverged from his companions to an open and commanding spot; and while they pursued Bruin's track in the thicket, he had witnessed the turn of the hunted animal, and sprang up the rock to give him a becoming reception. The entire of this movement took place in scarcely more time than we have taken to describe it; but while Erlshof awaits the approach of the bear, with his piece ready levelled, we must transport the reader to the bottom of the dell beneath him, where a somewhat misadventurous rencontre at that moment took place.

Prince Gruffenhausen, unable, from his growing obesity, to keep up with Von Grumppenberg and the other members of his party, and desirous, too, to seek out some source of distinction on the score of his personal prowess, had quietly given his comrades the slip, and was stealthily proceeding through the bushes, when, just as he reached the foot of the eminence on which Erlshof had taken his position, his eye was arrested by a very suspicious looking mass of *hairiness*, that occupied a cozy aperture, scooped between the roots of two large pinetrees. With more courage than prudence, he advanced, with levelled firelock, to the mouth of the den, from which an old she-bear protruded her snout, disturbed at the rustle of Gruffenhausen's footsteps.

The prince now stood facing the bear, the muzzle

of his rifle within eighteen inches of her snout ; he pulled the trigger ; but, alas ! the piece missed fire ! upon which the gentle tenant of the den, enraged at his intrusion, sprang forth upon her hinder legs, and suddenly seizing the rifle in her paws, wrenched it out of its unlucky owner's hands. Gruffenhausen lost not a moment in drawing his *couteau-de-chasse*, with which he aimed a stalwart stroke at the heart of his formidable foe. He wounded her smartly ; but, dropping the rifle, she immediately came to close quarters with his highness, and bit him severely on the arms, indenting, at the same time, his sides pretty deeply with her claws. While the conflict raged, two cubs, about the size of large terrier dogs, crept out of the den, and looked on at the strife with philosophical placidity. The prince had worked manfully and well with his hunting-knife ; but he now grew faint from fear, exertion, and the loss of blood ; his foe struck her teeth into his shoulder, which gave him such excruciating pain, that he sank, disabled, on the ground. It was just at this critical moment that Erlshof discharged his rifle at the *he*-bear, which fell, on receiving the well-aimed bullet in his brain, from a height of not less than two hundred feet, right down on our unfortunate friend, Gruffenhausen. The she-bear received this very unexpected descent of her husband with a matrimonial growl ; but she quickly took to flight with one of her cubs in her mouth, and pursued by the other, as the halloos of Erlshof, who was swiftly descending the precipitous rock, warned her to decamp with all possible speed. Great was the consternation and astonishment of Erlshof, and two or three attendants, whom the report of his gun, and his shouting, quickly drew to the spot, when they saw the mangled body of poor Gruffenhausen lying on the ground, his lower limbs covered with the carcase of the dead bear.

"May heaven forgive me !" exclaimed Erlshof, horror-struck, "the bear I shot has killed him !"

"No, mein friend," poor Gruffenhausen made an effort to articulate, "it was not your bear—it was his

wife—his Wife of Destiny, I do suppose she was.—
O, I am in great torture—very great indeed !”

Erlshof and the men immediately removed the defunct bear from his position on Gruffenhausen’s legs ; no easy task, as the beast was large and heavy. Several hunters—Grumppenberg among the rest—now crowded to the spot, through the thicket, and all participated in the feeling of horror and commiseration.

“Call in the cordon !” said Grumppenberg, “this sad event has put an end to the day’s chase.”

“Do *not* call in the cordon,” faintly groaned his highness ; “but kill that schelm beast that has wounded me—mortally, I am sure.”

“Oh, my dear prince !”—expostulated Grumppenberg.

“Do as I tell you, if you would not drive me mad,” replied the sufferer, gnashing his teeth ; “I shall not die in peace, unless I see her hide displayed before me.”

Grumppenberg, who well knew his friend’s peculiarities of temper, immediately withdrew, to carry his commands into effect.

“Now, Erlshof,” moaned Gruffenhausen, “have me carried to the Jagdhaus, immediately. Oh, mine heavens ! to think that bears should be my Schicksal after all ! and with all my studies of the books of Kofer, and Klingerstein, and Shirtsinger, and Krous, that I never could discover it ! Nor with all the astrology of Klauberstock—but,” he muttered to himself—“I’ll pay *him* yet for it—pose ! he is a quack—an arrant impostor—pose !”

While his mutilated highness thus continued to brood upon his grievances, Erlshof and his attendants were skinning the bear, as quickly as might be. As soon as this operation was completed, they dexterously made a palanquin of the skin, upon which they conveyed the prince to the Jagdhaus in the forest, where he was compelled to remain ; as, from the number and severity of his wounds, Doctor Urdahl, his physician, who opportunely came from the castle, con-

sidered any further motion, even on the easy conveyance of a bearskin palanquin, as being in the highest degree dangerous.

"Oh!" cried the luckless sufferer, "how dark are the decrees of Schiksal! to think that the head of the ancient line of Doukerstein should be hampered to death between a dead bear and a living one—poſe! But Capricorn lives to inherit my honors. Mein heiligkeit! it was a fortunate schiksal that I married that merry Irish widow just in time to leave an heir. Mine other wife was twice as large and twice as fat—but, ach! she was a barren, barren stock! poſe—I will leave much riches to merry my widow. She must be kind to Capricorn."

And the Prince, who had swallowed a powerful narcotic draught, produced from Doctor Uhrdahl's pocket, began to feel its influence, and dropped, insensibly, into a heavy slumber.



CHAPTER XXIII.

Oh, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please!
When pain and sorrow wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE princess flew to the forest Jagdhaus, where lay her suffering lord, on the first intimation of his misfortune. She attended him with the utmost solicitude; for we beg to assure the reader, that although the ex-Mersey was a trading speculator in the matrimonial market, yet the sight of human suffering invariably called forth the softer, better portion of her nature into active operation.

While his highness was sunk in the deep, though artificial slumber produced by Uhrdahl's draught, that practitioner examined and dressed his wounds, shook

his head, and pronounced that mortification, and consequent death, were inevitable.

"How long may his highness survive?" demanded Erlshof.

"Probably five or six days," replied Uhrdahl; "not more, I should imagine; he has sustained tremendous laceration, and two compound fractures."

On hearing the decree of Doctor Uhrdahl, the Princess Gruffenhausen wept.

About ten next morning, the patient awoke to a sense of his suffering condition, confused at first, and clouded, but gradually acquiring distinctness and consistency.

"Where is my Wife of Destiny?" he inquired.

"At your side, love," replied her highness, bending over his pillow.

"I beseech your highness not to speak," said the physician, "the exertion may cost you your life."

"I cannot be silent," answered Gruffenhausen.

"What think you of my wounds, Uhrdahl?"

"Very dangerous," replied the physician; "they demand the utmost quiet."

"Pofe!—tell me truly, Uhrdahl, are they mortal?"

"If your highness does not observe quiet, I fear they will certainly become so."

"Baf! how hard it is to get an answer from these doctor-fellows! I asked you were they mortal *now*?"

Uhrdahl hesitated.

"Come," said the prince, "I know how to get an answer from you.—Erlshof, *you* are one of my executors. I shall dictate this day a codex to my will, leaving five hundred g^ölden to this doctor, on condition that he now, in your presence, shall tell me the truth, which the result of the next few days will sufficiently test. If his answer be deceptive, he shall not get a stiver."

Erlshof intimated acquiescence.

"Uhrdahl," said the prince, sternly, "are my wounds mortal?"

Thus cogently stimulated, the physician timidly replied,

"They are."

"May Satan physic you, you peddling pill-monger!" growled the prince; "you know that such a man as I am, must needs have important directions to give, and yet you would seal up my lips, well knowing that my days on earth are brief."

"I meant, an please your highness——"

"Out, schelm hound!" said Gruffenhausen. Uhdahl was silenced.

"Erlshof, where is Grumppenberg?"

"He awaits your waking in the ante-room."

"Call him in."

Erlshof accordingly summoned Von Grumppenberg.

"Graf," inquired the prince, "is the she-bear killed?"

"She is," replied the Graf.

"Show me her skin."

The skin was accordingly paraded before Gruffenhausen, who evinced much satisfaction at not dying unavenged.

"How does your highness feel?" inquired the Graf in a tone of sympathy.

"Pofe! as a man feels, who knows that his Schiksal has decreed his death within a week, and who has much to do, and is something pressed for time to do it in. I thank you, most excellent Graf, for slaughtering that bear. The erudite Kofer is inclined to believe that beasts have souls, and that we may meet them in the invisible world. Baf! it may be foolishness, for aught I know—but *this* I know, that should it be my Schiksal to meet that huge beast in any other life, I would not like that she should be able to cast it in my teeth that she killed me with impunity—pofe! But *you*, my excellent friend, have saved me that mortification, and I thank you. We are not certain of these things—I speak it all upon hypothesis—pofe! a few days will tell me all, however. Erlshof, and Grumppenberg, quit the room, and send me hither my

chamberlain. Stay, Wife of Destiny—what I would say to Carl Kroudersbad, you may hear, as it partly concerns you.”

Accordingly Erlshof, Grumppenberg, and Uhrdahl left the room, and the chamberlain entered it.

“Carl,” said his master, “shut the door.”

Carl obeyed, and approached the bed blubbering, for he had a warm and sincere regard for his master; the sort of feudal love that the vassals of the Scotch and Irish chieftains were wont to entertain for their respective lords.

“Carl—my days are ended by a destiny of bears—mein heiligkeit! I insisted to that scoundrel Klauberstock, that Ursa Major frowned upon my horoscope; but he said that Ursa Major was my friend, and that Ursa Minor frowned impotently—mein himmel! I’ll provide for him.—An astrologer truly! an arrant conjuring knave!”

Carl murmured an indignant echo at the expense of Klauberstock.

“Carl, I have summoned you, to give you my directions for my funeral. You know, my trusty chamberlain, that, for centuries past, the obsequies of the Heads of my Serene and Mighty House, have been invariably committed to the care of your predecessors in your hereditary office.”

Carl’s tears flowed fast, and he wept aloud. “Woe, woe am I!” blubbered he, “that it should fall to my lot to superintend the obsequies of your highness. But perhaps a better fate awaits us—your highness may recover.”

“No—hope it not—I have got the truth out of that doctor-hound. My wounds are mortal. Carl—attend—I shall of course be interred by torch light. My body must be conveyed *incognito* from this place to the castle; for it would be highly indecorous, and against all precedent, that the grand funeral procession of the Head of my most High and Princely House, should set out from a Jagdhaus—bah!—you hear me, Carl?”

"I do, your highness, to my sorrow."

"I must be laid in state in the great hall of the Schloss. Suspend a shield with the arms of my house above my head, and on either side of it two smaller shields, with the cognizances of my cousin Grumppenberg, and my maternal ancestors of Teufelstein, Ehrenbhrünn, and Potzbaden. You hear me, Carl?"

"Woe, woe is me! I do, too well, your highness."

"Let the hall be hung, not with black, but crimson cloth, in token of the sanguinary nature of my most unhappy death. Let the windows be closely darkened; and let twenty men with large waxen torches stand in a horse-shoe line behind my body. You will bear all this in mind, trusty Carl?"

"Doubt it not, my dear, dear master."

"Let the chief officers of the household range themselves in double file at the left side of my bier, each man clothed in a black cloak, and keeping his eyes on the ground, and carrying in his right hand his wand of office, muffled in crimson crape. You will remember this, Carl?"

"Alas, I shall remember it but too well, your highness."

"Now, Wife of Destiny, *you* will necessarily occupy a prominent position in the ceremonial. You shall sit in the great embroidered velvet chair of state, at the right hand of my lifeless body, with your coronet upon your head, and a sable robe cast round your shoulders; and say *at least* twice, 'Alas! alas! my noble prince is gone! Three other husbands have I had, but *he* was as greatly their superior in wisdom, philosophy, and worth, as he was in rank!' You will attend to this, mine Wife of Destiny?"

"I shall, most undoubtedly," sobbed the princess.

"It is not without precedent," resumed his highness; "my great-great-grandmother sat in like manner, lamenting, by the bier of her husband, Count Reinholdt; you know the event is represented in the large picture by Hans Grappe in the western saloon."

Now, as to my funeral procession; you of course, trusty Carl, will rule this by the 'BOOK OF THE OBSEQUIES OF KRUNKS-DOCKERSTEIN,' in your custody, which details the etiquette of my most mighty house on such occasions. But, hark ye! there is among my guests in the castle, the Count Pursberg—Carl, I hate him! Against my grain, I had to show him hospitality; for he might have been of use in my suit to the Emperor. But he and his followers put a slight upon me at Vienna seven years ago, which I never can forgive. Contrive that the rascal Klauberstock is marshalled among Pursberg's party in the procession, and just as they are passing over the drawbridge, get some trusty hand to slip the bolts and souse the scoundrels in the water. The inner leaf of the bridge has a falling fold, you know—mein himmel! what a souse they'll get!"

"It shall be done, your highness."

"Ach! but it will be a most rare sight! Pofe! I wish I could see Pursberg and Klauberstock floundering in the moat! You will be looking at them, Wife of Destiny, and I shall be—dead! cold and dead!" His highness paused thoughtfully, and sighed. "I begin to find great difficulty in speaking," he resumed. "When my body is lowered into the vault, good Carl, the Herald shall proclaim with sound of trumpet, my names, titles, dignities, and territories; adding the most melancholy SCHIKSAL of the manner of my death."

"That, an please your highness," said the chamberlain, "is all strictly prescribed in the 'BOOK OF OBSEQUIES;' and as speaking gives your highness pain, I would humbly recommend you to rest quiet, now, and trust the whole to me."

"Would not you like to be visited by a clergyman, love?" asked the princess.

"Pofe!—yes—let him come to-night—he may talk while I'm asleep—my ancestors have always been talked to by a clergyman when dying—the 'BOOK OF OBSEQUIES' lays down his whole duty at

the funeral; he is to mount the pulpit, with my arms emblazoned on his gown, and to preach about my virtues, and the loss the community sustain in my death—and—and—Oh! Wife—I am suffering agony—Carl, assist me to turn!—the parson—is to—walk in the—procession—next the—herald—he will find—the proper heads of his discourse—all laid down in the ‘BOOK OF OBSEQUIES.’—Pofe!”

Poor Gruffenhausen had pronounced the last few words with excessive difficulty, and, in conclusion, vented an agonized groan.

The princess, to her credit be it spoken, was desirous that her eccentric mate should enjoy somewhat more of the benefits of clerical assistance, than could be derived from the formal parade of a surpliced attendant, as laid down in the “BOOK OF OBSEQUIES.” Accordingly she despatched a courier to summon to his dying highness the Reverend Doctor Kleiber; a divine, whose amenity of manner, diametrically opposite to puritanical moroseness, was ever made the channel of conveying to the minds of his penitents the saving truths of Christianity. The reverend gentlemen arrived ere the prince slept; the princess introduced him into the sick chamber, and left him alone with her spouse.

We deeply lament that it is not in our power to record the persuasive appeal addressed by this excellent divine to Gruffenhausen; but it is no trifling proof of its efficacy, that immediately upon Dr. Kleiber’s departure, Gruffenhausen summoned his chamberlain, and addressed him as follows,—

“Carl—you remember all I said about that most stately and important ceremonial of my obsequies?”

“I do, your highness.”

“Then, Carl, observe most minutely every tittle of my orders—*except* the sousing of Pursberg and his people in the moat.”

“Shall Klauberstock be soused, your highness?”

“No, no, Carl—no—let him pass the draw-bridge like the rest. I must forgive my enemies, Carl—and

I *do* forgive them all, except that most savage and abominable beast of a she-bear. I *do not* forgive *her*—but she is dead—poof! that's a comfort."

The next care of Gruffenhausen was to dictate his will; it was brief. The whole bulk of his estates devolved on Capricorn, to whom his highness named Leschen, Grumppenberg, the Princess, and Erlshof, trustees and guardians during his minority. To the Princess he bequeathed his *wrowtchsk*, an ample jointure, and a large supply of antiquated but valuable bijouterie. Legacies were left to a few friends (including the conditional bequest to Doctor Uhrdahl;) and a moderate sum was bequeathed to the excellent Kleiber, the testator remarking, that he had formerly believed that much of what clergymen said about another world, was all huge foolishness:—

"But—mein heiligkeit! the devil couldn't help believing Kleiber, there was so much of the genuine, unaffected Christian, in his manner, without one particle of humbug. He has saved Pursberg and Klauberstock a ducking," muttered Gruffenhausen, in conclusion, "for which they ought to thank him, if they knew it—poof!"

Ere the week had closed, the prediction of Uhrdahl was verified—the Prince had breathed his last. Could his lifeless corpse have beheld the gorgeous ceremonial of his obsequies, he must have certainly acknowledged the punctual fidelity of Carl and the widowed princess. Costly crimson hangings were suspended in the hall—torches blazed—mourners in sable robes were ranged around the bier—solemn music rang from the vaulted galleries—heraldic blazonry proclaimed his proud descent—the voice of heralds told his titles, orders, and possessions—musketry pealed—trumpets brayed—the funeral discourse, extracted from the *Book of Obsequies*, was duly delivered by an obliging divine—the sumptuous coffin was laid within its damp and dusky vault, surrounded by a noble array of barons, counts, and princes—the train dispersed—the stanchelled iron door was locked—and

the Lord of Krunks-Doukerstein was left to darkness, dust, and silence.

"Now that's what I call going out of the world *en prince*," said Carl to one of his confrères. "It was well done—handsomely done—no peddling about it—our dear master has nothing to complain of. Three thousand ells of cloth—four hundred and seventy-six torches—a sermon of an hour and twenty minutes long—guns, prayers, banners, and trumpets. Ah, well-a-day! if ever man had a truly Christian funeral, his highness had!"



CHAPTER XXIV.

"Now, by my fayth," quoth she, "my state
Is sad, and lorn, and desolate;
I'll match me with another mate."

OLD BALLAD.

WHEN Gruffenhausen was finally deposited along with his serene and princely ancestors, the princess-dowager began to reflect upon her future prospects.

"I am rich," thought her highness; "I am young—thirty-three is certainly not old—I am not *passée* yet—I am quite unshackled as to any future marriage, his defunct hairiness imposed no obligations of perpetual dowagerhood. Shall I then confer felicity once more on some deserving person? Count Ebersdorf looked tender, yesterday—his glance was unequivocally symptomatic of a meditated onslaught—but I really am tired of voluminous mustachios—and I strongly suspect that Ebersdorf's whiskers, hair, and eyebrows, are dyed—he is forty-six—*mon prince* was fifty—one middle-aged spouse *me suffit*.

"Truant, truant fancies, whither do ye wander? I must look to the happiness of my loved boy, Adolph—he shall never be called *Capricorn*, now that His Se-

rene Absurdity is dead. Adolph wants the guardian care of an attentive and highly principled step-father. Ebersdorf would only marry me to plunder the minor, in order to supply the claims of the gaming-table. I cannot possibly dream of any further aggrandizement by matrimony. Love, long-suppressed love, disinterested and pure, shall henceforth be ascendant in my bosom. Yes, my Adolph!" continued her highness, caressing the *ci-devant* Capricorn; "I shall give you a step-father who will be *all* that a parent ought to be, and *more* than your sire would have been to you, O, Henry O'Sullivan! little have you dreamt that I have kept an eye on all your motions—that *I* have had constant intelligence of your progress in India, your return to Ireland, and the silly perfidy of your Lucinda. Well—I shall be the gainer—I have made up my mind—with *me* you may have wealth, of which, in your wildest visions, you have dreamt not—with *me* you can share the advantage of a close connexion with a youth of Adolph's rank and future influence—with *me* you may enjoy the fond fidelity of impassioned and devoted love. I have too long sacrificed my personal feelings to ambition; I shall never do so more!"

* * * * *

We wave our wand.

About four months from the period when the widow thus soliloquized, two persons sauntered along the Knockanea road, near the entrance to the well-known defile of Glen Minnis. The softness of a still spring evening, shed its soothing influence upon the mind of the younger of the parties, who replied to some remark his companion had made,—

"Yes, Terence; it is just as you say—I have suffered, no doubt, as much as most men, perhaps more than many—but what were religion worth, if it did not enable men to bear up against these things? 'Shall we receive good from the Lord's hand, and shall we not also take evil?' And I should be ungrateful, most ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge

that of good I have had a large share. My success in India surpassed my most sanguine hopes—my father's debts are paid. I have a plentiful store of rupees wherewith to refit the old hall, when the present tenant's lease expires. I enjoy, meanwhile, the unpurchaseable love of valuable friends. I have health, strength, and hope—and is it for *me* to repine?"

"Master Henry," replied Terence, "Your humble friend would wish to see you married as you ought, I *know* Miss Isabella loves you! A thousand little things will tell a looker-on of woman's love, that pass, perhaps, unnoticed by the man she loves. I have seen the color mount in her face, and her eye sparkle, when she met you in the park. I have seen her cheek grow pale as ashes, and the tears start, when she heard that your horse had fallen under you. When your name has been mentioned, I have seen how she listened to each word, although she would not join—not she! in any conversation concerning you. I had not many opportunities of noticing these things, and yet, few as they were, I couldn't be blind to her affection for you. But—save us all!" exclaimed Terence, abruptly turning round, "what imperial equipage of all the Russias can this be?"

O'Sullivan looked about, and paused, as a sumptuous cortège approached at a moderate trot. Four noble black horses drew a carriage appointed with the stately magnificence, of which one beholds such a lavish display in the streets of Vienna on levée days. A shield with its manifold quarterings was splendidly blazoned on the panels, displaying all the colors of the rainbow—red lions ramped on a field *or*—speckled lions pranced on a field *azure*—carniverous birds and pugnacious beasts occupied their various compartments; and the whole menagerie of pictured monsters was encircled with the concentric collars of half a dozen orders from which were suspended a medal or two, with devices and legends, just as rational as the parti-colored hieroglyphics on the shield. The whole was surmounted with a foreign coronet.

O'Sullivan faced about, as the equipage approach-

ed ; but what was his surprise, when it suddenly stopped as it reached the part of the road where he stood, and forth peeped the well known face of the quondam Mrs. Mersey !

" Ah, Mr. O'Sullivan !" exclaimed her highness, " I am truly delighted to see you. I recognized your figure at once. Are you going to Knockanea ?"

" Yes," replied O'Sullivan, surprised at the abruptness of the query.

" Then allow me to give you a seat. I am going there, too, and I shall probably remain some months. My son," pursued the princess, taking Adolph from the hands of his German nurse, who occupied the opposite seat, " what do you think of him ?"

" A fine, stout, healthy-looking little fellow," said O'Sullivan, who had by this time entered the carriage, which was once more in motion.

" They say he resembles his poor father," said the widow, with a sigh ; " however, I confess I do not see the likeness.—I cannot tell you," she added, after a slight pause, " how much it has tended to allay the recent fever of my spirits, to find myself once more upon my native soil. Ah, Ireland ! dear Ireland ! with all the *desagrémens* of politics and poverty, there is no country in the world in which I could be half so happy !"

This burst of patriotic fervor was well and naturally spoken, and O'Sullivan felt pleased to hear the sentiment expressed by his lively companion.

" I assure you, my kind, good friend," resumed the widow, " that I deem it exceedingly fortunate to meet you at the present juncture—in fact, I stand much in need of your advice and assistance. Our sentiments, you know, so perfectly coincide, regarding the social condition of the country, and the evils that oppress it, that I feel assured I may command your aid in any effort to alleviate the misfortunes that afflict any portion of the people."

" Undoubtedly," replied O'Sullivan, " I shall feel much honored.—I wonder now," thought he, " what this sly widow can be at. I never was aware that her

sympathy with the peasant population was a prominent feature in her character.—Upon my honor, if I were a vain man, I should say that she was trying to engage my affections by flattering my political preferences—she's assuredly at *something*, however, if I could only make out what it is;—top-sawyer that she is; she never speaks without an object!"

"It has pleased Providence," resumed the widow, "to endow me with considerable wealth; and deeming it an imperative duty to expend that wealth for the benefit of Ireland and her sons, I have quitted Germany and come to my native country, simply and solely to discharge the obligations of my conscience. Now, I have seen in yesterday's papers, that three estates are advertised for sale. If you can procure a trusty friend or two, to watch the progress of the sales, and try if there be any danger of Tories becoming the purchasers, I should authorise your friend to avert that calamity by bidding in my name. I shall certainly purchase land in Ireland; and if I could secure the additional advantage of ousting a Tory from the purchase, I should deem myself eminently fortunate. They coerce the voters' consciences so cruelly!"

This all sounded delightfully, no doubt; but O'Sullivan had so long been accustomed to associate the idea of dexterous trick with all the widow's words and deeds, that he placed no very implicit faith in her present declarations, and contented himself with expressing his sense of the necessity of raising the condition of the peasantry, wherever it was possible.

"Well," added she, "why don't you *cordially* promise to assist me? I am anxious, as anxious as you can be, to perform my part of the duty, and all I want is the co-operation of a sympathetic and intelligent friend. That friend, Mr. O'Sullivan, I had flattered myself I might hope to meet in *you*."

"Your highness may rely on my most active assistance."

"In truth," resumed the princess, "our friend Lord Ballyvallin has been heretofore a sad, sad delinquent. I am told, however, his political asperity has of late

been very much mitigated. Ah, how tragical was the fate of poor, poor Jerry Howlaghan! Jerry was a very particular favorite of mine. The crime for which he suffered, clearly arose from the workings of the accursed ejectment system! what a hideous condition of society, when landlords combine to exterminate the natives of the soil!—Can you tell me what has become of Jerry's sister? She was a very charming girl."

"She is now at Castle Kavanagh, where Miss Kavanagh has given her an asylum."

"Could I possibly coax her away from Isabella? or could I possibly induce Isabella to part with her?"

"Indeed I scarcely think you could," replied O'Sullivan; "they are very much attached to each other."

"Perhaps," said the widow, with a very significant glance, "*you* might have interest enough with Isabella to accomplish this?"

O'Sullivan stood the glance with countenance unmoved, and merely answered, "I do not think I should."

"Not touched, I see," thought her highness, drawing a rapid conclusion from O'Sullivan's composure of countenance; "no danger to apprehend from that quarter."

She continued to converse on such subjects as afforded her the best opportunity of expressing a flattering conformity of sentiment with her auditor; praised the Kavanaghs; praised "her eccentric old friend," Father John O'Connor; praised Colonel Nugent; mimicked Madden and his wife to admiration—abused Fitzroy Mordaunt, lamented his unprovided death, and shed tears as she dwelt in detail upon certain recollections of the Howlaghans. It was all very naturally done; but O'Sullivan could only regard it as excellent acting; acknowledging, however, to himself, as she glided without effort from subject to subject, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;"—from tragedy to melodrama and even to farce, that the widow well merited her old reputation, of being the most agreeable woman in the province of Munster.

In very little more than an hour, they arrived at Knockanea.

“Ah, my sweet Jacintha!” said the princess, “I shall miss her sadly—I had a letter from her, asking me to pass some time at the Schloss-Leschenhaus; but just at that period, poor Prince Gruffenhausen met with his melancholy fate, and I resolved on remaining no longer in Germany than was absolutely necessary for the legal arrangement of my affairs.”

O’Sullivan cast one more glance at the carriage, ere he followed the princess into the house.

“Well now,” thought he, “I should never have suspected the widow of traveling about in such a concern as that—it is so—so very Lord Mayorish a sort of equipage—even the vrowtchsk would, I think, have been in better taste.”



CHAPTER XXV.

Giles.—Well now, I’ll e’en step over to the younker, and hear what he says upon the matter, before I take any further steps.

THE LITTLE BROKER OF MILAN.

“WHAT!” exclaimed Kavanagh, one day that he rode over to Knockanea, about a fortnight after the widow’s arrival,—“so I find, O’Sullivan, that *you* are her highness’s factotum, and arrange the purchase of her estates, and drive the little, humble, modest, unpretending dogcart, in which she and you are so sociably employed day after day, tête-a-tête-ing it together?”

“It is perfectly true,” said O’Sullivan.

“Hah! and have you any notion of reigning as king-consort at Krunks-Doukerstein?”

“No—I cannot say that her highness’s account of the necessary etiquette there, holds out much temptation to a plain man like myself.”

“Oh, but you might improve the etiquette,” returned Kavanagh, laughing; “at all events, in the article

of presentations, you might instruct your courtiers to suppress the newspaper accounts of the solemn and important occasions from which their presentations would appear to arise. For example, it would be no great loss if the public did not read such statements as the following—‘At the levée on Tuesday, Colonel Klinkenberg was presented by Count Weyssekraft, *on the occasion of his having purchased a magnificent gold snuff-box* ;’—or, ‘General Von Bufferstein presented by Baron Aldershof, *on the occasion of his having recovered the diamond-headed cane which was stolen from his town-house five years ago*.’—Now, I submit, that the connection of cause and effect does not seem very clearly to exist between the presentations in the cases quoted, and the purchase of the snuff-box, or the recovery of the lost cane. But at this I cannot wonder ; for the same sublime obscurity pervades the presentation lists of *greater* courts than even that of Krunks-Doukerstein. And you *won’t*, you say, play ‘the prince in petticoat strings ?’ ”

“Why, the question assumes that I could if I pleased, and I see not on what grounds you assume the possibility.”

“Simply on the grounds of the dogcart tête-a-têtes, which you have not denied, and the widow’s selection of you as her ‘active sympathetic friend.’ ”

“And do you not suppose that there may be abundance of ‘active sympathetic friendship,’ without its necessarily implying a matrimonial dénoûment ?”

“With many, perhaps, it might exist—with the widow it is scarcely possible. Tell me, honestly, Henry, what is the true state of the case ?”

“The true state of the case, then, is this,—that her highness expressed the most ardent desire to benefit the tenants on the Carrigbrack estates, which were for sale, and engaged my assistance to see that they did not pass into the hands of some scourging, exterminating saint, who would have served ejectments by the score in the desecrated name of the Almighty.—To be perfectly candid, I at first entertained some doubts of the agreeable dowager’s sincerity, and met her pro-

positions with cautious incredulity. She quickly dispelled my unbelief, however, by placing in my hands a draft on her bankers for the necessary purchase-money. It seemed an excellent thing for the tenantry; and of course, as in duty bound, I rendered my most 'active, sympathetic' assistance."

"Beyond all doubt," returned Kavanagh, "she has a design on your heart. The attack is very cleverly managed—affectation of political sympathy, and so forth.—You know she pretended to poor Gruffenhausen that she firmly believed in every one of his crack-brained Rosicrucian fancies; and they tell some strange tale of her personating the heroine of a dream, or some such thing.—Well, now—and suppose in sober earnest that she is making an attack upon your heart, which I *do* conclude to be the fact—what would you think of the affair? If she marries you, it manifestly must be for love, not for either rank or wealth—and it probably will be almost the first disinterested thing she ever did in all her life."

"She is certainly a very companionable personage," replied O'Sullivan, "and pretty enough, too. She is about a year my senior, though—a man should be older than his wife.—But what nonsense is all this! I do not, I cannot believe that she really has any designs upon me—you may rely upon it she has higher game in view, if we only could guess what it is; and she condescends to make use of me in working out her plans. I am willing enough to be employed, as I find I can really benefit the poor people."

"But if she had no personal views upon *you*," answered Kavanagh, "she might have easily engaged the assistance of some knowing attorney, experienced in the sale of estates, who might have made a better bargain for her."

As Kavanagh spoke, the door opened, and the Princess Gruffenhausen entered. With a graceful start of astonishment, and a smile of satisfaction, she approached him, and extended both her hands with the utmost cordiality. "I am truly delighted to see you, my excellent friend," quoth her highness,—

"and how is my dearest Isabella? You were extremely naughty that you did not bring her.—Now, the deuce take the old sly fox!" thought the widow; "he probably fancies that his niece has excited a flame in O'Sullivan, and he fears it may expire in the warmer atmosphere of *my* attractions; so here he comes, to apply his patent calorifere to the heart of the stray sheep!—I place you at once on your defence, Mr. Kavanagh, and I ask you what possible excuse you can set up, for not having made Isabella accompany you? Did you, or did you not, know that I was here?"

"I must acknowledge that I did," replied the accused.

"Well—true magnanimity is ever ready to forgive—to-morrow I shall show you how magnanimous I am, by going to see Isabella immediately after breakfast; and Mr. O'Sullivan, I hope, will accompany me," she added, looking inquiringly at Henry, who bowed acquiescence. "I shall thus," thought she, "acquire the advantage of seeing him with Isabella, and of learning from actual inspection, if he has any foolish notions in that quarter. I shall see if his heart ignites from a contact with that very combustible young lady."

On the following day the widow put her project into execution; but the manner of O'Sullivan, in Isabella's presence, left her practised discernment completely at fault. There had been once, a time, when the mention of Lucinda's name would make his heart throb faster, and send the young blood rushing to his face; but his heart was now less easily affected, and his blood habitually circulated in a somewhat less excitable current than in days of yore. His manner to Isabella was that of a much attached friend: it was, doubtless, susceptible of another construction; but the widow was too wary and experienced to rely implicitly on any *equivocal* appearances.

She had much stronger cause for alarm, when O'Sullivan said, during the homeward tête-a-tête in the dog-cart,—

"My stay at Knockanea expires to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she repeated, and her visage suddenly blanked. "To-morrow! and where do you then purpose going?"

"To Castle Kavanagh," he answered; "you know it is my home until my tenant surrenders Bally Sullivan."

"Could not *I* induce you to prolong your stay at Knockanea?" she asked, half reproachfully, half tenderly.

"If," he answered, in a hesitating manner, "you think I can be of any further use to you—that is, if you wish to offer for the Barrybeg estate, or—or——"

"O'Sullivan," said the widow, with deep and melancholy emphasis, bending her large black eyes full upon his face. Poor Henry was rather taken aback by this stunning appeal. He, however, awaited the result with composure.

"Is it possible, Mr. O'Sullivan, that *you* can misunderstand me?"

"I—I believe not," said he; "I conceived that a desire to serve our persecuted countrymen induced you to require my assistance."

"And so far you were perfectly right. But will you—*will* you put my delicacy to the cruel necessity of telling you, in words, what I hoped my manner had rendered sufficiently explicit? That a *woman* should thus speak is unusual, and the effort is intensely painful; yet why should the other sex monopolize the right to declare the affections of their hearts? Do not *we* feel as acutely—do we not love as tenderly, as faithfully, as truly? and shall *they* alone have liberty to tell their feelings, while *we* are doomed to iron silence? My incomparable friend, it was from *you* that I learned to appreciate the just claims of the persecuted peasantry of Ireland. Your eloquent appeals in their behalf, first dispelled the mist of prejudice in which I had been educated. I deemed myself thrice happy, when, in the self-same act, I could at once demonstrate the sincerity with which I embraced your opinions—cast the shield of my protection over hundreds of the

peasantry, and—shall I own it? enjoy the delightful co-operation of a valued friend, in whom I had long felt a deep, an affectionate interest?”

“Bless me! how very flattering!” said poor O’Sullivan, quite overwhelmed.

“You seem surprised that it should be so,” resumed her highness; “may I ask you wherefore?”

“Because—because—in fact, it astonishes me that the same person could admire both Prince Gruffenhausen and myself—we are so totally dissimilar in every respect.”

“Cruel, cruel man!” exclaimed her highness; “will you force me, compel me, to acknowledge, that I married the prince in a fit of despair at your coldness?”

“At *my* coldness!” repeated O’Sullivan, thunderstruck.

“Yes—for my manner was ever as unequivocal as the limits of propriety permitted, and must have been perfectly intelligible to any man with a spark more of vanity than you had. But of all men breathing, there exists not one so totally destitute of vanity as you! Oh, Henry, I found it impossible to thaw your icy frigidity! I saw, I felt, that beneath the ice you had a heart, and a warm heart. But I learned, by accident, your engagement with Lucinda Nugent. I felt as though my doom were sealed, on receiving the intelligence. To attempt to interfere with her early claim on your affections had been base. Of such baseness I trust I have ever been incapable. My brain felt on fire—I could not blame you for your undeviating chillness towards myself, when I ascertained that your heart—alas, how ill-requited! was bestowed upon Lucinda. Months passed, my torturing delirium still continued, when Prince Gruffenhausen offered his hand. Scarcely knowing what I said or did, I acquiesced—the connexion gave me wealth, and rank, and influence. I offer now to share with you these advantages—and, oh! Henry—it is with a throbbing bosom I await your answer.”

"Dear madam," replied Henry, "I am obliged—excessively obliged indeed—but——"

"Whip on the horses, Sir!" said the widow tartly. "It is enough that you refuse the offer of sincere affection. I shall not degrade myself by hearing any further explanation."

O'Sullivan had with difficulty refrained from laughing outright, when her highness endeavored with such perfect *sang froid*, to persuade him that she had espoused the hairy Fatalist in a fit of disappointment at his coldness. But he now saw with pain and embarrassment that tears were quickly falling from the widow's eyes; although he was in doubt whether their fountain existed in a wounded heart, or injured pride.

"Believe me," said he, in a tone of great sweetness, "that I am penetrated with the deepest sense of your undeserved kindness; and I feel at this moment unaffected pain—if I called it anguish, I should scarcely exaggerate—at the cruel predicament that prevents my returning, as it merits, the flattering warmth with which you have honored me. With the friendliest interest—the sincerest regard, I shall ever ——"

"Whip on the horses, Sir!" interrupted the widow, mastering her emotion with a violent effort. O'Sullivan obeyed, and spoke not; and their unsociable silence continued until they arrived at Knockanea.

O'Sullivan immediately sought out Lord Ballyvallis, to whom he bade farewell, pleading urgent business as the cause of his instant departure. He judged it prudent to avoid another interview with the Princess Gruffenhausen; and mounting his horse, retraced his road with all possible speed to castle Kavanagh.

"My poor dear friend the widow!" thought he, "how unlucky that I cannot return her affection! Though even at this moment,—so strong is my impression of the delusion and chicanery she is capable of practising,—I am far from being satisfied that it is not all sham, from top to bottom! But there is neither trick nor chicane about Isabella Kavanagh—some time or other I suppose I shall marry—and I do not see where I could suit myself better. Terence says she

loves me, and I do believe he is right—I have seen some symptoms of a preference—I shall quickly put it to the test."

And forthwith he offered his hand to the blushing fair one, whose smile of kindly confidence and fond affection, was but the earnest of the enduring happiness her good sense and even temper have ever since diffused around her husband's fireside.

"She has got the Boar's head for her crest, after all," exclaimed Terence O'Leary, charmed at the realization of his long cherished wish. "May the ould motto now be applicable, '*Sit fidelis semper felix.*'"

Lord Ballyvallon read the intelligence of the nuptials aloud, one morning, from the county paper.

"Alas!" thought the widow, "I am baulked—fairly baulked! I must have played my cards badly somewhere;—never man escaped me before, but Baron Leschen, and that was merely because I did not take sufficient time to noose him properly:—I could certainly have had him, if I had waited. But to think that Henry O'Sullivan should have escaped *me*;—Henry, whose manner seemed to indicate such artless simplicity! Upon my honor, it is unaccountable! But I hope he may enjoy every happiness with Isabella, and I *know* Isabella must be happy. Who could be otherwise with Henry? May felicity attend them both! A woman who, like me, has snared *four* husbands, can afford to be generous to a girl who has springed only *one*.—Heigho! I really think that henceforth I shall speculate no more in matrimony."

The widow was as good as her word. She retired from the arduous field of amatory rivalry, leaving its "hard-foughten fights" to be contested by younger competitors. She returned, with Adolph, to Krunk-Doukerstein, where she now presides with absolute authority, a model of interesting and dignified dowagerhood.

THE END.

Cc







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